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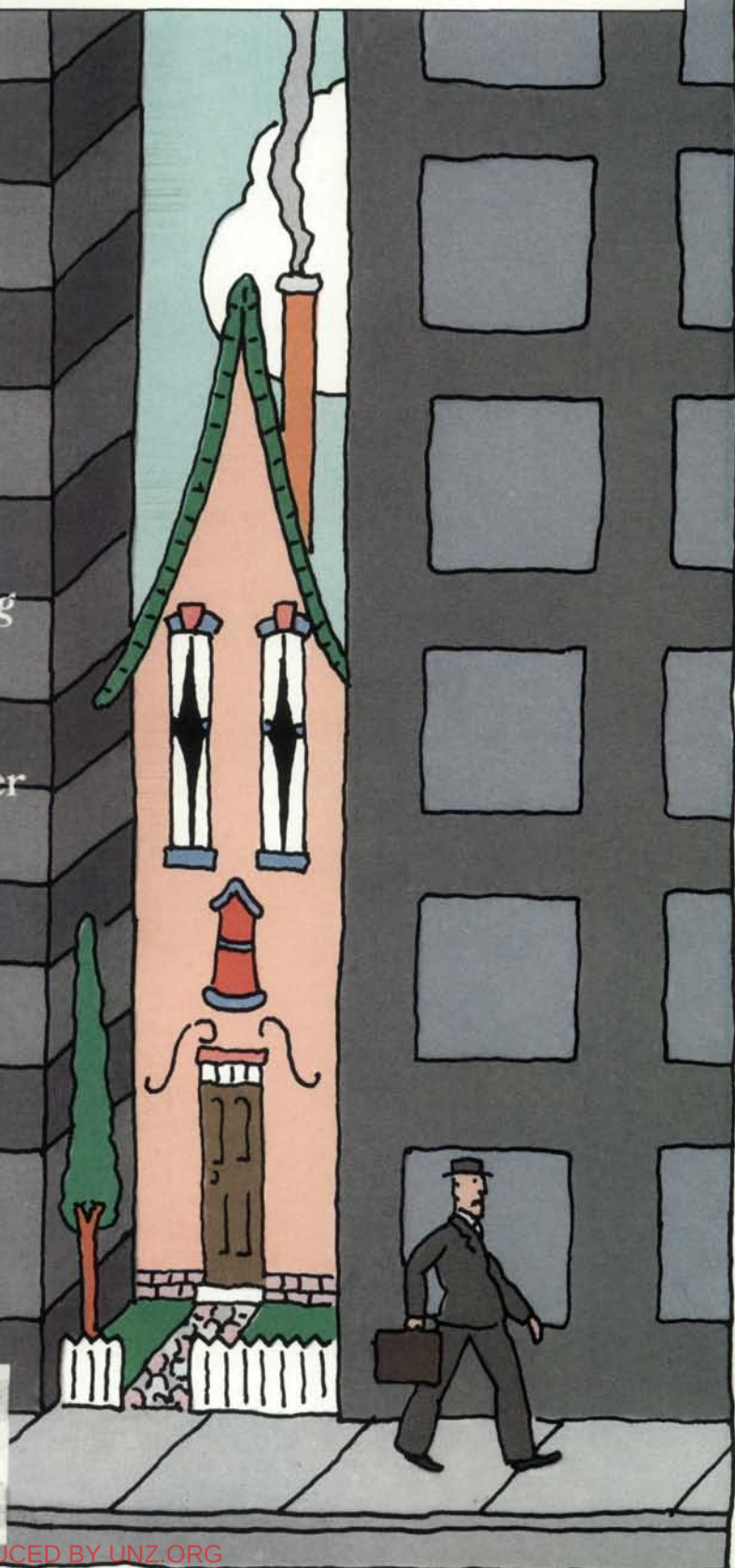
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HILTON KRAMER ON FRANK STELLA / DAVID OWEN ON THE TOY INDUSTRY

How Business Is Reshaping America

*Commercial expansion
from city to suburb is changing
the way we live and work*

By Christopher B. Leinberger
and Charles Lockwood



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These were dark days for America's space program.

They were made bright through the combined efforts of many dedicated men and women in government, industry, and academia. Because of them, America went from being a dark horse in the space race to becoming the front-runner.

In 1961, Alan Shepard became the first American to go into space on a 15-minute sub-orbital flight in his Freedom 7 space capsule.

In 1962, John Glenn became the first American to go into earth orbit.

Six years and five months later, on July 20, 1969, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Jr. became the first men to leave footprints on the moon.

These achievements did not come to pass without tragedy. In 1967, astronauts Virgil Grissom, Edward White and Roger Chaffee died in an Apollo spacecraft fire during pre-launch activities.

The crew of Apollo 13 barely escaped a similar fate during an emergency that

began 207,000 miles from earth.

America's space efforts continued. There were six successful moon landings in all. There was also Skylab, America's first manned orbiting space station...the Apollo-Soyuz rendezvous and docking...and Voyager I which has gone beyond Jupiter and Saturn and will encounter Neptune in 1989.

There were also the Landsat satellite series which have been invaluable in locating mineral resources, surveying crops, and mapping...the Mariner probes to investigate Mercury and Venus...the two Viking spacecraft which soft-landed on Mars in 1976...and communication satellites to link the peoples of the world.

These successful space ventures came during years of seemingly uninterrupted success. These were the years when America became a space-faring nation.

Then tragedy struck. Earlier this year the space shuttle *Challenger* exploded shortly after lift-off, killing the seven astronauts on board. The *Challenger* disaster was accompanied by the explosion of two unmanned Titans and a Delta rocket.

Leadership in space can advance knowledge of the universe, fortify our national resolve, and enrich the spirit of our times.

We need to be careful as we venture into space. We need not be timid.

The *Challenger* is gone. The challenge continues.



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AND **CHARLES LOCKWOOD**

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The October Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics*; Anne Soukhanov, an executive editor of the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin; the U.S. Naval Observatory; the U.S. Centers for Disease Control; and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

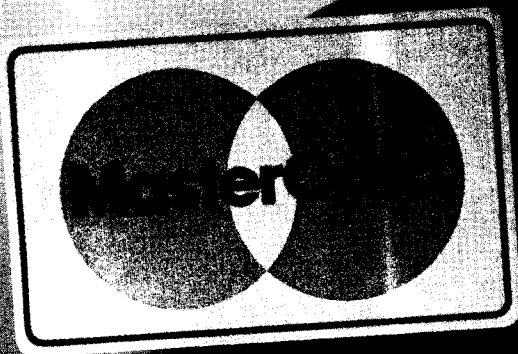
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FOR MILITARY SPENDING

James Fallows ("Defense: The Spend-Up," July *Atlantic*) is correct in rejecting the term *buildup* in describing the recent trend in the defense budget. However, *replacement cycle* is probably a more accurate and less pejorative term than *spend-up*. Fallows and many other critics of the Pentagon try to make the case that little was gained from the increases in defense spending because the incremental dollars were spent on technological fripperies that fattened the purses of military contractors.

I think the United States enhanced its military capabilities to a greater degree than the defense critics would have us believe. No objective measure of the improvement can be made, because the benefits from technological enhancements are difficult to aggregate into meaningful statistics. However, analyses like Fallows's gloss over the improvements that have been made, by ignoring them, by denying that they are necessary, or by asserting that they have received too much emphasis.

Contrary to the impression that Fallows would like to impart, technology does not automatically bring with it maintenance and reliability problems. Though the current generation of combat aircraft are more sophisticated, they have radars that require less maintenance than previous ones, and they are capable of flying more sorties in a day. Fallows acknowledges that the numbers do not always tell the whole story but does not mention that some of the readiness statistics do not show much improvement partly because the standards have been raised since the Carter Administration and partly because the introduction of new weapons always depresses these measures.

The popularity of defense-contractor bashing has grown with the contractors' profits. Some of the analyses produced to justify this, however, are distorted. The study Fallows cites that was produced for the Navy last year highlighted a year (1984) that was atypical in a number of respects. For instance, commercial-jetliner manufacturers were delivering aircraft that had been priced in the very lean order years of 1982-1983, and Boeing was shipping 757s and 767s that

were priced to kick off those two programs, on which it was experiencing heavy losses. Boeing was also at a mature point in many of its military programs, and so profit margins were abnormally high because of learning-curve and accrual-accounting factors. In the 1978-1981 period Boeing's military profit margins were below those of its commercial operations (at times considerably lower), even as the company was spending billions to develop new commercial aircraft. In fact, the article ignores a more thorough study produced by the Defense Department—DEFAIR (Defense Finance and Investment Review)—which concluded that profits made by defense contractors in the early 1980s were only slightly higher than they should have been and which set forth methods to bring them into line.

Moreover, all historical studies of profitability disregard the obvious trend in defense procurement to shift the burden of development and production risk to the contractor. Hughes Aircraft will lose more than a quarter of a *billion* dollars on the development of the AMRAAM because of it. If contractors become liable for these kinds of losses and at the same time have to make large investments in new facilities and equipment (as they have been doing), internally fund a larger part of the general research and development effort, and support higher working capital levels (because progress payments have been reduced), I don't see that their return on sales is abnormally high.

To assert that a new strategy in the design or purchase of weapons will produce the results that Fallows desires requires self-delusion or dishonesty: the quality-versus-quantity debate is not easily resolved. Technology marches on, and the cost of incremental improvements to maintain a qualitative edge is high. To change our strategy to place a greater emphasis on quantity might make sense, but I doubt it would be less expensive. Analysis of the cost of buying increased quantities of less-sophisticated weapons and defensive systems should include the cost of a larger force to man and maintain them and of the larger stockpiles necessary to support them.

In a no-growth defense-spending en-

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vironment the outlook for the armed forces is not especially encouraging. The quality of our equipment will continue to improve, but only enough to maintain a favorable technological balance; the force structure will not get larger and it will age; and the measures of training and readiness may improve only slightly and could decline. If this is the "problem," perhaps the honest "solution" is to spend more money and spend it efficiently. Some of the proposed reforms will do this; some will work in the opposite direction. By the standards of the Cold War era the current level of defense spending does not place an undue burden on the economy, as some allege. Outlays are running about six percent of GNP, compared with the nine to eleven percent averaged in the 1950s and early 1960s.

ROBERT D. KUGEL
Morgan Stanley & Co., Inc.
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James Fallows rightly argues that we have not consistently gotten our money's worth from recent investments in military hardware. Unfortunately, some

of the cited cases don't support this contention.

He suggests that shoulder-fired missiles could substitute for anti-aircraft artillery, since a contra shot down an Mi-8, "exactly the kind of super-helicopter DIVAD was designed to confront," with one. Actually, the "super-helicopter" is the heavily armed and armored Mi-26 Hind, not the lightly armed or unarmed, unarmored Mi-8 Hip. More significant, however, recent military history has repeatedly shown the complementarity of guns and missiles. You could in fact buy about 400 SA-7 SAMs for the price of one Sergeant York (which of course cost too much), but none of the missiles would save your neck if a fast-moving jet suddenly appeared at close range.

Fallows states that the F-111 lost in the raid on Libya was "hit by gunfire, not some advanced radar-guided system." If it was struck by guns, they were part of an advanced, radar-guided system. The U.S. pilots that reported the plane shot down said it was hit by a ZSU-23-4—the Soviet DIVAD—using its radar to fire in the dark. The latest information, however, is that the plane

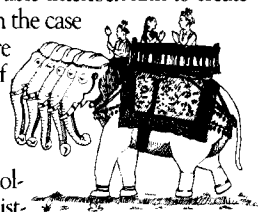
wasn't shot down at all. *Jane's Defense Weekly* for May 24 reports that based on the point where the plane crashed at sea (deduced from radio intercept and radar), the cause was pilot disorientation or failure of an on-board system.

The selection of the Ford Aerospace contender in the DIVAD "competition" was—as well demonstrated by Gregg Easterbrook in *The Atlantic* for October, 1982—outrageous. This does not, however, mean that equipping a mobile air-defense gun like the ZSU-23-4 with improved armor, a turret, a computer, and radar is a bad idea. Our twenty-year-old Vulcans are woefully inadequate. Radar is not "indiscriminate automation" but a supplement to visual aiming. While it is not without danger in the age of the anti-radiation missile, the alternative is ineffectiveness at night or in bad weather, which is most of the time in Germany. This is also the age of all-weather, all-hours aircraft. The smartest thing would have been to buy the existing West German Gepard system—possibly substituting American radar for the German, as the Dutch did on their Gepards—and mount the turret on new M-1 tank

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Norm Thompson



chassis rather than cheaper but underpowered surplus M-48 hulls. This would have saved billions of dollars in development.

The average age of our ships, planes, helicopters, and tanks continues to go up, because so many of them were bought in the 1960s and 1970s. We are now faced with the block obsolescence of whole fleets, notably helicopters and submarines. The United States did not complete a single ballistic-missile sub from 1968 to 1981, while the Soviet Union built about seventy. We bought a lot of choppers during the Vietnam War but canceled important rotary-wing programs in the 1970s. Now the Russians have two useful classes—heavy-lift and anti-helicopter—for which no Western counterparts exist. Since 1979 we probably could have purchased more weapons for the same money than we have, but it's not surprising that the current generation of equipment is more expensive than the last. It's also generally better. The point is that without the (perhaps insufficient) current modernization programs our stockpiles would be even older.

It's true that defense spending has increased in constant (1972) dollars from \$67 billion in 1978 to about \$100 billion this year, but it had fallen steadily from the Vietnam high of \$106 billion in 1968. While defense spending declined \$39 billion during the decade 1969–1978, payments to individuals grew by 83 billion constant dollars, from \$59 billion to \$142 billion. (Payments to individuals first exceeded defense expenditures in 1972.) Since 1979, payments to individuals have gone up more than defense spending, which is now still less as a share of GNP than it was under John F. Kennedy. We may be spending too much on defense, but so are we on some other functions. Nor are fraud and abuse limited to Pentagon accounts, or, for that matter, to the public sector. There is ample room for reform, but even the reforms already enacted have created problems. We may often spend unwisely on military procurement, but the rapidity of the defense buildup is at least partly due to that lost decade.

JOHN TILLMAN
Portland, Ore.

Something is wrong with James Fallows's figures. He says that American military spending in 1983 was larger "in constant dollars" than it was at the peak of the Vietnam War, and that in 1985 it

"passed the peak for the Korean War." Maybe those constant dollars are not all that they're cracked up to be: surely it is of more significance that defense took 41.8 percent of the federal budget in 1970 and only 29.4 percent in 1985, and that defense as a share of the GNP was 8.4 percent in 1970 and 7 percent in 1985. The latter figure is particularly revealing of apparent flaws in the calculation of constant dollars. As for the Korean War era, the earliest figure I have before me is for the relatively peaceful year of 1955, during which defense took 62.4 percent of the budget and 11.2 percent of the GNP. To speak plainly, defense in the fifties and sixties took much more of our national fortune, by any reasonable standard of measurement, than it does at present, even after five seasons of what some misguided people call "the greatest military buildup in history."

DENNIS EVANS
Santa Barbara, Calif.

James Fallows shows how current defense spending produces make-believe weapons that absorb enormous resources but cannot function in real battlefield conditions. He is criticizing a system of weapons procurement that, when viewed correctly, may serve to discourage the military from ever using the weapons.

We shouldn't overlook the possibility that spending more and more money and producing fewer and fewer weapons, each of reduced reliability, may be the highest achievement of modern warfare. The political pressure to spend vast sums on defense is satisfied. It is still possible to recruit large standing armies of people whose aggressive behavior is thus deflected away from society toward select plots of sagebrush. These people are then provided with weapons only marginally superior to bare hands.

The Defense Department is simply adopting as policy what until now has been common sense: actually having a war has never been the point—saber-rattling is as close to warfare as any prudent army wishes to get. The Sergeant York anti-aircraft gun would have been quite effective in this capacity if the military had just published its impressive technical specifications and formidable rate of fire, but that usually reliable method broke down, and someone tried to point it at an airplane. For shame.

An escalation from conventional to nuclear war may be discouraged if the conventional weapons break down. In

the present system military adventures may grind to a halt with weapons that cannot be used before escalating to weapons that must not be used.

PAUL LUTUS
Ashland, Ore.

James Fallows replies:

Robert Kugel is right in many details but leaves the main point up in the air. Some higher-tech weapons are more reliable than older systems; many others are not. Some military-readiness standards have been changed, but others have not been—and actual readiness has deteriorated, despite the increased spending. The aging problem of the American force is partly due to the replacement cycle but also partly due to a practically unvarying progression toward more complex and costly weapons. Some profit increases may be due to product cycles; others reflect the general improvement in the defense business since the early 1980s, in contrast to the travail of the rest of American manufacturing. The question is one of proportion. My argument was that the balance had been pushed too far in one direction. Yes, by the standards of the Cold War years today's defense spending would not seem onerous. But, as Mr. Kugel well knows, if the economy were still performing the way it did twenty years ago, many of our other problems would disappear.

Jane's All the World's Aircraft has this to say about the Soviet Mi-8 shot down in Nicaragua: "Described by the U.S. Department of Defense as the world's most heavily armed helicopter." The Mi-8 may not be quite as super as the newer Mi-24 Hind, which Mr. Tillman is apparently thinking of. He's confused about names—the Mi-26 is a utility helicopter, NATO designation Halo. At any rate, my point was that the Pentagon deluded itself into believing that only an extremely expensive system could perform a job that, as combat experience has shown, a more affordable system—whether based on guns or on missiles—could do as well or better. Regarding Mr. Tillman's contentions about the Libya raid I say, Hmmm. If the F-111 wasn't really hit, what credence do we give to the pilot's claims about what hit him? What of the "fireball" that other U.S. pilots reported seeing just before the F-111 was lost?

Those questions aside, the ZSU-23-4 has radar but not fully automated aiming, the goal of the DIVAD project. The

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main virtue of the ZSU-23-4s, which are much cheaper than DIVADs, is that the Soviets have built lots of them. Mr. Tillman is correct in saying that U.S. forces need new anti-aircraft weapons. Presence or absence of radar isn't the issue. There's nothing wrong with radar so long as it's used realistically. The issue is that weapons have to work and be affordable. Gepards, for example, cost nearly as much as DIVADs and have been acquired by West Germany in small numbers. Our plan was to concentrate all anti-aircraft resources in a handful of DIVADs and gamble that each would work to absolute perfection under battlefield conditions. Since DIVADs turned out not to work even in tests, I think this very definitely constitutes indiscriminate automation.

Finally, is there really a mystery about the figures Mr. Evans cites? The American economy has grown vastly since the Korean War, in "current" and "constant" dollars alike. Therefore, a sum whose "constant" value was unchanged from 1955 to 1985—that is, one adjusted for inflation—will of course represent a smaller percentage of the 1985 GNP. So

it is with defense. Military spending is larger in constant dollars now than it was during the Korean War—but the GNP is larger still, so the proportion of defense spending has declined. In using these figures I obviously was not trying to show that the defense budget is proportionally greater now. The figures show that it now costs more to maintain a peacetime army than it cost to fight our past two wars.

VANISHING LAND

Gregg Easterbrook misses the point ("Vanishing Land Reappears," July *Atlantic*). The purpose of farmland preservation is not to preserve some fleeting "amenity value" for non-farming residents. Farming is the staple element in the rural economy. Prime and good cropland are its most valuable resources. When existing farmland is converted to housing or shopping, local farming resources are lost forever.

We are talking about saving soil produced over thousands of years, which, properly tilled, can support farming for a

thousand more. This is a value that can be measured economically, environmentally, and socially. Many other soils are available to support housing without sacrificing good agricultural soil.

ROSALIE CATES
Spring Green, Wis.

Gregg Easterbrook is convincing when it comes to showing that the three million acres of "vanishing land" was far less than that. But by using only the gross statistics ("our 2.3-billion-acre country") and a pocket calculator ("If every man, woman, and child in the United States were given an entire acre to live on, only ten percent of the U.S. land mass would be taken") he tells us nothing about any particular places.

Particular places are where people live. Easterbrook should take lessons from Nicholas Lemann.

CHARLES A. MILLER
New Market, Va.

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

If Mr. Miller were to reread "Vanishing Land Reappears," he would find a number of references to particular

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places. Otherwise his correspondence may represent a historic first—the first letter *The Atlantic* has ever received requesting that the articles be longer.

Vanished land has, of course, not reappeared, but Gregg Easterbrook's theme seems to be that land is vanishing at a slower rate than it did in the 1970s. I am not altogether reassured by the fact (if it is, indeed, a fact) that the annual rate of what one might call "horizontal land loss"—land loss to urbanization—has reverted to a mere one million acres. If one considers that more than 50 percent of the land in a large portion of our farming areas may already have vanished through "vertical land loss"—land loss through soil erosion—and that the Southwest is threatened by water shortages, it is conceivable that we may lose our food security prior to the phasing in of the next predicted agricultural revolution. At this point in the development of agricultural technology the abundance of arable land is still the principal insurance against a loss of food security, and, as Easterbrook points out, one may make a good logical and moral

case for the preservation of virtually un-renewable resources even when these appear to be plentiful.

HERBERT BERRY
*Associate Professor,
Business and Economics
Morehead State University
Morehead, Ky.*

Gregg Easterbrook's thought-provoking and interesting article is marred by at least one technical error and by the author's failure to recognize one of the most pressing and eminently practical reasons for local exclusive-agricultural-land-use zoning ordinances.

First, prime farmland is so designated on the basis of its natural endowments, principally its topographic setting and the favorable physical properties of its soils, and is in fact "a natural occurrence." Much land that did not inherently meet prime-farmland criteria has been converted to what may be considered the economic equivalent of prime farmland through the application of capital-intensive drainage, irrigation, and/or land-forming technology. I have seen "much of the U.S. heartland [that] was

swamp before it was drained," but I have not seen any that was "flattened."

The attempt by Professor William Fischel to portray land-preservation laws as tools of an elite clique of economically favored (rich) rural residents used to keep the poor away is, in the kindest possible terms, ridiculous. Fragmentation of the land by scattered, rural, non-farm residential development in areas best suited to large-scale intensive commercial-agricultural-crop production is harmful (or at best a nuisance and a source of aggravation) to farm operators and in the long run also harmful to the broader public interest. This is true whether the non-farming rural residents scattered throughout the countryside are rich or poor.

Moreover, there is a sound and fundamental reason that the federal Farmland Protection Policy Act has "only weak provisions" from the point of view of the devotees of pervasive centralized governmental controls. The sovereign states, when they established a federation with only limited functions and powers, did not delegate to the federal government broad powers to regulate

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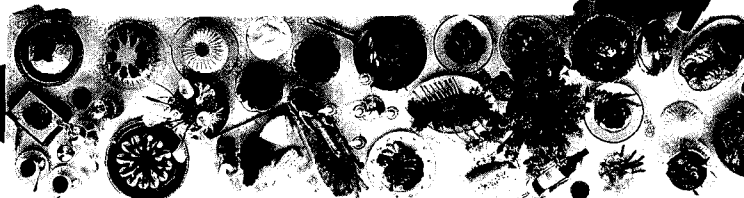
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private land use. Such powers have been properly delegated to local units of government, which are creatures of the states and not of the federal government.

LEONARD C. JOHNSON
Oregon, W. S.

THOUGHTS ON TERRORISM

Conor Cruise O'Brien's article "Thinking About Terrorism" (June *Atlantic*) is both illuminating and persuasive. Particularly compelling is his criticism of the Reagan Administration for its hypocrisy in stridently condemning international terrorism while overlooking the terrorist nature of the contra rebels in Nicaragua, which it wholeheartedly supports. The recent movement in the Senate to exempt certain IRA terrorists from an extradition treaty with Great Britain is another example of inconsistency in dealing with the terrorist threat. We condemn terrorism in the abstract while condoning it in those whose cause we feel (rightly or wrongly) is just. In doing so we weaken our own fight

against terrorism and hinder the international effort to reach a consensus on how to deal with the problem.

PAUL C. NIGHTINGALE
Darien, Conn.

Three points need to be made about Conor Cruise O'Brien's thoughts on terrorism.

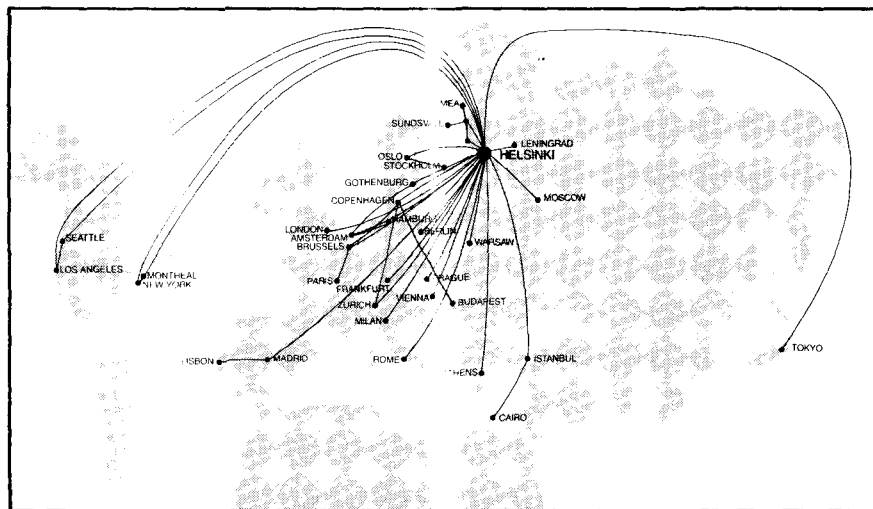
First, his indirect criticism of the U.S. action against Libya because of the "increased international sympathy" it evoked for the "cause" of the terrorists in question has not withstood the test of the past several months. Indeed, the military action led to increased governmental coordination among the democracies' intelligence and security agencies—joint action that had not been forthcoming and the lack of which contributed significantly to Ronald Reagan's decision to use force. Moreover, contrary to O'Brien's thinking, the military action against Libya also set some clear boundaries for state-sponsored terror. The main perpetrators of this support—Libya, Iran, and Syria, along with several others—are now fully aware that certain democracies will not tolerate blatant

attacks upon their citizens. Thus, while these outlaw states will not give up the terrorist tool of statecraft, they will now proceed much more cautiously in their support of terrorist operations. This caution is bound to have a limiting effect on the incidence of terrorism against the citizens of those countries who have demonstrated the willingness to exercise their right of self-defense.

Second, O'Brien's surprising analogy of the Barbary-pirates episode in the early nineteenth century is useful for only one reason: it highlights one of the key problems we face today with modern terrorism—lack of Soviet cooperation in fighting it. The Barbary pirates were a nuisance to the United States merchants in the Mediterranean. President Thomas Jefferson turned to, of all people, Czar Alexander I of Russia for assistance in curbing the scourge of the Barbary pirates. But that was in better days, when nation-states were less ideologically rigid. Today we see the latter-day Barbary pirate Qaddafi purchasing billions of dollars' worth of weapons from the Russians—weapons that just happen to fall into the hands of many terrorists. We

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also see an abundance of evidence of Soviet and Soviet-bloc assistance to terrorists worldwide.

This Russian assistance to Libya and other outlaw states brings me to my third point about O'Brien's thoughts on terrorism. He says that "it would be wrong to conclude . . . that the Soviets are operating under a doctrinal imperative to destabilize the West." This lecture is incredible; all one has to do is read a little Lenin and then some of Boris Ponomarev to know that the Soviets' basic doctrine revolves around the destruction of capitalism. Although they are no longer willing to admit inevitable war, since this would mean inevitable destruction for themselves as well, they do pursue less dangerous methods of competition, like terrorism, which undermine the West's social fabric and threaten its democratic institutions.

The Soviets don't view terrorism as something extremely dangerous and thus in need of being removed from international relations. On the contrary, it is a practical, cheap, and safe way of achieving limited objectives against their ideological and military enemies: NATO countries. Terrorism would be less prevalent if its benefactors in the East abandoned it as a tool of statecraft.

SAMUEL W. BLAKE
Somerville, Mass.

How could the author of a grand book like *The Siege* conclude that we should abandon our support of the contras in order "to provide clear and consistent political and moral leadership" to our allies in the matter of combating international terrorism? The surest way to give up our moral leadership of the free world is to weaken in our resolve to stop the spread of Marxism-Leninism wherever and whenever we can.

DAVE M. O'NEILL
Washington, D.C.

SPEEDING ROLLS

The Honourable Charles Stewart Rolls should have sued for false arrest ("First Encounters," May *Atlantic*). The Locomotives on Highways Act, or Red Flag Law, was repealed in 1896, or three years before Rolls had his run-in with the London cops.

The Emancipation Act, abolishing the man with the lantern and raising the speed limit to 14 miles an hour, was given royal approval on August 14 and took

effect on November 14. To mark the occasion the British Motorcar Club organized an Emancipation Run from London to Brighton, a seaside resort about fifty miles away. Except in wartime the run has been made every year since.

VICTOR BOESEN
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Nancy Sorel replies:

Mr. Boesen is quite right that the Locomotives on Highways Act was repealed in 1896, although my sources indicate that the speed limit was raised only to 12 miles an hour. Why Rolls, when he went before the judge in September of 1899, did not use the new law as his defense is unclear. Instead he brought along an auto expert to testify that the car he had been driving had a top speed of 5 mph, and accordingly, he was acquitted. Perhaps Rolls was afraid that the judge shared the opinion of many English gentlemen in 1899—if God wanted us to drive a motor vehicle instead of a horse, he would have created a motor vehicle instead of a horse.

LINGUISTIC FLUX

William H. Youngren, who teaches English at Boston College and writes about music for your journal, might take a few lessons in spelling from his colleagues. *Timpani*, an Italian word now in use in English, is spelled without any y, a letter not in the Italian alphabet. The common misspellings *tympani* and *tympany* occur in the mistaken belief that the word is derived directly from the Latin *tympnum* (drum). The confusion would be eliminated if we could bring ourselves to follow Elgar's advice, and revert to using the fine old Saxon term *kettle drums*.

Most of our music terms borrowed from Italian are in a state of linguistic flux anyway. The shortened form of *violoncello*, 'cello, ought to be spelled with an apostrophe, to show that it is not simply the common Italian diminutive but a euphonious abridgment of a simple construction meaning "little big viol." Otherwise any word featuring this suffix could be thus shortened, and Thomas Jefferson might have been found elsewhere in your July issue living in a little mountain (Monticello) and eating spaghetti.

DAVID FRANCIS URROWS
*Boston University School of Music
Boston, Mass.*

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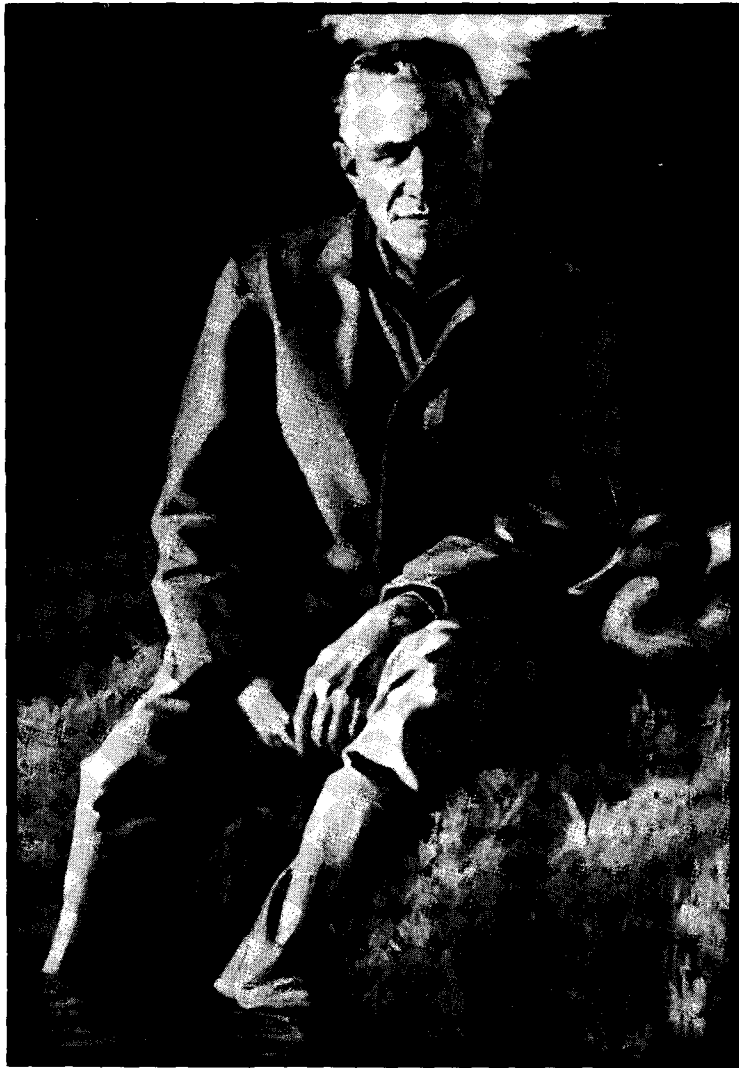
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William H. Youngren replies:

Mr. Urrows is quite wrong to assert so confidently that *tympani* is a misspelled version of *timpani*. The former is listed in all recent dictionaries as a perfectly acceptable variant of the latter.

Nonetheless, Urrows raises an interesting point. Though *tympani/timpani* is not, as he claims, "an Italian word now in use in English," the influence of the Italian word—which has become familiar to us over the past century owing to its usage in orchestral scores—leads us to feel that the English word is plural. And so it is currently used—which works well enough, since kettle drums tend to come at least in pairs. (We don't, I think, say "timpano" in modern English when we mean just one drum: we say, as Urrows recommends, "kettle drum.")

But from the early sixteenth to the late nineteenth century *tympany* was a perfectly good singular word for *drum* in English, and the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Browning's 1875 use of the plural *tympanies*. When Urrows refers to "the fine old Saxon term *kettle drums*," I assume he meant to write "Anglo-Saxon." But while *cetel* was indeed an Anglo-Saxon word (though of Latin origin), *drum* is a Dutch or Low German word, not found in English before the sixteenth century. Thus, when Shakespeare wrote, "The kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out/The triumph of his pledge" (*Hamlet* I.iv.11–12), the compound was fairly new.

What, then, was the actual Anglo-Saxon word for *kettle drum*? One of them, at any rate, was *tympa* or *timpan*, which appears as early as 825.

Finally, I wonder where Urrows got his curious idea that people who teach English are good at spelling. Most of us are actually pretty poor at it. But this disability has encouraged in us the useful habit of looking words up in the dictionary.

HIGH-TECH WINDOWS

I would like to correct some points that Philip Langdon makes in "High-Tech Windows" (June *Atlantic*). I have been connected with the window industry since 1958 and am now working as an independent millwork and window representative in the United States.

1) Many wood and metal manufacturers use the low-E coated glass because they feel that the long-term life expect-

tancy of suspended films has not yet been proved. Will it stay suspended for the life of the product?

2) Langdon fails to mention that wood windows are a natural insulation, because they do not conduct cold, which therefore suits low-E products much better than metal windows in keeping the total window package U-value to the owner's advantage.

3) I believe that the jury is still out regarding the use of argon gas. Langdon should check with the PPG Corporation about their shipment to the Andersen Window Corporation, during the 1970s, of 900,000 lights of insulating "welded" glass, which had to be replaced when the gas turned blue between the insulated panes, house by house.

4) Langdon mentions Pella as a "top-of-the-line" product, but Pella does not provide as standard a true insulating glass. It must be requested, at a much higher cost. Rolscreen continues to sell the public on using an inside storm window that has to be removed for cleaning; the company also provides the in-between blind systems that have been known to be a maintenance problem because of dust and condensation.

5) Marvin Windows win praise from architects not because of their superior quality but because, for a higher cost, they will provide any size window that the architect desires. Architects do not like to be limited to stock window sizes.

6) True divided-light or "authentic" cut-light windows don't have to look funny from the street. Mr. Langdon should have looked at windows produced by a smaller company, in Wausau, Wisconsin—Kolbe & Kolbe Millwork, who also sell nationally. Their products are among the finest "authentic" styles available in America. They make specials and stock windows as well.

7) The Andersen double-hung window does not tilt down for cleaning. It is very difficult to remove at all.

8) Langdon will never get people in California to put outside storm windows over "regular" windows, even with tougher West Coast energy regulations. California contractors are just learning to use insulated glass and wood windows. At least they are trying to step up to East Coast applications.

I appreciate Langdon's observations in an area where there exists a great deal of confusion about which is the best product for us to use in our houses. Like some other industries today, most large

window manufacturers don't necessarily make the best product for the consumer, but they do spend large amounts on advertising to get the consumer to be brand-aware before purchase. Consider IBM, American Motors, and Ford!

DICK NICKERSON
Pacific Rim Companies, Inc.
Littleton, Colo.

Philip Langdon replies:

My article was intended as a concise guide to the rapidly expanding variety of windows and the most significant advantages and disadvantages of the major types, not as an encyclopedic report on the industry, so I'm not surprised that Mr. Nickerson can offer qualifications and elaborations on what I wrote. His comments are useful, but I would note two things. First, many knowledgeable people believe that metal windows can be as energy-efficient as wood windows if the metal window has a "thermal break" (a segment of insulating material that slows the conduction of heat between exterior and interior). Second, although there are some who wonder about the long-term dependability of suspended films (since these films have been mass-produced for only a few years), the unfortunate tendency of some window makers has been to choose glass with a low-E coating mainly for its convenience in manufacturing rather than because it performs better than glass-and-film combinations. The film systems typically deliver energy savings superior to those of glass with a hard low-E coating.

THE OTHER TEMPLE

In the short story "The Other Miller" (June *Atlantic*) Tobias Wolff has his character ride through the town of Redding, California, "down Sutter and over to Serra, past the ball park, past the grade school, past the Mormon temple."

There may be a Mormon church in the area Wolff describes, but the nearest Mormon temple (which serves an entirely different function) is in Oakland, about two hundred miles away. Or perhaps he had in mind one of the next nearest temples, in Seattle, Boise, or Salt Lake City!

JOAN D. CRIDDLE
Davis, Calif.

Tobias Wolff replies:

Mea culpa, as the Presbyterians say.

SPAGHETTI HARVEST

A footnote to Corby Kummer's great piece "Pasta" (July *Atlantic*): As late as the 1960s most English families were familiar with spaghetti only as something that came with tomato sauce in cans and was served on toast as an afternoon snack. BBC television once presented on April 1 a documentary account of the spaghetti harvest. Italian peasants were shown pulling it down from trees and bundling it for collection, as the commentator explained how the size of the crop depended on summer heat and a dry fall. Hundreds of viewers wrote to express their appreciation of this enlightening film.

MICHAEL WEBB
Los Angeles, Calif.

I greatly enjoyed Corby Kummer's article on pasta. Only one thing bothers me: the cover of the magazine—which proudly proclaims that pasta is "the world's greatest food." In fact *strawberry ice cream* is the world's greatest food.

JENNIFER REISWIG
Montreal, Quebec

Re "Pasta": *durum* and *vulgarum* may rhyme, but there is no such thing as *vulgarum*. *Triticum* requires the form *vulgare*, which matches it in gender.

V. O. VIRKAU
Downers Grove, Ill.

NO. 1 SONG

Re "Notes: America's No. 1 Song" by Daniel Mark Epstein (July *Atlantic*). I have finally figured out one of your *Atlantic* puzzles. An area 30 feet by 42 feet is 1,260 square feet, or only 140 square yards—not 420 square yards. Is it still the largest battle flag ever flown?

ERIC M. KROPP
Columbus, Ohio

Reading "America's No. 1 Song" brought back my most memorable lesson in patriotism, which happened during a 1970 Philadelphia Phillies game. Standing on the ideological ceremony of the Vietnam War protest, I remained seated during the national anthem. My boyfriend, who had been instructing me all along in the nobility of

rebellion, turned to me disdainfully and said: "Get up. This is a *baseball* game."

BRAE CANLEN
San Diego, Calif.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In "A Ministerial Portfolio" (June *Atlantic*) Paula Roberts says, "Certain ministries remain mysterious. . . it is not for the outsider to fathom New Zealand's Ministry in Charge of Friendly Societies." We are left with the idea that this is something odd.

Not so. The first legislation relating to friendly societies was passed in England in 1793. Friendly societies are lodges, the members of which pay an annual fee in order to secure death benefits and hospital benefits as well as to take part in social activities. At one time in New Zealand many people joined because the society paid all doctors' bills and prescription costs. Residents of the United States who have no medical insurance would see the value of such a society.

J. H. LANGE
Mississauga, Ontario

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THE OCTOBER ALMANAC

THE SKIES

October 3, New Moon; at 12:57 P.M. EDT an eclipse of the sun begins, visible as a partial eclipse all over North America except in California, Nevada, and western Mexico; Jewish New Year begins at sunset. 17, Full Moon; total eclipse of the moon visible in the eastern hemisphere, in extreme northeastern North America, and in parts of the southern hemisphere, starting at 12:19 P.M. EDT. 22, Orionid meteor shower peaks. 26, Daylight Savings Time ends.



ARTS & LETTERS

October 1-6, Frankfurt Book Fair. Some 6,900 publishers from 84 countries will attempt to sell the foreign rights to some 300,000 books (which may be in any state from unfinished manuscript to bound volume). Many of the American books for sale at Frankfurt will not appear in U.S. bookstores until next spring. Some of the big American books last year: *Rock Hudson: His Story*, by Rock Hudson and Sara Davidson; *The Triumph of Politics*, by David Stockman; *Lake Wobegon Days*, by Garrison Keillor; *Elvis and Me*, by Priscilla Presley; and *Texas*, by James Michener. October 2 or 6, a fourth television network, Fox Broadcasting Company, to begin broadcasting.



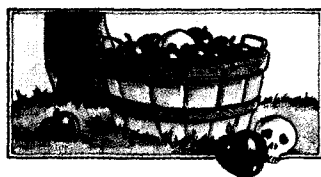
DEMOGRAPHICS

The nation's 61 million potential trick-or-treaters will have to rely far more heavily this year than did their counterparts of a quarter of a century ago on the good will and cooperation of households without children. In 1960 every other household

contained children under the age of 18; today only one household in three does. The ratio of prospective targets to actual hits is further worsened by high rates of divorce. If all custodial single parents were to accompany their children on Halloween rounds, the number of households from which candy could be dispensed would shrink by 6.9 million.

GOVERNMENT

October 1, fiscal year 1987 begins; drinking age becomes 21 in Hawaii. During the past two years the total number of states with this drinking age has increased from 19 to 43. Under the National Minimum Drinking Age law (1984) any jurisdiction that has not changed its drinking age to 21 by October 1 will lose five percent of the federal highway money it has hitherto received. October 3, adjournment target for the House and Senate; 6, the Supreme Court reconvenes, after a three-month recess; 13, Columbus Day celebrated.



FOOD

America's apple harvest, now in full swing, is estimated to be 183 million bushels. The amount of this crop that has been treated with the growth regulator daminozide, or Alar, is far below last year's 44 million bushels. The first study linking daminozide with cancer was published nine years ago; evidence that UDMH, a chemical into which daminozide breaks down, might be carcinogenic had appeared four years before that. Although the EPA is not expected to issue a revised interim tolerance for daminozide until this month, over the summer some of the nation's largest grocery chains and apple processors announced that they would no longer accept treated apples.



HEALTH & SAFETY

The official flu season gets under way this month, as the federal Centers for Disease Control begin routine monitoring of influenza viruses for 1986-1987. If past patterns hold, the first flu outbreaks in the Lower Forty-eight will not occur until late December or early January. (Earlier outbreaks are sometimes reported in Alaska, yet Alaskans on average do not contract more cases of flu than residents of other states.) In a bad season (1980-1981 was one) influenza kills as many Americans as die in motor-vehicle accidents in a year (roughly 50,000); in a good season influenza kills fewer Americans than are fatally run over by tractors (about 90).

NEW STAMPS

October 24, two 22-cent Christmas stamps, one a traditional Madonna and Child, the other a wintry rural scene, to be issued in Washington, D.C., and Snow Hill, Maryland, respectively. Sometime this month the leftover Christmas stamps from last year will be incinerated. This will occur under the gaze of Destruction Committees, which are appointed by the U.S. Postal Service to witness the demise of all stamp issues going off sale.

WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations collected and defined by the editors of *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition:

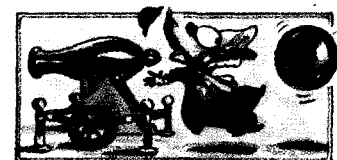
CWASP acronym, an affluent Irish Catholic professional per-



son, such as a physician or lawyer, who appreciates his or her position and the rise to it but who is not overly concerned with ethnicity: "The oxymoronic CWASP—a Catholic White Anglo-Saxon Protestant—is an upper-middle-class Irish Catholic accustomed to the nuances of power, fine tailoring, and philanthropy" (*Boston Business*).

Lobby-lock noun, bureaucratic congestion among Washington lobbyists to the extent that few, if any, of their legislative goals are reached: "We're getting to the point of lobby-lock now," says lobbyist Carl Nordberg. "There are so many lobbyists here pushing and pulling in so many different directions that, at times, nothing seems to go anywhere" (*Time*).

Uzi verb, to shoot at with a machine gun: "Machine-gunnings occurred so frequently among [drug] traffickers that 'uzi,' after the automatic weapon, became a verb, as in 'They'd just uzi the place up,' to quote a scarred drug pilot from Georgia with 16 years in the business" (*The Wall Street Journal*).



125 YEARS AGO

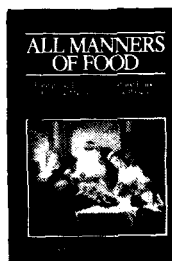
Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing on the outbreak of the Civil War, in the October, 1861, issue of *The Atlantic*: "We had almost forgotten the meaning and use of the machinery of destruction. We had come to look upon our fortresses as the ornaments, rather than as the defences, of our harbors. Our war-ships were the Government's yacht-squadron, our arsenals museums for the entertainment of peaceful visitors. The roar of cannon has roused us from this Arcadian dream. A ship of the line, we said, reproachfully, costs as much as a college; but we are finding out that its masts are a part of the fence around the college."

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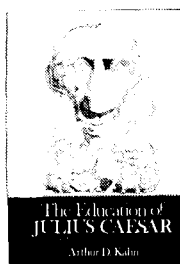
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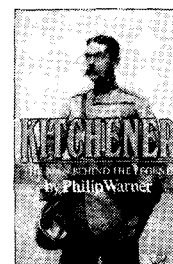
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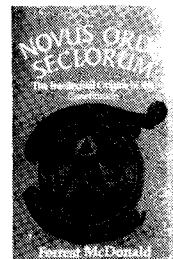
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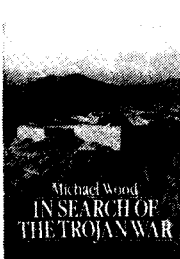
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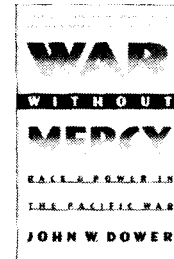
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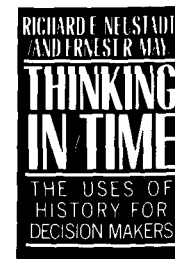
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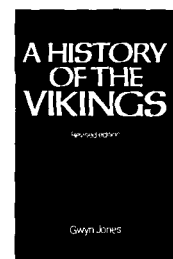
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES OF THE EFFABLE

"BUT, OF COURSE," Arthur Quinn writes in his book *Figures of Speech*, "there are few things about which more has been said and written than the ineffable."

Among those few things, we might assume, is the effable. But do we, in fact, speak or write about the effable, *as such*, very often? Don't we rather take it for granted? And yet—shall I compare the effable to a summer's day? No, for the effable is so much more referential.

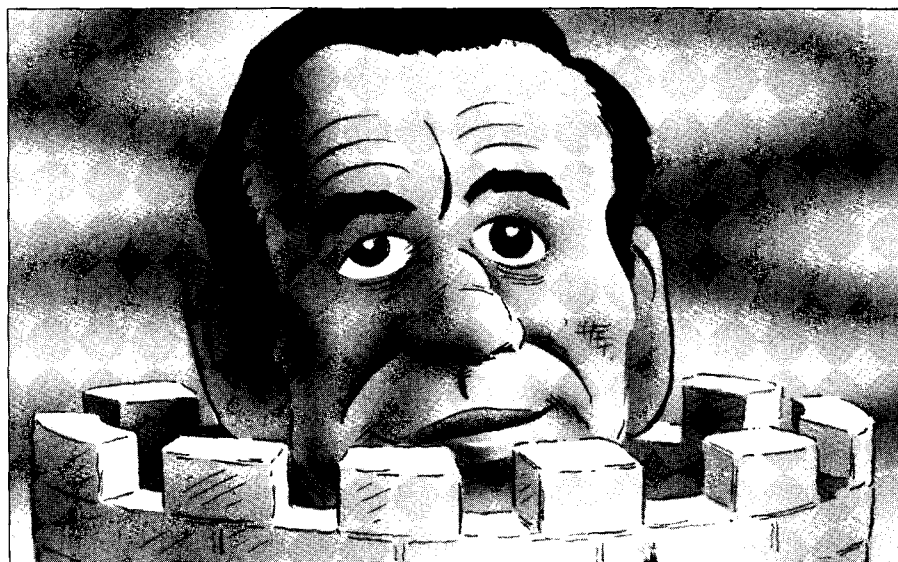
Without the ineffable we could get along. In fact, we would have a far clearer notion of what, if anything, we were trying to get along to. But where would we be without the effable? We would be constantly moping or musing (hard to tell which), like certain people I could name; no, thank you.

Of course you can say that everything is ultimately (so to speak) ineffable: that to keep on focusing harder, as we for some ineffable reason do, is to see every solution dissolve. But when you've said that, you've said a mouthful.

Some effable things:

- Cheerfulness.
- Making a deal, sticking to it.
- Pitter-patter of little feet.
- The pertinence here of the euphemism "effing."
- Footsie.
- The blues.

—Roy Blount, Jr.



THE PRESS NEW MONEY ON FLEET STREET

Rupert Murdoch has ushered in a new era of entrepreneurship in British newspaper publishing

RUPERT MURDOCH has been getting terrible press in Britain—the worst since he acquired his first British newspaper, eighteen years ago. In the past six months Murdoch, who is responsible for a third of all the newspapers distributed nationwide, has seen his newsprint warehouse burned down, members of his staff assaulted, and his trucks smashed and robbed. Student unions and public libraries have boycotted his papers. Labour Party leaders have refused to talk to his journalists. Graffiti and posters have proclaimed MURDOCH IS BAD NEWS from walls and bridges all over the land.

National newspapers have historically based their industrial relations on the principle of talking tough and acting weak—none more so, according to the unions, than Murdoch's News International group. But early this year it became clear that Murdoch had undergone a transformation, from soft touch to meticulous and ruthless strategist. For the first time, a proprietor confronted the unions head on and defeated them. He thus precipitated what has been billed as the most revolutionary chapter in British press history since the Stamp Act duty was reduced in 1836.

Rupert Murdoch's papers cover the spectrum of the British press, from the lurid *Sun* and *Sunday News of the World* to *The Sunday Times* and *The Times* and its educational and literary supplements. In March of 1985 Murdoch—exasperated after two years of union refusal to agree to terms for the operation of new printing plants, which were sitting idle in Glasgow and London—decided to start the plants up unilaterally.

Hundreds of production workers were



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recruited and trained in secret by the Southampton district office of the electricians' union—not the first instance in which that union had engaged in maverick behavior for the benefit of its members. A thousand drivers were found to distribute papers nationwide in unmarked trucks, a strategy designed to circumvent possible blocking by the rail unions. (Most British papers are distributed nationwide by rail.) An American computer system capable of typesetting four newspapers was installed in the new London plant, a fortified and heavily guarded facility located in the East End near Tower Bridge, in Wapping. Suddenly, on January 25, papers that since the nineteenth century had been produced within half a mile of Fleet Street issued from "Fortress Wapping," with only one day's editions of two papers (*The Times* and *The Sun*) lost in the transfer. The unions were caught on the wrong foot, with 5,500 of their members still on strike and no hope of compensation. It was an operation that few military commanders could have matched.

Journalists, the only group of employees to be retained, were offered generous pay increases and benefits if they would move to Wapping immediately; those who refused faced the sack. With no time to ponder alternatives, most moved, but it was like telling members of the writing staff of *The New York Times* that they must in future work out of the South Bronx. The Wapping plant was surrounded by fences, barbed wire, and guards. It has been picketed since January, and the police have been unable to prevent acts of violence against people entering and leaving the building. Staff members must either use the company's protected coach service to get through the picket lines or risk bricks through their car windows. Not surprisingly, a steady trickle of journalists have resigned. Nevertheless, the papers continue to appear and circulation is being maintained.

Even with the additional cost of a separate (non-rail) distribution system it is estimated that the profits of News International have doubled as a result of the move and that they may top £100 million for the year. Such was the scale of fat that Fleet Street proprietors had been expected to sustain.

The fury of the News International print workers, who had struck in anticipation of the move to Wapping and had been convinced that they could bring

Murdoch to his knees, knew no bounds. Even in June feelings were running so high that the dismissed 5,500 voted to reject a £50 million package designed to buy them off and end the picketing. Workers in the "London print" can trace their collective history back to Tudor times. Never had they suffered so crushing a defeat.

The rest of Fleet Street reacted pusillanimously to the events at Wapping. The liberal *Guardian* reported almost daily on the human-rights hardships of the picketers. *The Daily Telegraph* rejected a Murdoch advertisement. A review by Bernard Levin, a columnist for *The Times*, was dropped by the editor of *The Observer* under union pressure. Indeed, *The Observer* refused to run pieces by any journalist who also worked—full or part time—at Wapping. After a decade of bemoaning the strength of the unions and pleading for a bold initiative, many journalists recoiled from what this meant in practice. Yet it is hard to see how any approach gentler than Murdoch's could have succeeded.

No amount of anti-Murdoch comment has stopped other managements from taking advantage of his innovation. *The Daily Mirror*, which in its opinion column made a practice of castigating Murdoch's plan to move to Wapping, last December exacted a draconian 20 percent employment cut from its unions. Five of the remaining eight Fleet Street managements have plans to move their printing to the East End, and are encountering less resistance from the unions than expected, as a result of the Wapping experience. Most claim that they are proceeding by what *The Guardian* and the *Financial Times* coyly term "agreement, not confrontation." All have forced their unions to match the last, desperate concessions that Murdoch's unions offered him in January, when they finally realized that he meant business—concessions that included a pledge to abandon all work rules and to submit to binding arbitration. (The latter concession had not appeased Murdoch, because in Britain "binding arbitration" normally implies only a moral—not a legal—obligation.)

THOUGH THE ROSTER of papers actually produced on Fleet Street is dwindling, the name still symbolizes an industry of remarkable stability. When the newsprint rationing of the Second World War ended, Britons had a choice of ten morning papers, which together

sold 15 million copies a day. This year both the number of papers and the total circulation are the same. The tabloid end of the market may reflect little credit on the taste of the nation, but it still shows six distinct papers alive and kicking. The circulation of the four quality papers has doubled over the past thirty years. *The Telegraph*, *The Guardian*, *The Times*, and the *Financial Times* collectively supply a range of news and comment, available each morning nationwide, that is more copious than in any comparable country. Only people holding the most extreme viewpoints complain that adequate access to the printed media is denied them.

For all the industry's success in attracting readers, it has long been unprofitable, and as of January papers such as *The Guardian* and *The Times* (pre-Wapping) had not shown a return on capital in three decades. Yet the industry's peculiar nature has ensured a constant supply of buyers whenever an ailing paper is for sale.

Fleet Street proprietorship has proved immensely appealing to businessmen whose careers have embraced no excitement beyond that of making a fortune. It offers more than just the show-business exhilaration of journalists rushing to meet nightly deadlines, the sound of clattering presses, and the smell of warm ink. In most countries newspapers are essentially regional institutions. Britain's compactness has enabled them to become national ones, and their owners to achieve national influence and fame. The press is an Olympian club, which, as an editorial in *The Times* declared in 1852, "stands upon the breach between the present and the future, extending its survey to the horizon of the world"—or so its owners fondly believe. Press tycoons are fêted by the great and the good of the land, and traditionally they have enjoyed a short route to ennoblement. Harold Wilson arranged for the creation of three peers from the *Daily Mirror*. Margaret Thatcher has distributed a peerage and three knighthoods to the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*. Roy Thompson told Harold Macmillan that he wanted to be a hereditary lord, no less, in recognition of his ownership of *The Sunday Times*.

Few Fleet Street papers have ever been treated as ordinary commercial concerns. When Victor (later Lord) Matthews took over the *Express* and its sister publications, it was, he said, "to create a family newspaper that cares about Brit-

ain." When Robert Maxwell bought the *Daily Mirror*, in 1984, he said that he intended to put "Britain first." Such idealism put papers on the newsstands and kept journalists on their beats. It also sent the print workers home each night rich and happy, and perpetuated Fleet Street's oligopolistic practices.

WHETHER THE GATES of the club are in danger of falling remains to be seen. Rupert Murdoch, long its most cantankerous member, has broken much of the crockery, and it seems that more destruction is in store. Readers accustomed, literally from birth, to seeing the same mastheads lined up on their newsstands are seeing unfamiliar ones. First there was Eddy Shah's *Today*, a tabloid modeled loosely on *USA Today*. It was launched in March by the publisher of a small chain of local newspapers in northern England on a prospectus of high-tech production, non-union staff, full-color pages, and special regional editions. His production costs would be so modest, Shah claimed, that he and his financiers would get their money back inside two years. To hear Shah tell it, the revolution had come; Fleet Street's managements and unions would get their comeuppance.

Shah's pride went before a truly spectacular fall. *Today* limped through the spring with a circulation of about 400,000 (as opposed to the one million predicted) until June, when it collapsed into the arms of one of those whom Shah had derided—Roland ("Tiny") Rowland, the owner of *The Observer*. Yet the hyperbole surrounding Shah's original prospectus had worked its magic, albeit indirectly. A market so long the preserve of financial eccentricity had become appealing to venture capital. In late 1985 a group of dissident writers from Lord Hartwell's *Daily Telegraph* proposed a new, up-market, quality paper, *The Independent*, and were promptly offered £18 million by eager investors, reputedly Britain's largest ever "up front" investment in a nonexistent product. *The Independent*, due this month and having an impressive team of writers, will be the first quality daily launched in Britain in this century.

Elsewhere on Fleet Street existing groups are seeking to use their plants more intensively by founding new papers. Maxwell, the owner of the *Daily Mirror*, plans to launch a new London evening paper, the *Daily News*, also this autumn. The launch of another evening

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- 338004-398008. **Beethoven: Piano Sonatas**—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)
345199. **Beethoven: Overtures** *Egmont*, *Fidelio*, *Leonore 1, 3, etc.* Colin Davis, Bavarian Radio Orch. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
332122. **Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor, Op. 132**—Fitzwilliam Quartet (Digital—London)
232496. **Beethoven: Symphony No. 3** (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)
321570. **Beethoven: Symphony No. 5**; **Schubert: Symph. No. 8** (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
331108. **Beethoven: Symphony No. 7**—Tilson Thomas, English Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)
252874. **Beethoven: Symphony No. 9** (Choral)—Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. (Columbia)
342667. **Beethoven: Piano Concertos No. 3 & 4**—Perahia, Haitink, Amsterdam Concertgebouw (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 325654-395657. **Beethoven: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 5** (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Boettcher, Mehta cond. (Counts as 2—Vox)
344119. **Beethoven and Mozart: Quintets For Piano & Winds**—Perahia, soloists, English Chamber (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 341982-391987. **Beethoven: Sonatas For Piano & Violin, Vol. 1**—Eugene Istomin & Isaac Stern (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)

327221. **Beethoven: Violin Concerto**—Menuhin; Masur, Leipzig Gewandhaus (Digital—Angel)

BRAHMS

341107. **Brahms: Double Concerto**—Menuhin; Tortelier; Berglund, London Phil. (Digital—Angel)
334243. **Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1**—Weissenberg, Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (Digital—Angel)
340588. **Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2**—Vladimir Ashkenazy; Haitink, Vienna Phil. (Digital—London)
332668. **Brahms: Symphony No. 1**—Tennstedt and London Philharmonic Orch. (Digital—Angel)
328039. **Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations**—Mehta, NY Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
341198. **Brahms: String Quartets Nos. 1 & 3**—The Tokyo String Quartet (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)
337774. **Brahms & Mozart Clarinet Quintets**—Michele Zukovsky and Sequoia String Quartet (Digital—Nonesuch)
- 344499-394494. **Brahms: A German Requiem; Alto Rhapsody**; etc.—soloists, London Philharmonic under Klaus Tennstedt (Counts as 2—Digital—Angel)

DEBUSSY

- 340638-390633. **Debussy: Preludes, Books 1, II**; etc. Yuri Egorov (Counts as 2—Digital—Angel)
335679. **Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes**—Andre Previn, cond. London Symphony (Digital—Angel)
296830. **Debussy & Ravel String Quartets**—Tokyo String Quartet (Columbia)
340931. **Debussy: Images For Orchestra; Prelude To An Afternoon Of A Faun**—Previn, London Symp. (Digital—Angel)

HAYDN

- 341123-391128. **Haydn: Concertos For Flute & Oboe**—Rampal; Pierlot; Rolla cond. (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)
341214. **Haydn: Symphony No. 100** (Military), No. 104 (Cello)—Hogwood and Acad. of Ancient Music (Digital—L'Oiseau-Lyre)
332569. **Haydn: Symphony No. 94** (Surprise), No. 100 (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (Digital—London)

MAHLER

334508. **Mahler: Symphony No. 1** (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (Digital—Angel)
- 329094-399097. **Mahler: Symphony No. 2** (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)
317685. **Mahler: Symphony No. 4**—Ameling (soprano); Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. (Angel)

MENDELSSOHN

318824. **Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4** (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (Digital—Angel)
330142. **Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3**—Cho-Liang Lin, violinist; Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
332056. **Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream**; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)

MOZART

294264. **Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21** (Elvira Madigan) and No. 17—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)
328740. **Mozart: Piano Concerto 26** (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
- 341628-391623. **Mozart: Sonatas For Fortepiano & Violin, Vol. 3**—Bilson and Luca (Counts as 2—Digital—Nonesuch)
339366. **Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik**; more. Hogwood, Acad. Ancient Music (Digital L'Oiseau-Lyre)
341974. **Mozart: Music For Wind Quintet**—played by Ensemble Wien-Berlin (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
321224. **Mozart: Overtures**—Don Giovanni, Cosi fan tutte, etc. Marriner, Acad. St. Martin (Digital—Angel)
338723. **Mozart: Requiem**—Hogwood cond. soloists, chorus, Acad. of Ancient Music (Digital L'Oiseau-Lyre)
340596. **Mozart: Sonata, K. 448; Schubert: Fantasia** Radu Lupu, Murray Perahia (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
344101. **Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 38 & 39**—Neville Marriner, Academy of St. Martin (Digital—Angel)

RACHMANINOFF

334540. **Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody On A Theme Of Paganini**—Cecile Licad; Abbado, Chicago Symp. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
334565. **Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2** (complete version)—Simon Rattle and Los Angeles Philharmonic (Digital—Angel)

SCHUBERT

343707. **Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142**—Murray Perahia, piano (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
325092. **Schubert: Sonata In B Flat**; etc.—Alicia de Larrocha (Digital—London)
339358. **Schubert: Trout Quintet**—Andras Schiff, piano, Alois Posch; Hagen Quartet (Digital—London)
343533. **Schubert: Quartet No. 14** (Death & The Maiden) & 13 (Rosamunde)—The Alban Berg Quartet (Digital—Angel)

TCHAIKOVSKY

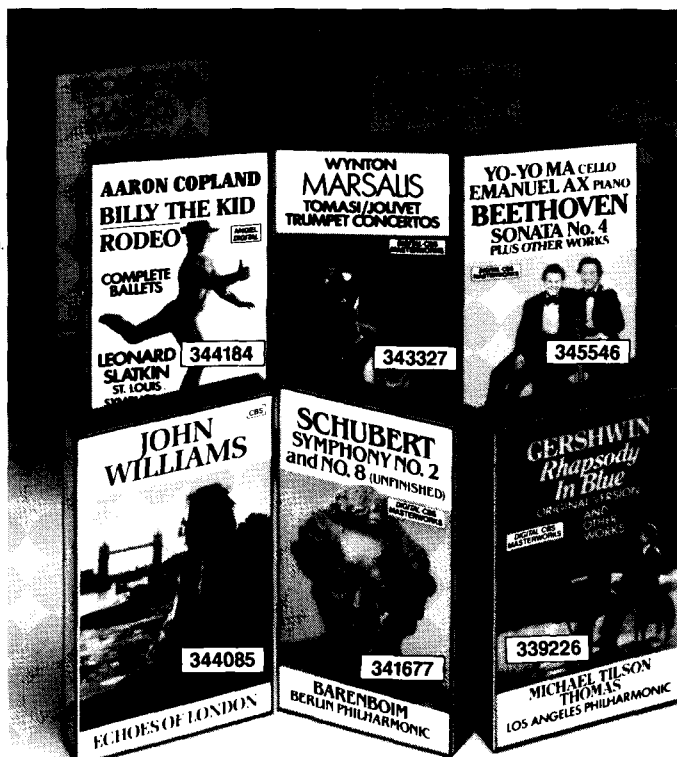
308874. **Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1**—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. (Columbia/Melodiya)
329169. **Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4**—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)
343244. **Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slave; others**—Ozawa, Berlin Phil. (Digital—Angel)
- 304352-394353. **Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker**—Davis, Toronto Symphony (Counts as 2—Columbia)

342337. **Bartok: Piano Concerto No. 1; Sonata For 2 Pianos & Percussion**—Ashkenazy; Solti, London Phil. (Digital—London)
263293. **Bolling: Suite For Flute & Jazz Piano**—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (CBS Masterworks)
326439. **Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)
240473. **Copland: Appalachian Spring** (complete)—Copland and London Symphony (Columbia)

326405. **Stravinsky: The Firebird** (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic (Digital—London)
338244. **Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring**; etc.—Dutoit, Orchestre de Montreal (Digital—London)
338814. **Webber: Requiem**—with Domingo, Brightman Maazel, English Chamber Orch. (Digital—Angel)

ROMANTICS

335547. **Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique**—Barenboim cond. Berlin Philharmonic (Digital—CBS Masterworks)



342154. **Tchaikovsky: Romeo & Juliet; Francesca da Rimini**—R. Chailly and the Cleveland Orchestra (Digital—London)
334680. **Tchaikovsky: Suites From "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty"**—Muti and the Philadelphia Orch. (Digital—Angel)
336461. **Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade**—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

BAROQUE

346015. **Handel: Royal Fireworks Music**; other works—Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre du Roy (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
329615. **Handel: Water Music**. Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre du Roy (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
339663. **Pachelbel: Canon**—also works by Albinoni, Bach, Boccherini, others. Bach Munchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (Digital—London)
343715. **Vivaldi: Four Seasons**—Lorin Maazel conducts soloists from the French National Orchestra (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

340216. **Adams, John: Harmonielehre**—Edo de Waart, San Francisco Sym. (Digital—Nonesuch)
342329. **Bartok: Miraculous Mandarin** (complete ballet); **Music For Strings, Percussion & Celesta**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)
340216. **Adams, John: Harmonielehre**—Edo de Waart, San Francisco Sym. (Digital—Nonesuch)
342329. **Bartok: Miraculous Mandarin** (complete ballet); **Music For Strings, Percussion & Celesta**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)
333450. **Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8**—Haitink, Amsterdam Concertgebouw (Digital—London)

331595. **Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2**—Ozawa, Orch. National (Digital—Angel)
333518. **Bruckner: Symphony No. 7**—Riccardo Chailly and the RSO Berlin Symp. (Digital—London)
339374. **Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2**; **Schumann: Piano Concerto**—Schiff; Dorati, Concertgebouw (Digital—London)
329144. **Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises**—Ivan Moravec, piano (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)
- 343152-393157. **Chopin: Nocturnes**—Abbey Simon at the piano (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)
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- 333526-393520. **Dvorak: Slavonic Dances**, etc. Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—Digital—London)
325183. **Dvorak: Symphony No. 9** (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symp. Orch. (Digital—London)
333575. **Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstances Marches**—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
336990. **Grieg: Peer Gynt** (Incidental Music)—Lucia Popp, Marriner, Academy St. Martin (Digital—Angel)
345942. **Grieg: Piano Concerto**; **Mendelssohn: Concerto No. 1**—Ouset; Marriner, London Symphony (Digital—Angel)

340257. Liszt: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Bolet, Zinnman, Rochester Phil. (Vox Cum Laude)

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323147. Wagner: Orchestra Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (Digital—London)

334524. Salvatore Accardo Plays Paganini, Vol. 1—Mota perpetuo, Larghetto, others. Tamponi, Chamber Orch. (Digital—Angel)

334276. Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass—Brass in Berlin—music by Bach, Gabrieli, Pachelbel, etc. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

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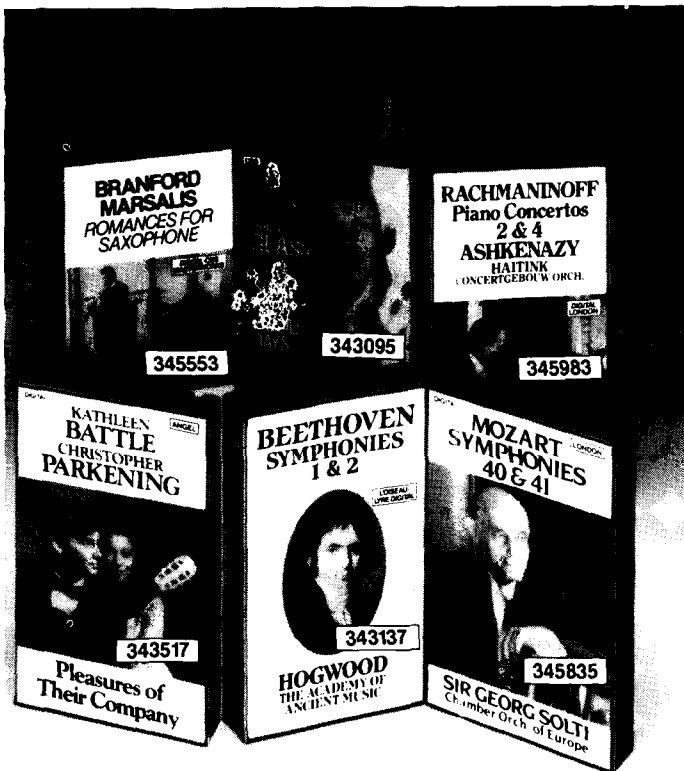
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paper is being considered by the *Daily Mail* group, which includes London's only surviving evening paper, *The Evening Standard*. Murdoch has talked about starting his own London evening paper, to be called *The London Post*, which would use the Wapping presses that are lying idle during the day. The Chequepoint finance group has also proposed an evening paper. For good measure, a left-wing weekly, *The News on Sunday*, is scheduled for launch next March. In the unlikely event that all these reach the streets, London's news vendors will be shouting more titles than have been heard since Edwardian days.

What new market is the current burst of enterprise going to tap? As Eddy Shah found, it is one thing to bring life to a sluggish industry through new technology and a tough stand against the unions, and quite another to induce readers to change the habits of a generation, however little you charge for a subscription and however much you spend on promotion. When *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* returned to the streets after the strike of 1978-1979, their circulations were the same as they had been a year before. An evocative picture of Eddy Shah ran in *The Sunday Times* in June. He sat, surrounded by computer screens, holding his head in his hands: he had plenty of technology but not enough readers.

The sound and fury of the past year has been that of painful readjustment by the industry's established moguls. Murdoch and Shah and their followers have certainly scared the unions into conceding lower wages and reduced work forces. But the more these measures push the costs of Fleet Street publishing down, the cheaper it is for Fleet Street proprietors to fight back. Rupert Murdoch has made life more profitable for himself and more profitable for his old rivals.

Fleet Street is still dominated by the great papers that have towered over it since the war. It is their glamour that continues to attract fancy money—as the Canadian entrepreneur Conrad Black showed when he bought *The Daily Telegraph* last year. The long-run consequence of the current upheaval may be to protect Britain's existing choice of newspapers, not widen it. As with many a proclaimed revolution, it may be the ancien régime that wins the last battle.

—Simon Jenkins



WASHINGTON

THE BUSINESS OF POLITICS

Representative Tony Coelho has raised a lot of money for congressional Democrats—and roused a lot of debate

ALTHOUGH THE DECADE began badly for the Democrats, the party's low point did not come in November of 1980, when the Republicans won the presidency and the Senate. It came the following spring, when Democrats in the House, the party's sole remaining stronghold, engaged Republicans in a contest to see which side could chop more business loopholes in the 1981 tax-cut legislation. Democrats hoped to win back the hearts—and open the pocket-books—of businessmen, who in 1980 had overwhelmingly supported Republicans. But the Republicans kept matching and raising the Democrats in the tax-sweeteners game. The final version of the legislation was a bonanza for business that reduced federal revenues even more than the Administration had planned—and, parenthetically, thereby encouraged our current mega-deficits. Still, despite this ardent wooing, business remained Republican in its giving habits. That was what made the tax debate of 1981 the Democrats' low point. The party tried to sell its soul and failed.

Commentators, noting President Rea-

gan's popularity, the mood swing of the electorate, and the outpouring of conservative money, proclaimed in 1981 that the much prophesied "realignment"—the Republicans' ascent to majority-party status—was finally at hand. The Democratic camp stood in even worse disorder than usual, with a little-known Los Angeles lawyer, Charles Manatt, taking over the Democratic National Committee (DNC) and the utterly anonymous Tony Coelho, a thirty-nine-year-old California congressman with no organizational experience, assuming leadership of the related Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee (DCCC), which is charged with raising money for Democratic congressmen. Twenty-five more seats in 1982 would have given the Republicans the House, and with it full control over federal decision-making. The conventional wisdom held that the Democratic Party would not get out of the Reagan revolution alive.

Needless to say, the conventional wisdom was wrong. The Democrats kept the House, and they stand a chance of recovering the Senate in next month's election. Meanwhile the party's fund-raising for itself (there are several other types of fund-raising, including the kind candidates do for themselves) has become dramatically more effective. For the 1980 elections the DCCC raised \$1.8 million, while its counterpart, the National Republican Campaign Committee, took in more than ten times as much. For the 1986 elections the DCCC expects to take in at least \$15 million, around half the amount the NRCC will raise. Though the Republicans retain the lead in most forms of money-raising, it is an ever more modest one.

Most of the Democrats' gains stem from business gifts and direct-mail appeals—exactly what powers Republican fund-raising. The gains have occurred as Coelho (pronounced *Quell-o*) has thrown himself into campaign finance with the kind of zealous stamina last seen when W. Clement Stone built a pecuniary empire by selling insurance door-to-door. A man of unusual drive and almost pious determination, Coelho has since 1981 tirelessly canvassed the country, spending 150 days a year on the road, many of them devoted to extracting contributions from businessmen and political-action-committee (PAC) managers.

It is commonly assumed that the reason for the increase in financial support for right-wing candidates over the past

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G A L A N T

decade is that businessmen are all Republicans. Certainly, a high proportion of chief executive officers and of the rich are Republicans, but most business men and women are neither CEOs nor rich. Even in the Reagan era many mid-level managers and independent businessmen and a few CEOs remain Democrats, either because of upbringing or because of a preference for Democratic policies. Yet in the years building up to their 1980 defeat the Democrats seemed to write off the business community. Many businesses and PACs were simply never called on by Democratic fund-raisers.

Voters think of PACs as institutions that exist to seduce congressmen. But the system also works the other way around. Nearly all Washington dinners held "in honor" of some senator or committee chairman, for instance, are actually arranged by the honoree or a close affiliate and are attended mainly by lobbyists and PAC officials whose invitations apprised them of the \$250 or \$500 "donation" required at the door. Just as PACs have been able to render congressmen timorous by implicitly threatening to back an opponent, congressmen have learned to shake down the PACs with a reciprocal insinuation that they'd better give or lose ground to a competing PAC that did. Today it's probably more common for politicians to put the touch on PACs than vice versa. The Republicans have seemed to understand the possibilities since PACs began to proliferate in 1974; the Democrats have come to understand them through Tony Coelho.

James Devlin, a Texas businessman, recalls meeting Coelho in 1981. Then the chairman of U.S. Telephone Inc., Devlin was in Washington to lobby congressmen about phone deregulation. While he was waiting to meet someone for breakfast in the House dining room, Coelho walked up to Devlin cold and started giving him a sales pitch on the Speaker's Club, a new group Coelho was forming.

"Clubs" were just catching on in political circles as a polite way to combine arm twisting and elbow rubbing. Coelho's club, a bargain at \$5,000, promised audiences with Speaker Tip O'Neill and other Democratic big wheels. "Tony had these little index cards he was writing on, and before I knew it, he was saying, 'I'll just put you down for \$5,000,'" Devlin says. "Suddenly I felt myself in the presence of a businessman." Coelho, Devlin says, "has a style that's

engaging to business people. Tony's a guy who makes lists, who summarizes, who gets to the point quickly and then moves on to the next item."

Devlin became one of Coelho's first converts. Soon Coelho was urging O'Neill, who rarely travels, to go to Dallas for a fund-raiser. Devlin had organized a party at the home of Starke Taylor, an old-money patrician and now the mayor of Dallas. "The majority of the guests were Republicans who had never had contact with Democratic leadership," Devlin explained. "I think Starke Taylor's wife wanted to keep it secret from her friends that Tip O'Neill was going to set foot in her home. Picture the setting. A palatial Dallas home, a string orchestra performing, Texas Republicans in evening clothes—plus Tip O'Neill. And he charmed them, absolutely charmed them."

The party raised \$125,000 for the DCCC. Devlin thinks it represented a turning point in Coelho's evolving understanding of businessmen. "Tony visualized that businessmen are businessmen, not ideologists," Devlin says. "Businessmen are interested in results." If Coelho could provide results—whether consideration for legislative proposals or introductions to the right people or simply the assurance that donations weren't being squandered—business PACs would be happy to invest a little to cover their Democratic bases.

"There's a lot of ideology out there, but what drives business is pragmatism," explains Walter Shorenstein, a San Francisco developer and Democratic donor. "I say to my Republican friends in business, 'When was the last time you had your Democratic congressman out to your golf club?' The ones who do are always quite glad they did."

COELHO ADMITS, WITH a frankness that has won him a minor celebrity status among political cognoscenti, that in the dark days following the 1980 elections his appeal to donors was, as Robert Kuttner reported in *The New Republic*, "Business has to deal with us whether they want to or not. I tell them, 'You're going to need to work with us.'"

If that pitch sounds like a mixture of protection racket (nice little multinational you have here; too bad if anything should happen to it) and an offer to play ball, that's exactly how it was intended to sound. Political fund-raising appeals often boil down to this formula, though fund-raisers prefer lofty phrases about

national purpose. In the period following Reagan's election the most persuasive argument Democrats could make to business leaders with conservative sympathies was that it would be more cost-effective to buy Democratic good will than to try to wipe out the party altogether. Democrats still had incumbency on their side in the House, and going after dozens of them would be a very different matter from going after one President or a few senators.

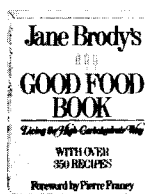
"The thing to do with business men and women is to appeal to their business sense," Coelho told me recently. "You can't sell them H.R. 1236. You can't sell them a legislative program. People aren't interested in that. Business men and women want to be associated with success. If they see you are going to be successful, they latch on to you. I basically went out and said, 'I'm an entrepreneur in politics. I'm going to get the Democratic Party into direct mail, media centers, computers,'" Coelho continued. "I went to Texas and California. Where are the entrepreneurs in this country? The big numbers are in those states. I went to New York and later Florida, as well, but Texas and California the most. Some people will say that was where to find oil and gas money or conservative money. But I was going after a mentality. It's just like anybody else who starts a new business. Where do they find people who will invest in them? Among the entrepreneurs."

"What I wanted was to make the DCCC like a business. What I have now is a business that is successful. My business had no assets, and today has five million dollars in assets. My business had no income, and today we open up our doors every month and get three hundred thousand dollars in direct mail. The business of politics is what I'm all about."

In the campaign-finance business it is donors who are the customers, and what keeps the customers satisfied is access. Access in the Washington subculture has more to do with personal courtesy and attention than with "power"—since even access to the President does not guarantee that you will get your way—and so, more than votes, the products that fund-raisers sell are connections and ego strokes. Thomas Gaubert, a Dallas venture capitalist, says, "I'm one of the biggest contributors to the Governor of Texas, but can I get him on the telephone? Hell, no. Sometimes it takes a week. I call Tony any hour of the day or

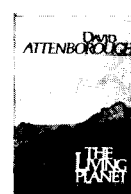


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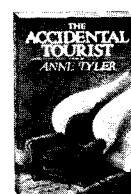


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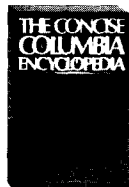
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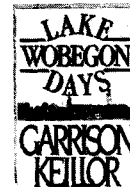
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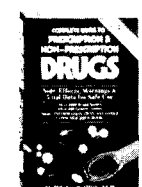
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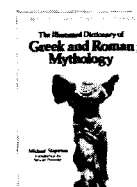
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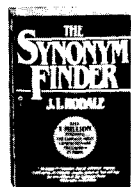
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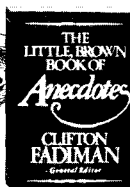
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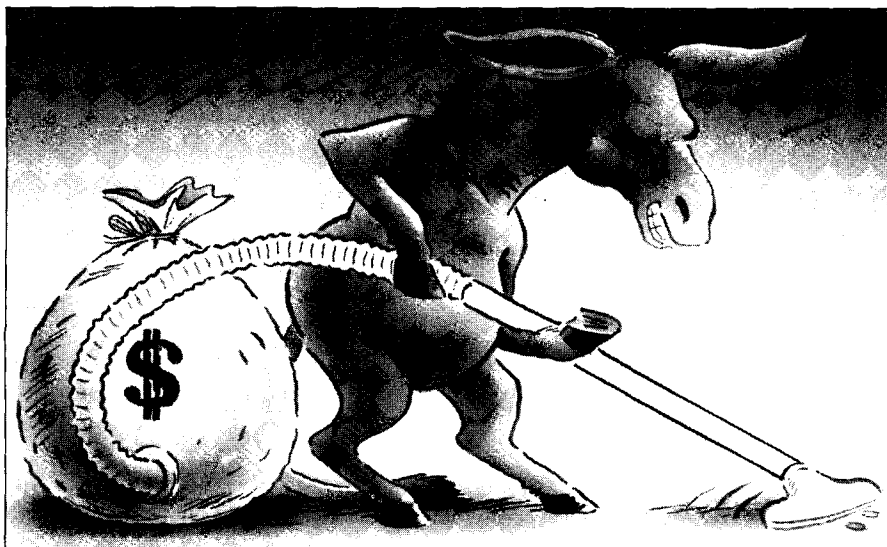
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night and he gets back to me immediately. Some days he just calls to ask how I'm doing. That pleases me tremendously."

Coelho tripled the take from DCCC fund-raising, from \$2 million to \$6 million, in his first two years. Among his first management decisions was to insist that during the 1982 elections DCCC funds be used selectively: test-marketed, as it were. Previously the committee had handed out a set amount, usually a thousand dollars, to every Democratic candidate regardless of need. This was both an attempt to avoid intramural bickering and an admission that the committee had no larger blueprint. Coelho decided to ignore those Democrats with "safe" seats and concentrate resources on close races.



Many in the party old guard were furious. Senior incumbents who had served faithfully found themselves rewarded with no party funds; green or little-known candidates got the legal maximum of \$50,000 in intra-party help. It was a controversial decision, and Coelho took the heat for it—"I still have enemies in Congress because of it," he says—though the party leadership had privately concurred, reckoning that if the stratagem failed, the young and expendable Coelho would make a handy fall guy.

When the stratagem succeeded, with the Democrats picking up twenty-six House seats during the height of the Reagan revolution, Coelho was able to claim a share of the credit. Just a few months later, in the winter of 1983, he threatened to quit as the DCCC head if he wasn't given a role in party policy-making. Coelho was in a position strong

enough that he won this concession, although the DCCC chair had traditionally been strictly a money post, divorced from the issues. Soon word began to circulate that when O'Neill retired, Coelho would run for whip, the number-three position in the House leadership and a proven stepping-stone to the speaker's chair. O'Neill will retire in 1987, and Coelho is at this writing considered the favorite for whip. If he wins, it will be after just eight years in Congress, an amazingly short tenure.

Another businesslike decision Coelho made early on was to invest a portion of the DCCC's rapidly increasing income. Previously, the money had immediately gone out to finance campaigns or to retire old debts; some of these venerable obligations date to the days of the Hum-

phrey-Nixon race. Coelho set aside about \$3.5 million of the first \$6 million he raised to finance a media center and a direct-mail operation; at the DNC, Charles Manatt was doing much the same.

"In 1981 the average Democratic House contribution was about five hundred dollars, while the comparable Republican average was thirty-eight dollars," Coelho said. "That told me very quickly something was wrong. Here we were the party of the little guy, yet the small contributors were going Republican." By 1986 Democratic direct mail had recovered. Coelho could boast that the DCCC's average contribution was "down" to \$35, with small contributors providing nearly half of the committee's take. (Different schools of thought exist on the ultimate value of direct mail as a fund-raising technique. Overhead is high, anywhere from 20 percent to 90

percent; the overhead involved in soliciting a PAC contribution, usually \$30 or \$40 for steak, shrimp, and drinks, consumes a much smaller proportion of the gift. The impact of direct mail appeals in general has declined as the practice proliferates and people's mailboxes fill up with unwanted and unread mail. What fund-raisers continue to like about direct mail is that it can be operated on an automated basis. No traveling, personal appearances, or handshaking is required.)

MEANWHILE THE DCCC, at Coelho's behest, was building his media center. Here he was playing catch-up; the Republicans, many of whom have backgrounds in marketing, had caught on much sooner to the importance of controlling the means of video production.

As early as 1981 the Republican committee was transmitting "satellite press releases"—flattering clips of a senator or a representative that are beamed out at comparatively little expense for any local television station to use as if the station had reported the story itself. Republican officials were sending camera crews to "cover" congressional activity in such a way that their clients appeared to be at the center of the action: artful filming can transform routine questioning during a routine hearing into a face-to-face showdown between a congressman and a famous witness.

Coelho, who has six television sets in his office—in addition to C-SPAN, he watches NBC, CBS, ABC, CNN, and PBS news shows simultaneously, scanning for pictures with political content—preached to the Democrats the value of media and of packaging ideas, and they began to listen. "Politics has become the business of communication," he says. "If I make a sale, they react by voting for us. I still think you ought to do what is legislatively right, but the way you package your idea has become just as important."

Coelho was instrumental in fashioning Tip O'Neill into a visible media counterpoint to Ronald Reagan. O'Neill had long been uncomfortable before the camera, and no previous speaker of the House had had any standing on TV. O'Neill's predecessors in the electronic age—Carl Albert, John McCormack, Sam Rayburn, and Joseph W. Martin—were confirmed behind-the-scenes operators.

One of Coelho's first acts at the

DCCC was to hire Chris Matthews, a young political operative with a keen understanding of television's need to reduce issues to pictures and single sentences. Coelho pushed O'Neill to take Matthews as his press secretary; Matthews, who is well liked by the Washington press corps because of his ready wit, had soon sweet-talked the networks into treating the Speaker as if he were an opposition leader in the Philippines or Nicaragua, so that sundry evening-news clips of Reagan were followed by ten-second retorts from O'Neill.

By the time Reagan's 1984 State of the Union address rolled around, Coelho had helped persuade O'Neill to film his response on the streets of Boston, talking to average voters. (But, as Barbara Matusow reported in the *Washington Journalism Review*, it snowed the day of the address, and O'Neill was unable to get a flight north. So the DCCC media center set up fake Boston scenes in Washington, complete, in the finest packaging tradition, with fake real people. One "typical Boston" scene, Matusow wrote, was filmed on Capitol Hill in a bar that is a hangout for congressional staffers. Cameramen had to shoot carefully around Washington Redskins posters.) Polls show that 90 percent of Americans now recognize O'Neill's name and give him approval ratings nearly as high as Reagan's. That O'Neill, the speaker of the junior chamber of Congress and a man without presidential possibilities, was able to emerge as the Democrats' leading figure when several senators and governors were competing for the distinction is a testament to the DCCC's studious exploitation of television.

Coelho has further preached to Democrats the value of "free media" rather than pay for ads, get the network to broadcast the message voluntarily. He is especially proud of a free-media coup that took place when the DCCC held a press conference, in March of 1984, announcing an advertising campaign to embarrass Reagan on the "sleaze issue." The event was given prominent play on the evening news; the three major networks ran excerpts from tapes of the coming ad which Coelho had distributed. The ad itself never ran—network coverage had been the goal all along.

"Our sleaze ad cost about \$800 to produce, and we got a million dollars' worth of publicity from it, because we put it out in a way the media could use,"

Coelho says. "Video media has to deal with what the picture is. Reagan understands this to perfection. If you control the picture, you in effect control how the video media presents your issues. It's totally different from the printed word."

Another example followed the first presidential debate in 1984. Coelho was shown on many national newscasts saying that the President had "looked old and acted old," a thought the Mondale camp wanted to plant but could not, for obvious reasons, let Mondale himself say. Viewers got the impression this was Coelho's spontaneous reaction to a news event and that cameramen just happened to be nearby. In fact Coelho had informed Mondale advisers that he would deliver the comment and had refined the phrasing to make it as short and punchy as possible. (Later, after the Mondale ship began to sink, Coelho distanced Democratic congressional candidates from their party's presidential ticket—for which he was criticized in the press, though not by his fellow congressmen.)

COELHO PROBABLY could not have gotten the DCCC job in 1980 unless few others had wanted it. Not only was the party in decline but the past two DCCC chairmen, Wayne Hays and James Corman, had not been successful. Hays, of course, was finished the day his aide Elizabeth Ray admitted, "I can't type, I can't file, I can't even answer the phone." Corman, a twenty-year House veteran from Los Angeles, lost in 1980 by 752 votes when Jimmy Carter conceded defeat while the California polls were still open, causing an exodus of Democrats waiting in line at polling places.

But Coelho, a student of congressional history, knew that earlier DCCC chairmen had included Tip O'Neill and Lyndon Johnson. The job allows a congressman to woo his fellow party members with financial support. This is a powerful, although imperfect, tool of self-advancement—imperfect at present because Coelho continues to take money from backers in the districts of safe-seat congressmen and shift it to candidates whose districts don't produce contributions, and these transactions cause only headaches for him. In the 1986 election, for example, Coelho is "maxing out" on intra-party contributions to several close North Carolina races—essentially shifting money from Texas, California, and New York to



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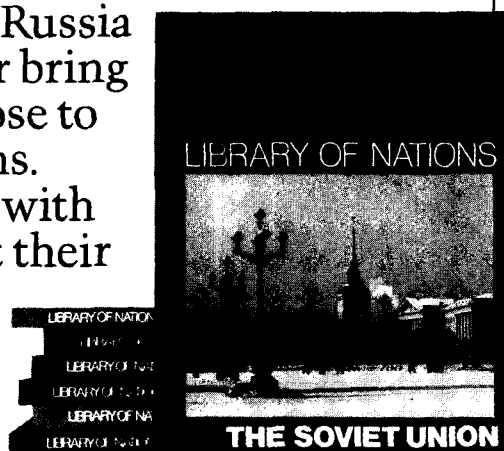
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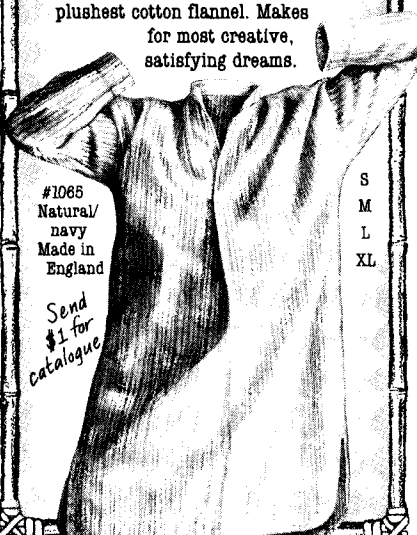
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North Carolina—although the state's delegation is not expected to support Coelho in his bid for whip.

The DCCC job is also renowned for allowing its holder to make the acquaintance of benefactors who might later support his own ambitions. Coelho's ambitions are a subject of considerable interest within party circles. He first won the notice of Democratic leaders in 1979, when, in his first term in the House, he sold \$50,000 worth of tickets to the party's annual dinner. Most congressmen considered this duty on a par with having to unload 4-H raffle tickets; a single \$1,000 sale was all that was expected of anyone.

Born to a lower-middle-class dairy-farm family in the Central Valley of California in 1942, Coelho while still a child distinguished himself as a demonic worker even by the standards of an enterprise in which a continuous tending of animals is the norm. He and his brother sometimes rose as early as 2:30 A.M. to milk cows before heading off to school. The family worshipped Franklin Roosevelt, whom they considered the savior of small agriculture. In high school and later at Loyola University of Los Angeles, a Catholic men's college, Coelho did very well both academically and socially. He planned to enter law school.

In 1963 his father's farm went bankrupt, an event that Coelho—with a Reaganesque time sense—blames on "Republican policies." Then, just before graduation from Loyola, Coelho decided that he wanted to become a Jesuit priest. Though it was 1964, the first big Vietnam draft year, Coelho says his decision to enter the seminary was triggered by the death of John Kennedy.

"I loved everything about Kennedy," Coelho says. "I wouldn't go out on a date if he was going to be on TV. I loved the way he sold himself and his ideas. I loved his young family and the way he involved them. I didn't know much about what he stood for, but I loved the charisma of the guy." His memory of the day Kennedy was shot is still vivid: "I had to announce that he had been assassinated. We had a ceremony in the campus chapel. The church was packed. There were people out on the steps and all over the grounds kneeling and praying that he would survive the bullet. I couldn't believe they would take him away."

As he prepared to enter studies for the Jesuit order, Coelho, who had suffered from convulsions for years, was diagnosed

as having epilepsy. His parents, both of Portuguese descent, clung to a superstition that epilepsy is divine punishment for an ancestor's sin. "Their reaction hurt me—they said no son of theirs was an epileptic." Another shock came when the Jesuits informed him that he could no longer join the priesthood, invoking a canon dating to the Middle Ages that forbade the ordination of epileptics.

"I went into the gutter," Coelho says. "I was suicidal. I learned what it is to be discriminated against."

His period in the gutter didn't last long. Within a few months of discovering his epilepsy he had a job working for—of all people—Bob Hope. Hope's wife, an active Catholic and a supporter of Loyola University, had heard about Coelho's misfortune.

Hope told Coelho that if he wanted to help people but couldn't be a priest, he should work for a congressman. Coelho wrote to his hometown representative, B. F. Sisk, and in 1965 was on his way to Washington, where he rose to be the congressman's top aide. Because of Sisk's committee assignment, Coelho soon found himself in charge of a potent instrument for making early insider connections—he controlled the allocation of Capitol Hill parking places.

Sisk retired in 1978, and Coelho ran for his seat. When an opponent tried to make epilepsy an issue by saying that Coelho might embarrass the district by having a seizure during a visit to the White House, Coelho replied, "A lot of people have gone to the White House and had fits. At least I'd have an excuse." Reagan himself couldn't have made a better comeback. In 1964 a benign tumor was surgically removed from Coelho's brainstem. His seizures have diminished, and he now controls the condition with daily medication. He is active in several epilepsy-awareness campaigns.

Coelho makes considerable hay of his Portuguese ancestry, frequently describing himself as "very Portuguese and very ethnic," though he was born in the United States to American parents and his appearance is typically middle American. In 1985 Coelho fought a minor political struggle to be admitted to membership in the House Hispanic Caucus. "True" Hispanic members resisted, but their position was not helped by the fact that the chairman of the caucus, Representative Edward Roybal, was himself born in the United States to American parents.

AS COELHO'S INFLUENCE with party policy-makers has increased, he has become increasingly concerned that, as he says, "there's a perception I can't do substance." The party left complains that Coelho must be a closet conservative or he couldn't get along so well with the businessmen he lobbies. His voting record, though, is mainly liberal. Coelho says that he was instrumental in persuading Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas, Whip Thomas Foley, of Washington, and Democratic leading light Richard Gephardt, of Missouri, to fight deployment of the MX missile. He also helped draw up the party's position paper on the 1985 Geneva summit meeting. Recently Coelho has begun to be quoted as a party spokesman—on trade, aid to the contra rebels, agriculture, nuclear-reactor safety, and a range of other issues.

Because Coelho has no compunctions about fund-raising—"Money is part of politics and always will be," he often says—and does it so well, if he were a Republican he would be one of the party's darlings. Many Democrats, however, are uneasy about him.

Off the record, some Democrats maintain that Coelho is bartering away the party's populist birthright. On the record, Kuttner has called him "the Milo Minderbinder of campaign finance, with something to sell just about everybody." Thomas Edsall, a congressional reporter for *The Washington Post* and the author of *The New Politics of Inequality*, which argues that money and legislative fairness are mutually exclusive, says that Coelho "epitomizes a central tension within the beleaguered Democratic Party—between the party's reform wing that frowns on the campaign finance world of special-interest PACs and the party's deep thirst for money." Fred Wertheimer, the president of Common Cause, has called it "institutional schizophrenia" for Democrats to rely on business funds. There is, as well, schizophrenia within the business community that funds the Democrats, as was demonstrated when Coelho brought conservative oil-drillers and liberal Jewish financiers together into the Council for a Secure America, a money conduit whose participants were united only in their anxiety about the Arabs.

But if business funding is said to be bad for the Democratic Party now, five years ago the lack of it was said to be bad for the party too. And the phenomenon is hardly confined to Coelho's DCCC.

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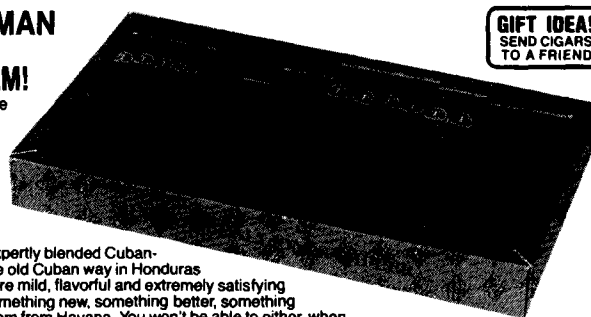
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Of the top twenty-five contributors to the re-election campaign of New York Governor Mario Cuomo, the paladin of orthodox liberalism, eighteen are business interests.

The political distinction between money accepted without strings and money taken in trade can be as difficult to judge as the biblical distinction between money itself (neutral) and the love of money (root of evil). If the new Democratic fund-raising efforts are tainted, the evidence would be votes in Congress. So has the Democratic Party become more pro-business since Coelho took over the DCCC?

The answer is a mild yes. But given the sentiments of the electorate and the general concern over the economy, it's hard to believe that Democrats wouldn't have grown more pro-business even if they had not received a dime from the halls of commerce. Party positions in the House do not reflect anything like the extreme rightward shift that might be expected if business support—of the clichéd conservative, big-business kind—were truly corrupting Democratic thinking. Tax-reform legislation, for example, will effectively raise corporate taxes; Democrats have resisted the Reagan Administration's attempts to lessen environmental enforcement; and so on. Most House Democrats (including Coelho) voted for the nuclear freeze, hardly an item high on corporate America's agenda.

Much of the animosity against Coelho seems to stem from apprehension over hearing him speak candidly about political money and media, rather than in the euphemisms that institutional Washington prefers. Coelho openly states political facts of life that Democrats, among others, know to be true but fear to do anything about—by, for example, enacting serious campaign reforms. One such reform, championed by Senator David Boren, of Oklahoma, would cap the total amount of contributions a congressional candidate could accept. This approach sidesteps the vexing First Amendment issue of money as speech, because individuals would still be able to give, while politicians would be rescued from the arms-race-like imperative to build up ever bigger war chests. Hardly anybody professes to like the current system of campaign financing; even Coelho is uneasy with it. He recently told *The Wall Street Journal*, "The system at times forces [congressmen] to do things that they would rather not do. I think that

the *process* buys you out. But I don't think that you *individually* . . . sell out. There is a big difference." Most congressmen would probably agree, and then shrug their shoulders, as if nothing could be done about this quandary. But "the process" that "buys you out" is not a law of nature; neither is it mandated by the Constitution. It is an invention of Congress and within the power of Congress to change.

—Gregg Easterbrook



PARIS TOOLS OF TORTURE

An essay on beauty and pain

IN A GALLERY off the rue Dauphine, I near the *parfumerie* where I get my massage, I happened upon an exhibit of medieval torture instruments. It made me think that pain must be as great a challenge to the human imagination as pleasure. Otherwise there's no accounting for the number of torture instruments. One would be quite enough. The simple pincer, let's say, which rips out flesh. Or the headcrusher, which breaks first your tooth sockets, then your skull. But in addition I saw tongs, thumbscrews, a rack, a ladder, ropes and pulleys, a grill, a garrote, a Spanish horse, a Judas cradle, an iron maiden, a cage, a gag, a strappado, a stretching table, a saw, a wheel, a twisting stork, an

Inquisitor's chair, a breastbreaker, and a scourge. You don't need complicated machinery to cause incredible pain. If you want to saw your victim down the middle, for example, all you need is a slightly bigger than usual saw. If you hold the victim upside down so the blood stays in his head, hold his legs apart, and start sawing at the groin, you can get as far as the navel before he loses consciousness.

Even in the Middle Ages, before electricity, there were many things you could do to torment a person. You could tie him up in an iron belt that held the arms and legs up to the chest and left no point of rest, so that all his muscles went into spasm within minutes and he was driven mad within hours. This was the twisting stork, a benign-looking object. You could stretch him out backward over a thin piece of wood so that his whole body weight rested on his spine, which pressed against the sharp wood. Then you could stop up his nostrils and force water into his stomach through his mouth. Then, if you wanted to finish him off, you and your helper could jump on his stomach, causing internal hemorrhage. This torture was called the rack. If you wanted to burn someone to death without hearing him scream, you could use a tongue lock, a metal rod between the jaw and collarbone that prevented him from opening his mouth. You could put a person in a chair with spikes on the seats and arms, tie him down against the spikes, and beat him, so that every time he flinched from the beating he drove his own flesh deeper onto the spikes. This was the Inquisitor's chair. If you wanted to make it worse, you could heat the spikes. You could suspend a person over a pointed wooden pyramid and whenever he started to fall asleep, you could drop him onto the point. If you were Ippolito Marsili, the inventor of this torture, known as the Judas cradle, you could tell yourself you had invented something humane, a torture that worked without burning flesh or breaking bones. For the torture here was supposed to be sleep deprivation.

The secret of torture, like the secret of French cuisine, is that nothing is unthinkable. The human body is like a foodstuff, to be grilled, pounded, filleted. Every opening exists to be stuffed, all flesh to be carved off the bone. You take an ordinary wheel, a heavy wooden wheel with spokes. You lay the victim on the ground with blocks of wood at strategic points under his

shoulders, legs, and arms. You use the wheel to break every bone in his body. Next you tie his body onto the wheel. With all its bones broken, it will be pliable. However, the victim will not be dead. If you want to kill him, you hoist the wheel aloft on the end of a pole and leave him to starve. Who would have thought to do this with a man and a wheel? But, then, who would have thought to take the disgusting snail, force it to render its ooze, stuff it in its own shell with garlic butter, bake it, and eat it?

NOT LONG AGO I had a facial—only in part because I thought I needed one. It was research into the nature and function of pleasure. In a dark booth at the back of the beauty salon, the aesthetician put me on a table and applied a series of ointments to my face, some cold, some warmed. After a while she put something into my hand, cold and metallic. “Don’t be afraid, madame,” she said. “It is an electrode. It will not hurt you. The other end is attached to two metal cylinders, which I roll over your face. They break down the electricity barrier on your skin and allow the moisturizers to penetrate deeply.” I didn’t believe this hocus-pocus. I didn’t believe in the electricity barrier or in the ability of these rollers to break it down. But it all felt very good. The cold metal on my face was a pleasant change from the soft warmth of the aesthetician’s fingers. Still, since Algeria it’s hard to hear the word *electrode* without fear. So when she left me for a few minutes with a moist, refreshing cheesecloth over my face, I thought, What if the goal of her expertise had been pain, not moisture? What if the electrodes had been electrodes in the Algerian sense? What if the cheesecloth mask were dipped in acid?

In Paris, where the body is so pampered, torture seems particularly sinister, not because it’s hard to understand but because—as the dark side of sensuality—it seems so easy. Beauty care is among the glories of Paris. *Soins esthétiques* include makeup, facials, massages (both relaxing and reducing), depilations (partial and complete), manicures, pedicures, and tanning, in addition to the usual run of *soins* for the hair: cutting, brushing, setting, waving, styling, blowing, coloring, and streaking. In Paris the state of your skin, hair, and nerves is taken seriously, and there is little of the puritanical thinking that tries to persuade us that beauty comes from within.

Nor do the French think, as Americans do, that beauty should be offhand and low-maintenance. Spending time and money on *soins esthétiques* is appropriate and necessary, not self-indulgent. Should that loving attention to the body turn malevolent, you have torture. You have the procedure—the aesthetic, as it were—of torture, the explanation for the rich diversity of torture instruments, but you do not have the cause.

Historically torture has been a tool of legal systems, used to get information needed for a trial or, more directly, to determine guilt or innocence. In the Middle Ages confession was considered the best of all proofs, and torture was the way to produce a confession. In other words, torture didn’t come into existence to give vent to human sadism. It is not always private and perverse but sometimes social and institutional, vetted by the government and, of course, the Church. (There have been few bigger fans of torture than Christianity and Islam.) Righteousness, as much as viciousness, produces torture. There aren’t squads of sadists beating down the doors to the torture chambers begging for jobs. Rather, as a recent book on torture by Edward Peters says, the institution of torture creates sadists; the weight of a culture, Peters suggests, is necessary to recruit torturers. You have to convince people that they are working for a great goal in order to get them to overcome their repugnance to the task of causing physical pain to another person. Usually the great goal is the preservation of society, and the victim is presented to the torturer as being in some way out to destroy it.

From another point of view, what’s horrifying is how easily you can persuade someone that he is working for the common good. Perhaps the most appalling psychological experiment of modern times, by Stanley Milgram, showed that ordinary, decent people in New Haven, Connecticut, could be brought to the point of inflicting (as they thought) severe electric shocks on other people in obedience to an authority and in pursuit of a goal, the advancement of knowledge, of which they approved. Milgram used—some would say abused—the prestige of science and the university to make his point, but his point is chilling nonetheless. We can cluck over torture, but the evidence at least suggests that with intelligent handling most of us could be brought to do it ourselves.

In the Middle Ages, Milgram’s experi-

ment would have had no point. It would have shocked no one that people were capable of cruelty in the interest of something they believed in. That was as it should be. Only recently in the history of human thought has the avoidance of cruelty moved to the forefront of ethics. “Putting cruelty first,” as Judith Shklar says in *Ordinary Vices*, is comparatively new. The belief that the “pursuit of happiness” is one of man’s inalienable rights, the idea that “cruel and unusual punishment” is an evil in itself, the Benthamite notion that behavior should be guided by what will produce the greatest happiness for the greatest number—all these principles are only two centuries old. They were born with the eighteenth-century democratic revolutions. And in two hundred years they have not been universally accepted. Wherever people believe strongly in some cause, they will justify torture—not just the Nazis, but the French in Algeria.

Many people who wouldn’t hurt a fly have annexed to fashion the imagery of torture—the thongs and spikes and metal studs—hence reducing it to the frivolous and transitory. Because torture has been in the mainstream and not on the margins of history, nothing could be healthier. For torture to be merely kinky would be a big advance. Exhibitions like the one I saw in Paris, which presented itself as educational, may be guilty of pandering to the tastes they deplore. Solemnity may be the wrong tone. If taking one’s goals too seriously is the danger, the best discouragement of torture may be a radical hedonism that denies that any goal is worth the means, that refuses to allow the nobly abstract to seduce us from the sweetness of the concrete. Give people a good croissant and a good cup of coffee in the morning. Give them an occasional facial and a plate of escargots. Marie-Antoinette picked a bad moment to say “Let them eat cake,” but I’ve often thought she was on the right track.

All of which brings me back to Paris, for Paris exists in the imagination of much of the world as the capital of pleasure—of fun, food, art, folly, seduction, gallantry, and beauty. Paris is civilization’s reminder to itself that nothing leads you less wrong than your awareness of your own pleasure and a genial desire to spread it around. In that sense the myth of Paris constitutes a moral touchstone, standing for the selfish frivolity that helps keep priorities straight.

—Phyllis Rose

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY JILL CRANE

PERIODS AND EPOCHS	PRINCIPAL FEATURES OR CHARACTERISTICS	PERIODS AND EPOCHS	PRINCIPAL FEATURES OR CHARACTERISTICS
Precambrian	Primitive clothing appears as crustal formations; first woman to carry a purse; handlebar moustache appears (it is an actual handlebar).	Jurassic	First TV dinner served in Fertile Crescent; chairs appear, but without seats or legs; time invented by Sumerians.
			
Cambrian	Meat loaf present, along with all major types of underwear; evidence of shower curtains; belts unknown, but suspenders are widespread.	Cretaceous	First chiropractor; pot pies become extinct; bow-ties appear; stationary bicycle used for transportation.
			
Ordovician	First interior decorator appears, also primitive women's magazine; leftovers first made into casserole; shoelaces still not in evidence.	Paleocene	Rise of long weekends; all major types of credit cards present; first man to carry a purse appears; <i>Newsweek</i> invented by Sumerians.
			
Silurian	First indication of antiques; fossils of beefalo present; jawed fish appear, but crab salad is unknown; first thimble collection.	Eocene	All major types of ulcers present; Latin becomes the international language; glaciers shrink to reveal Duluth.
			
Devonian	Evidence of Ban-lon; first accordion; first barbecue pit is dug (it is primarily used to warm the feet). Evolution of yogurt with fruit.	Oligocene	First politician; ventriloquism spreads through Western Europe; all major golf clubs occur; Velcro appears on wallets.
			
Mississippian	First car, but it is used as a dwelling; Mississippi appears in Oregon; rise in number of men named Chuck.	Miocene	Flamingo first used as lawn ornament; osteopaths appear, although nobody knows what they do; plastic fruit invented by Sumerians.
			
Pennsylvanian	Pennsylvania Station appears; evidence of the polka; ewe milk replaces silt as staple food.	Pliocene	Brachiopods replaced by lobster Newburg; geometry appears and is flunked by 72 percent of the population.
			
Permian	First permanent wave; first anchovies on pizza; evidence of poker; women named Hortense become extinct.	Pleistocene	Plumbing becomes prevalent, although shower caddies are unknown; first Mr. Coffee appears; all major birds present but are mistaken for germs.
			
Triassic	First swizzle stick; Triborough Bridge appears, although the Bronx is unknown, causing much confusion.	Recent	Sumerians invent broccoli and become extinct; television replaces Latin as the international language; croissants become the dominant species.
			

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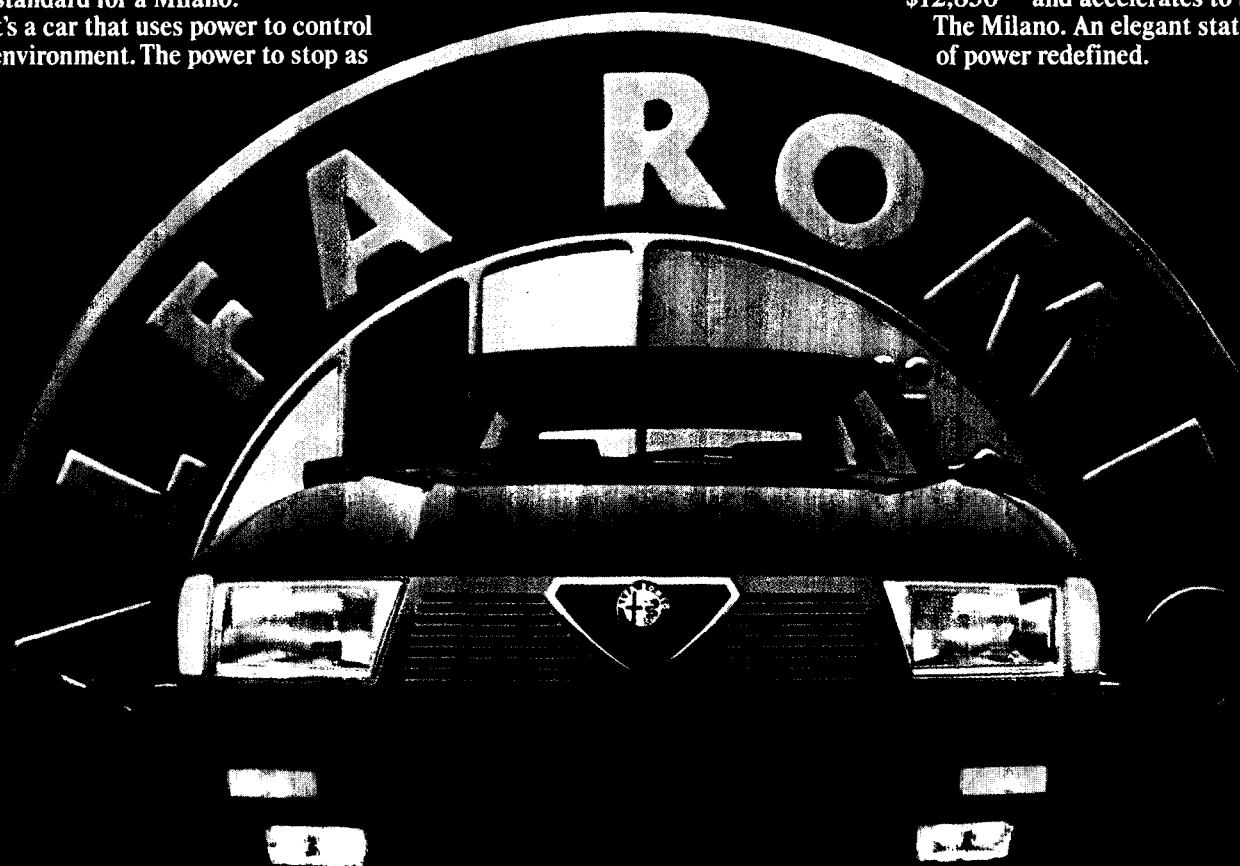
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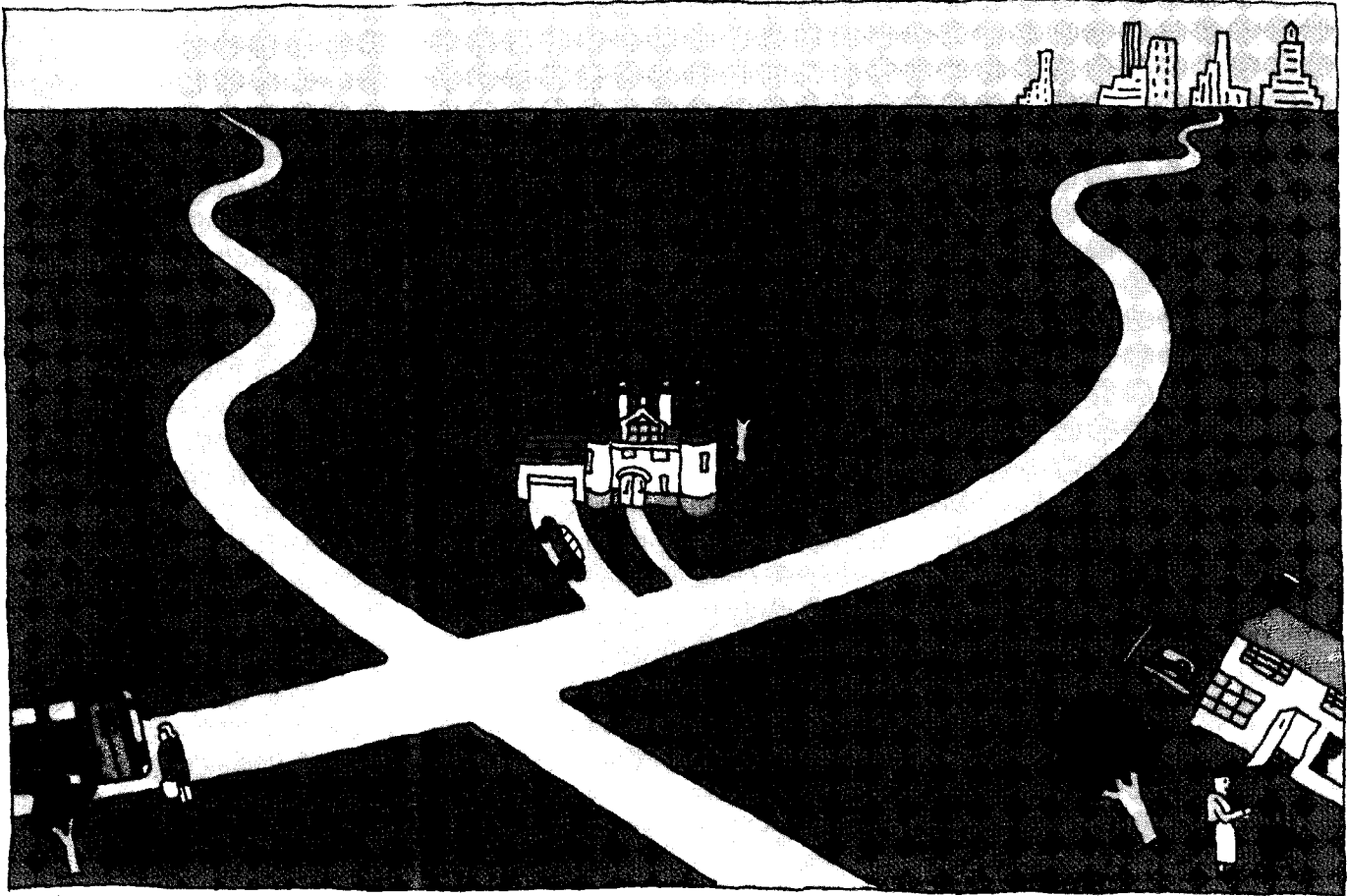
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*The rapid growth of office space in suburbs
is creating "urban villages," which are confronting local governments with new
kinds of urban-planning problems*

HOW BUSINESS IS RESHAPING AMERICA

BY CHRISTOPHER B. LEINBERGER AND CHARLES LOCKWOOD



SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR URBAN planners and academicians have warned Americans that suburban sprawl is an evil to be fought with every ounce of our national energy. They have condemned cars as the cause of city-killing growth. They have idealized mass transit. Yet, other than business and political interests in city downtowns, few have paid attention to their cries. We Americans have allowed sprawl to happen. In fact, we have reveled in our low-density suburban housing, our automobiles, and our decentralized living.

Now it appears that the much-reviled postwar suburban sprawl, with its sea of split-level houses surrounding retail businesses and apartment complexes strung randomly along its highways, was merely a transitional phase between the traditional compact pre-war city and today's

metropolitan area. Our cities are becoming groups of interdependent "urban villages," which are business, retail, housing, and entertainment focal points amid a low-density cityscape. Each urban village has its core—a kind of new downtown—where the buildings are tallest, the daytime population largest, and the traffic congestion most severe. And each urban village has its outlying districts, which may stretch as far as ten miles from the core.

Urban villages represent a dramatic restructuring of America's cities and suburbs—one that is already affecting how millions of Americans live and work. Almost every city is swept up in the urban-village phenomenon—not only fast-growing Sunbelt cities like Atlanta and Phoenix but also slow-growing older ones like St. Louis and Kansas City, and archetypal cities like New York and Baltimore.

The Urban Villages of Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES IS PERHAPS THE MOST EVOLVED EXAMPLE of the urban-village phenomenon. Although downtown Los Angeles has recently experienced an unprecedented boom in office-building, the metropolitan area has simultaneously given rise to sixteen smaller urban-village cores, among them Century City, Costa Mesa/Irvine/Newport Beach, Encino, Glendale, the Airport, Warner Center, Ontario, Pasadena, Universal City/Burbank, and Westwood.

One of the easiest ways to gauge the growth of Los Angeles's urban villages is to look at the downtown's market share of the metropolitan region's office space over the past decades. (Office space is used as a standard measure of changing patterns of urban development in this article, because the office is the "factory of the future." In parts of some metropolitan areas 40 to 60 percent of the people hired for newly created jobs go to work in office buildings—not only white-collar workers but also support staff like janitors and food-service workers and security guards.) Since 1960 downtown Los Angeles's share of the metropolitan office market has declined from 60 to 34 percent, as expansion has shifted to the faster-growing urban-village cores in the suburbs.

The Costa Mesa/Irvine/Newport Beach complex, in Orange County, provides a good example of how the urban-village phenomenon is reshaping greater Los Angeles. Until the early 1960s a series of small towns in a county whose total population was 868,000, the complex today is California's third largest downtown, as measured by office and business-park space. The first phase in the creation of the urban village's core was the construction of a regional shopping mall, as it has been in many other locations. In this case there were two—South Coast Plaza, in Costa Mesa, and Fashion Island, in Newport Beach, both of which opened in the early 1970s. Next developers completed modest two-story office buildings nearby for local professional firms, and light industrial facilities for aerospace and high-tech outfits.

In 1980 the population of Orange County reached 1,932,708, and jobs there numbered 1,670,100. The boom transformed the emerging Costa Mesa/Irvine/Newport Beach subcenter. Office space there now totals 21.1 million square feet—well behind downtown Los Angeles's 36.6 million square feet, but gaining fast on downtown San Francisco's 26.8 million. Both the architecture and the tenants of the new high-rises are often the equal of those of office buildings in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The urban village's new hotels include a Westin, a Meridien, and a Four Seasons. South Coast Plaza has more sales than any other shopping center in the country. It is projected that once an addition is completed later this year, the plaza's annual retail sales will surpass those for both downtown San Francisco and the "Golden Triangle" of Beverly Hills. South Coast Plaza has most of the exclusive shops found in those locations.

Many of Los Angeles's established urban villages are gaining their own identities. Los Angeles's aerospace industry is increasingly concentrated at the Airport and in Torrance. The entertainment industry, which has traditionally been located in Hollywood, is now moving over the Hollywood Hills to Universal City/Burbank. Los Angeles's insurance companies, traditionally found in the mid-Wilshire Boulevard district two miles west of downtown, have recently selected Pasadena as an insurance subcenter, because it is closer than the mid-Wilshire location to neighborhoods from which they can expect to attract clerical workers and is also close to an executive-housing neighborhood.

The insurance and financial industries are transforming Pasadena, a city of 128,500 residents eight miles northeast of downtown Los Angeles, into an urban-village core. Perhaps the best-known city of its size in America because of the annual Tournament of Roses Parade and Rose Bowl, Pasadena's history and image have long been conservative and "old money." However, by 1970 downtown Pasadena was marred by empty storefronts, fading turn-of-the-century resort hotels, and half-empty parking lots. Low-income, primarily black and Latino northwest Pasadena was troubled by crime, gangs, drugs, and welfare dependency.

In the early 1970s the I-210 freeway was completed, connecting the city to the rest of the San Gabriel Valley and eventually resulting in a spurt of office-building. Pasadena became a back-office employment center for insurance and banking offices that wanted to hire middle-class Angelenos living in the rapidly growing San Gabriel Valley suburbs. Since 1980 twenty-eight mid- and high-rise office buildings have gone up.

Because of all this office construction, the character of downtown Pasadena has changed radically. A shopping mall several blocks from City Hall, which opened in 1980, is among the most successful in southern California. Entire blocks of handsome 1920s and 1930s two-story commercial buildings have been restored, and restaurants, espresso bars, and shops are now moving into ground-floor retail space that had gone begging for many years.

On the edge of downtown, within walking distance of the new offices and shops, badly run-down single-family housing has been replaced by new condominiums and townhouses. Thousands of houses in nearby residential neighborhoods have been renovated as young families have discovered the city's turn-of-the-century architecture and tree-shaded streets.

Change has not come easily to Pasadena. Not all of the city is being renovated; residents of the still decaying northwest section fear that new construction will squeeze them out of the neighborhood. And the many new jobs have created traffic problems. Today about 60,000 people commute to work in Pasadena, whereas approximately 25,000 leave the city for jobs elsewhere.

Pasadena residents worry about the long-range impact of the downtown construction on the overall community.

Why has Pasadena attracted back-office operations instead of professional and corporate tenants, which would be more in keeping with the city's lingering blue-blood image? Does Pasadena want more high-rise office towers of any kind? How will the growing traffic affect downtown Pasadena and the nearby reviving neighborhoods?

Why Suburbs Are Becoming Urban Villages

THIS DEBATE OVER GROWTH IS BEING REPEATED IN neighborhood associations and city councils across the nation, in such widely dispersed locations as Walnut Creek, California; Princeton, New Jersey; Schaumburg, Illinois; and Bethesda, Maryland. In fact, attempts to control growth and traffic congestion are among the hottest issues in local politics today. And the reason is that the urban-village phenomenon is reshaping our cities. However, most people do not see the larger picture; they simply see the consequences. The phenomenon has occurred simultaneously in all kinds of cities across the nation, mostly for five reasons. Four of these have helped to create or further the postwar pattern of sprawl. When the fifth reason comes into play, it is easier to see why our metropolitan regions are coalescing into these sub-centers.

One reason for the growth of urban villages is that the nation's economy is shifting from a manufacturing to a service and knowledge base. The number of industrial jobs has declined from one third of all jobs in 1920 to one sixth today. The figure may drop to less than one tenth by the year 2000, with service and knowledge employment making up the difference, much as agricultural employment fell and industrial employment rose during the transition to an industrial economy in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. From 1973 to 1985, while five million blue-collar industrial jobs were lost, the service and knowledge fields—which are as diverse as computer programming, the professions, retail sales, and fast food—accounted for all of the nation's employment growth (from 82 million to 110 million jobs). The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that the number of service and knowledge jobs can be expected to grow by nine million in the next ten years. The shift to a service and knowledge economy has greatly accelerated the restructuring of our metropolitan areas by creating a need for much more office space. In eight years, from the beginning of 1978 through 1985, 1.1 billion square feet of office space was constructed in the United States—the equivalent of 220 World Trade Center towers.

People are willing to live near the office now, whereas they were reluctant to live near factories that were dirty, noisy, and visually unattractive. Traditionally the poor and the working class have lived near factory districts. Across the nation office buildings and high-tech business parks have appeared in middle-class and even exclusive suburbs, such as the horse country around Valley Forge, outside Philadelphia; Bellevue, near Seattle; and the Buckhead district, in the north Atlanta suburbs. In Newport

Beach, California, south of Los Angeles, a new subdivision of homes costing from \$300,000 to \$2 million abuts a Ford aerospace facility doing research and small-component assembly for military contracts.

A second reason for the emergence of urban villages has been changes in transportation patterns. Business shipments have shifted from rail to truck and Americans have decided that they prefer automobile commuting to mass transit. With fixed-rail transportation, all shipments must go from central terminal to central terminal before delivery. With trucks, shipments can travel from door to door. Similarly, with automobiles, people can go from door to door whenever they choose, without having to pass through central stations and terminals at fixed times. By 1960, the first year that the U.S. Bureau of the Census kept track, 69.5 percent of all commuting trips were made by car. By 1980 the figure had increased to 86 percent.

A third reason has been recent telecommunications advances, notably the dramatic drop in long-distance telephone costs. More and more day-to-day work is being done over the telephone. Not only cheaper long-distance telephone rates but also overnight mail, telecopiers, Zap-Mail, and computer modems allow communication without physical proximity.

Fourth, it is cheaper for businesses to operate in urban villages than in cities. Suburban office, industrial, and retail rents are far lower than downtown rents are. Although construction costs are approximately the same in the two areas, land outside cities costs less—\$10 to \$50 per square foot in suburban office locations versus \$50 to \$1,000 per square foot downtown. The cost of building parking spaces is also lower in the suburbs, where most parking is located in above-ground structures or surface lots, both of which are much cheaper to construct than a downtown office tower's subterranean garage. The difference in land and parking-garage costs shows up in office rents—\$15 to \$24 per square foot per year for prestige high-rise suburban space versus \$18 to \$42 for comparable downtown space in most American metropolitan areas.

These factors might only have encouraged more suburban sprawl if another factor had not come into play: most Americans like cities and the concentration of services that they provide. A critical mass of employment and housing is necessary to support desirable everyday services such as a good selection of shops, restaurants, and hotels. But this critical mass is achieved at well below the size of the prewar downtowns. For instance, it takes about 250,000 people within a three-to-five-mile radius to support a modest regional mall and about 20,000 middle-class people within an equal area to keep a good restaurant in business. And it requires roughly 2.5 million square feet of offices (about fifty typical three-story suburban office buildings) to support a 250-room hotel.

Since people do not want to drive very far for these services, particularly office workers looking for lunch or business travelers needing a hotel, a degree of concentration much greater than that of a low-density suburb is neces-

sary. Only so many potential locations have the necessary highway access and visibility to permit this concentration, a fact that has led to the focusing of postwar suburban sprawl into urban-village cores. When prime urban-village cores become congested, developers and employers hopscotch to outlying locations where land is cheaper and commuting is easier.

Thus our metropolitan areas have expanded tremendously. In the past twenty-five years, for example, metropolitan New York's sphere of direct influence has tripled in size. The metropolitan area extends as far north as New Haven, Connecticut, and into once-rural Dutchess, Ulster, and Sullivan counties, in New York State. On Long Island the metropolitan area now encompasses Yaphank and Brookhaven, in the middle of Suffolk County, and fades away just miles from the Hamptons. Metropolitan New York has swept southward past Princeton and into Ocean County, New Jersey, and Bucks County, Pennsylvania. In several years New York's suburban growth will collide with that of slower-growing metropolitan Philadelphia.

Los Angeles has always had an enormous metropolitan area; it was knit together before the Second World War by the world's largest trolley system. By 1960 metropolitan Los Angeles's sphere of influence stretched to Santa Monica in the west, Pasadena in the east, Long Beach in the south, and the San Fernando Valley in the north. Now metropolitan Los Angeles extends westward into Ventura County, east to San Bernardino and Riverside, and south across most of Orange County to span an area many times the metropolitan area's size twenty-five years ago. Other cities—among them greater San Francisco, Phoenix, Dallas, Houston, Boston, Chicago, Atlanta, and Washington, D.C.—are also expanding quickly.

As outlying urban-village cores become more urban, with their high-rise office buildings and hotels, increasingly sophisticated shopping, and high-density housing, the center cities are becoming more suburban. This emerging trend extends beyond the fast-food restaurants on downtown business streets and festive retailing complexes like South Street Seaport, in Lower Manhattan, and Harborplace, in Baltimore. Suburban-style shopping centers—where you buy children's clothes and household appliances, not just clever T-shirts and scented soaps—have recently opened in several American cities, and are doing quite well. Large, privately financed apartment and condominium projects have been built in cities without a downtown residential tradition, including San Diego, Detroit, Atlanta, and Los Angeles.

How Urban Villages Affect Cities

FEW CITIES HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED BY THE URBAN-village phenomenon as rapidly as Atlanta, whose metropolitan region has a population of 2.2 million, having gained 90,000 residents last year and 78,000 the previous year. In 1980 downtown Atlanta was the metro-

politan region's unchallenged center for all kinds of office employment. Although urban-village cores were emerging around shopping malls at the intersections of major highways, office space was limited. And neither in the appearance of the buildings nor in the quality of the tenants were the fledgling urban-village cores any match for the downtown high-rises. Most of the buildings were two-story wood-frame structures, and many of their tenants were banks and insurance companies renting inexpensive space for back-office operations.

By 1985—just five years later—this pecking order had changed completely. Downtown Atlanta had gained 4.3 million square feet of new office space, but Perimeter Center, at the I-285/Georgia 400 intersection, due north of downtown, had gained 7.6 million, and Cumberland/Galleria, at the I-285/I-75 intersection, northeast of downtown, 10.6 million. Many of the new buildings were gleaming, architecturally distinguished high-rises of the kind that once had been built only downtown. If present trends continue, the amounts of office space in both the Perimeter Center and the Cumberland/Galleria urban-village cores will easily surpass the amount in downtown Atlanta by 1990.

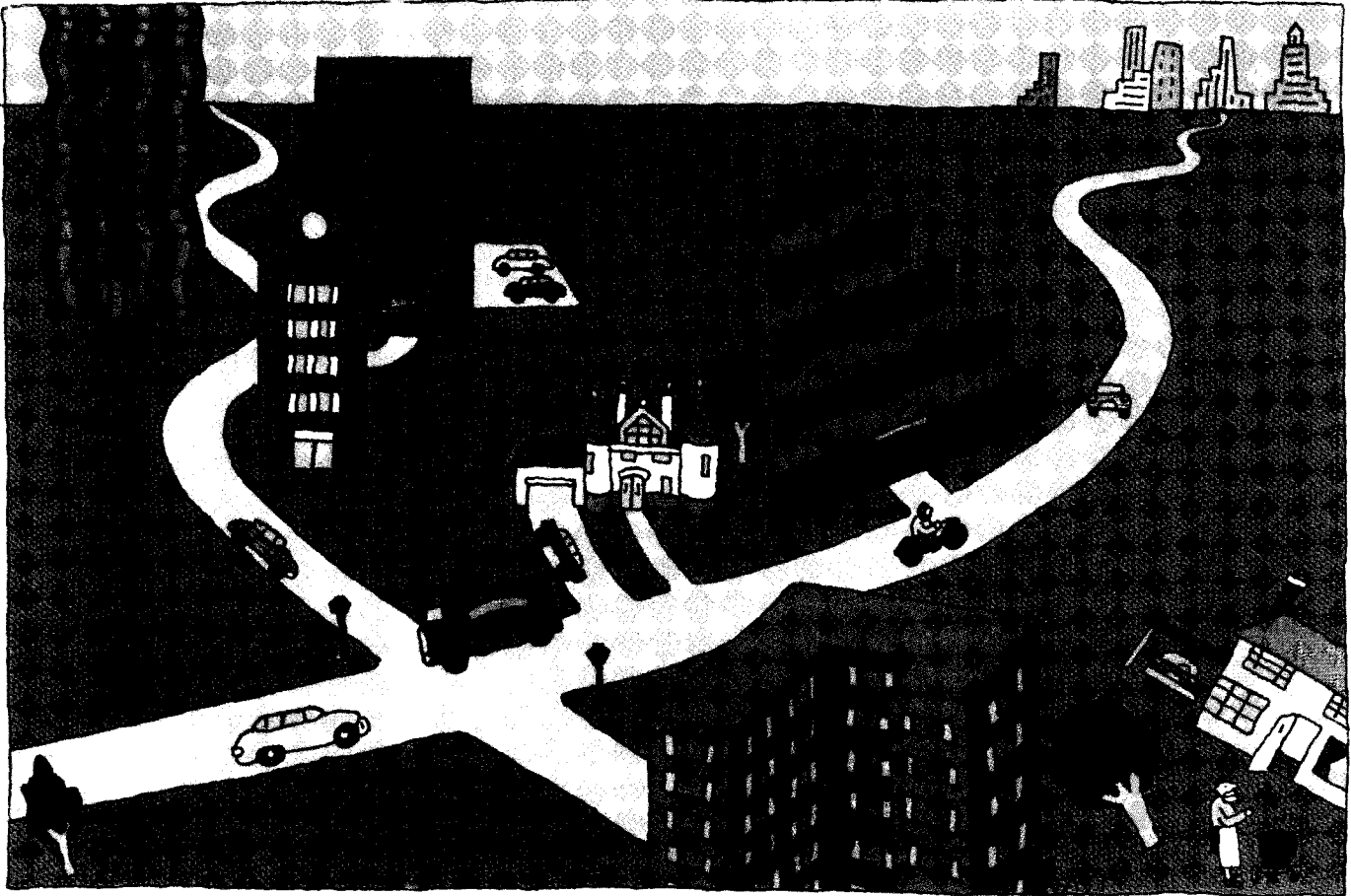
Downtown Atlanta, like downtown Los Angeles, is losing its metropolitan hegemony and becoming just another one of the region's urban-village cores. The urban villages around it, like those around downtown Los Angeles, are gaining distinct identities. Government, professional services, finance, wholesale trade, and the convention business are still in downtown Atlanta. However, as prestigious high-rises have been completed at Perimeter Center and Cumberland/Galleria, those areas have lost many of their price-conscious back-office banking and insurance tenants and have become instead favorite Atlanta locations for corporate headquarters and business services. Nearly every major accounting firm and many downtown law firms have offices in Perimeter Center and Cumberland/Galleria, the better to serve their clients. The regional corporate headquarters of Northern Telecom and HBO are in Perimeter Center.

Despite their importance as business locations, Perimeter Center and Cumberland/Galleria do not boast that traditional downtown symbol, a soaring skyline of office buildings. The high-rises in these two urban-village cores are not clustered. Instead they are widely separated by parking lots and heavily landscaped open space. In keeping with the non-urban mood, the developers have even neglected to add sidewalks connecting the buildings, and most people use their cars instead of walking. From the top floor of a seventeen-story high-rise in Perimeter Center the view is mostly trees and lawns, not other office buildings. Like many (though not all) urban-village cores, these relatively low-density north Atlanta developments visually blend into the suburban landscape. Yet the explosive rise in the number of office workers and their cars at Perimeter Center and Cumberland/Galleria has affected once-peaceful residential neighborhoods, including the Spring Mill area, near Perimeter Center.

ONE SURPRISING RESULT OF PERIMETER CENTER'S boom has also been seen in suburban Dallas, Chicago, and Washington, D.C., and may be a trend. Residents of middle-class subdivisions near high-rise office clusters are banding together in corporations, getting their neighborhoods re-zoned for offices, and selling large "assembled" land parcels to real-estate developers, who either raze the houses or move them to new sites and build high-rises on the land. The suburban homeowners see the chance to leave an increasingly congested neighborhood where house prices are not keeping pace with those in comparable but quieter subdivisions nearby. Often they

lots were worth three times that figure to office-building developers. We didn't know how to go about the re-zoning or sale. So all the neighbors appointed a committee of five men and four women—small-business owners, several attorneys, a clergyman, an accountant, and a stockbroker. That was me."

For the next few months the committee met almost every night, learning about real-estate development and discussing strategy. By the end of the summer Alston & Bird, Georgia's largest law firm, had agreed to represent the homeowners on a contingency basis, and the firm drafted an option agreement to create Kingsborough-Spring Mill,



can sell their lots for twice what the homes on them are worth.

One such group formed three years ago in Spring Mill, a subdivision abutted on three sides by the high-rise office complexes of Perimeter Center. Randy Campbell, a former Spring Mill resident, recalls seeing a notice in a neighborhood newsletter in July of 1983 asking residents if they wanted to sell their property to office developers. "If you were interested," Campbell says, "you tore off a strip of paper on the bottom of one page, filled in your name, and sent it to the head of the neighborhood association. All but three or four of the 117 homeowners mailed in that piece of paper, so we got together in the community room of the Perimeter Mall. The average Spring Mill house sold for \$70,000 to \$75,000 then, but we learned that the half-acre

Inc., a nonprofit corporation. By signing this option agreement a homeowner gave Kingsborough-Spring Mill's three-person board of directors power of attorney to accept a minimum of \$225,000 in cash for his home, net after any expenses. It was understood that no deal would be final until the county commissioners changed Spring Mill's zoning from single-family homes to high-rise offices and multi-family units.

The night that Alston & Bird presented the agreement, in October of 1983, eighty homeowners signed it, and by January of 1984 the figure had risen to 114 of the 117. "Once the neighborhood was 'tied up'," Campbell says, "we looked for a buyer. They weren't knocking the doors down, because we wanted top dollar and all cash. As we explored various deals, all the neighbors wanted to know

what was happening. So we prepared a newsletter almost daily, ran it off on our office copying machines, and stuffed it into everyone's mailboxes during our lunch hours."

In October of 1984 the board of directors located a buyer. "Albritton Development wanted to redevelop the twenty-seven-parcel Lake Hearn Place subdivision adjacent to Spring Mill," Campbell says. "But the Dekalb County commissioners rejected the re-zoning, reportedly because the project was too small, too piecemeal. So we made a deal with Albritton, which combined Lake Hearn's twenty-seven lots, the hundred and fourteen lots that we represented, and the three other Spring Mill owners that didn't join the neighborhood corporation. That made eighty-two acres—hardly piecemeal."

In June of 1985, however, the Dekalb County commissioners denied the re-zoning request for the site. Six months later Kingsborough-Spring Mill, Inc., the Lake Hearn Place homeowners, and Albritton Development sued the county commissioners. By last June the case had ended up in the Georgia Supreme Court, which ruled six to one in favor of the homeowners.

BALTIMORE IS ANOTHER KIND OF CITY BEING RE-shaped by the urban-village trend. Despite all the good news about Harborplace and the renovation of nineteenth-century row houses, the Baltimore metropolitan area is essentially stagnant. The population of the metropolitan area, as defined by the City of Baltimore and Baltimore County, declined from 1.53 million in 1970 to 1.44 million in 1980, and it is projected to drop to 1.40 million in 1990. Employment is growing only modestly—from 771,300 jobs in 1980 to 782,400 in 1985 and to 813,400 estimated for 1990. The Baltimore metropolitan area hardly seems like the place for a surge in construction. Yet there has been a boom in the outlying districts of Towson, Owings Mills, White Marsh, and perhaps most notably Hunt Valley.

Hunt Valley, twenty miles north of downtown Baltimore, was farmland until recently. Now it has a prestigious high-rise office and hotel core, which is surrounded by surface parking and low-rise industrial and office space. The low-rise industrial and office complexes came first, when well-to-do Baltimore businessmen decided to move their plants and offices closer to their homes in the north and northwest sections of the metropolitan area. After Hunt Valley was established as an employment center that offered low rents, the major landowner—McCormick Properties, owned by the family that owns the McCormick spice company—upgraded Hunt Valley by building high-quality mid- and high-rise office space and a Marriott Hotel. The PHH Group, Westinghouse, Burroughs, and Allstate Insurance promptly moved in. Now Hunt Valley is Baltimore County's top corporate address.

Even New York City has fallen under the sway of decentralizing urban-village development—which is surprising, considering that New York is the classic example of the tra-

ditional pre-Second World War city and that Manhattan has never been more prosperous nor its skyline more crowded with construction cranes. But although Manhattan gained 23.5 million square feet of office space from 1982 to 1985, during this short time its share of the metropolitan area's more than half a billion square feet of office space fell from 67 percent to 60 percent. This year, too, 7.6 million square feet is scheduled to be completed in Manhattan, bringing its total to 317.6 million—and 16.1 million square feet of office space is scheduled to be added to suburbs within a sixty-mile radius of Times Square, bringing the suburban total to 216.1 million.

In the past the typical new office building in New York's suburbs was part of the campus-like headquarters of a major corporation in Westchester County or southwestern Connecticut. Today, though, the exodus of corporate headquarters from Manhattan—to the suburbs or other parts of the country—has slowed. Now the typical new building is built on speculation, in an urban-village core such as Stamford or Danbury in Connecticut, the Route 110 corridor on Long Island, or Morristown or Princeton in New Jersey. One kind of tenant is a corporation's back-office operations or an entire division that can be separated from the Manhattan headquarters at considerable savings in rent, taxes, and business services but linked to the main office by computers and telecommunications.

As more and more jobs move to the suburbs (most of the metropolitan region's employment growth in the next decade is expected to take place not in New York City but in northern New Jersey), housing construction is booming in outlying towns. At Brookhaven, in Long Island's Suffolk County, 4,000 homes were built last year and another 8,000 are planned. At Dover, New York, a Dutchess County town of 7,200 residents northeast of Poughkeepsie, developers have filed proposals with the planning board for 1,200 new condominium units. The transformation is likely to be even more rapid at Chester, New York, fifty-five miles northwest of New York City. The population is 7,000, and the town board has received proposals for 3,000 new condominiums and homes.

In attractive communities near urban-village cores the prices of existing homes are rising fast, owing to the sudden demand from employees of relocated companies. That is one reason that metropolitan New York City experienced a 24.6 percent increase in the price of housing between the first quarter of 1984 and the same period in 1985. In Stamford, for example, a typical three-bedroom house now sells for at least \$250,000.

The Princeton, New Jersey, area illustrates the impact of the urban-village trend on metropolitan New York. Seemingly overnight a metropolis-sized urban-village core has emerged several miles east of this tree-shaded college town on U.S. Route 1. It is estimated that by the mid-1990s the Princeton corridor will have 12 to 15 million square feet of office space—surpassing the amount currently in downtown Milwaukee, downtown Newark, or southwest Connecticut's I-95 corridor between Greenwich

and Stamford. Two luxury hotels have opened in greater Princeton; a Marriott and a Radisson are planned. The number of housing units is expected to double, with over 25,000 scheduled for completion by 1990. If current growth projections prove to be accurate, greater Princeton will become New Jersey's largest city in ten years.

Housing for All Urban-Village Workers

ONE OF THE FAR-REACHING SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, and political issues raised by urban villages has a broader and deeper impact than housing. Urban-village cores generally arise at the outskirts of cities and grow in a limited number of directions. Nearly all of Atlanta's urban villages, for example, are in the northern suburbs, leaving the southern part of the city largely unaffected. Dallas is growing mostly toward the north and northwest. St. Louis, not exactly a booming metropolitan area, is heading west and northwest. The vast majority of America's urban villages, in fact, have one thing in common: they are growing in white, upper-middle-class areas. Executives and business owners usually make the decisions about office locations and industrial sites. Most of them are white and upper-middle-class, and they usually decide to bring their offices or industrial plants nearer their homes.

This arrangement is time- and energy-efficient for executives and business owners but not necessarily for clerical, light-assembly, and service employees, nor for the employees of the stores, restaurants, and gas stations near offices and plants. These workers cannot afford the executive-priced single-family houses, townhouses, and condominiums near most urban-village cores. They face a long—and often expensive—car or bus commute to the suburban or city home they can afford to live in.

The scenes in the parking lots of north Atlanta's Perimeter Center at 5:00 show the results of this geographical mismatch. Executives and professionals get into their Cadillacs and BMWs for the relatively easy drive home or a visit to one of the nearby "formula" restaurants for a drink. At the same time, many black employees are walking through the parking lots—Perimeter Center has few sidewalks—on their way to the bus stops, which are little more than a pole with a bus sign on top, planted on a flat, grassy spot that usually turns into mud when it rains. Atlanta's working-class black section are south of downtown, fifteen to twenty miles from Perimeter Center, but the roads and bus lines to them don't follow a straight line. With one or maybe two transfers, many bus passengers endure a one-to-two-hour ride twice a day.

Suburban fast-food restaurants, hotels, department stores, car washes, and cleaning services are already experiencing a shortage of low-paid service employees. In some fast-growing suburbs businesses are offering bounties for new employees, raising the starting pay from the \$3.35 minimum wage to \$4.00 or more, and offering raises after several weeks rather than a year. One solution to the

shortage is to bring affordable housing closer to the employment in the suburban urban-village cores.

This idea is one of the most polarizing issues in local politics today. Most suburbs have raised the drawbridge against housing for the poor and the working class, as epitomized by new guarded and gated "secure" communities. Affluent families do not want low-income housing in their one-acre-lot neighborhoods. Nor do they need to allow it. Our urban villages now encompass areas the size of many pre-Second World War cities. They have more than enough land for all kinds of housing—and socio-economic groups—if zoning boards permit affordable housing.

The key to truly affordable, non-subsidized suburban housing is allowing higher density, primarily in the form of rental apartments, so that fixed land costs are spread over more units. Building suburban apartments in smaller than average sizes, to reduce rents, should be permitted. Empire West, a Tucson developer, has built smaller than average apartments in the Southwest. Situated in 250-to-500-unit projects, the apartments range from 320-square-foot studios (equivalent to a 14-by-23-foot space), to 615-square-foot two-bedrooms (a 20-by-30-foot space). All apartments have complete kitchens, bathrooms, and closets, and are outfitted with scaled-down furniture.

These complexes usually offer the lowest rents in their local markets—typically from \$225 to \$400, at least \$25 to \$50 a month below rents for the cheapest conventional apartments. These rents fit the budgets of clerical employees, security guards, and maintenance workers who make less than \$15,000 a year. Yet the complexes still offer "luxury" features like swimming pools, tennis courts, volleyball courts, and social events.

Of course, upper-middle-class suburbanites fight almost any kind of high-density housing. But attached housing complexes don't have to be built in affluent neighborhoods. They have been successful near commercial districts, where they create a buffer between a single-family-home neighborhood and an office-and-retail district. Another logical place for apartments is next to an urban village's commercial core. It seems likely that the vast surface parking lots of regional shopping malls will eventually be redeveloped as high-density housing and commercial buildings, with the cars going into above-ground or even underground structures. When these apartment and condominium developments are built near the shopping centers that form the focal point of so many urban villages, the members of more age groups and economic classes will be able to live near where they work and shop.

New Transportation Problems

IN MOST METROPOLITAN AREAS THE SUBURBAN RUSH hour now rivals downtown traffic, and in some surpasses it. The 1980 census reported that 27 million Americans commuted from one suburb to another, whereas only half that number traveled from suburbs to downtown cities. The imbalance has increased sharply since

1980, owing to the boom in suburban employment. Today's suburban highways are so overcrowded that once-easy five- and six-mile commutes take forty-five minutes of stop-and-go driving in locations as widely dispersed as north Dallas; Contra Costa County, east of San Francisco; and northern Virginia, near Washington, D.C. And the emergence of urban villages at the edges of the metropolitan areas—like Chesterfield, twenty-two miles west of downtown St. Louis—have brought bumper-to-bumper traffic to two-lane country roads that still run past farms and cow pastures.

Living up to its image, Los Angeles has the most heavily traveled freeways in the nation. The three busiest points on them are now near urban villages—miles from downtown Los Angeles and its four-level interchange, which once held the city's traffic record but has now fallen to fifth place. To reach their record-setting traffic levels, these Los Angeles freeways—like the slow-moving highways outside other cities—do not have a morning rush hour in one direction and an evening rush hour in the other. Commuter traffic now comes to a standstill at morning and early evening in both directions, and slowdowns occur frequently throughout the day.

Unfortunately, some city planners examining metropolitan-area congestion do not acknowledge the traffic near urban villages and repeat time-worn clichés about automobiles destroying cities. Others recommend the expansion of highways and mass-transit systems, but continue to think only of access to downtown, just as transportation needs soar in the suburbs. Still others recognize the rise of urban-village cores in the suburbs but propose transportation plans that are years behind the demand.

Planners and governments are working under a serious handicap in alleviating suburban traffic problems. Most urban-village cores are being created by private developers in a series of unrelated, uncoordinated decisions. To make matters worse, the process of formulating a transportation plan, gaining its approval, finding the funds, and completing the project is so time-consuming that traffic problems are bound to become painfully obvious before any action is taken.

How can government alleviate suburban traffic congestion near urban-village cores? The answer is not the construction of subways or elevated trains. Fixed-rail projects (unlike light-rail construction—for example, trolleys) justify their enormous capital expenditure and high operating costs “only when you have both trip originations and destinations highly clustered,” according to Peter Muller, a professor of geography at the University of Miami and one of the earliest observers of the urban-village phenomenon. “We are building 1920s-style mass-transit systems for our 1990s metropolitan areas,” he says.

One example of the gap between urban image and reality is Walnut Creek, California, near San Francisco, which has experienced considerable office and light-industrial development in the past decade. Although most of the new buildings are near the BART mass-transit station con-

necting the town to San Francisco, Walnut Creek now has such severe traffic congestion that last year it enacted an office-construction moratorium. Muller suggests that mass transit failed to help the town avoid traffic problems because the vast majority of the local workers commute by car regardless of a mass-transit option. “A great many of the people who ride the new fixed-rail mass-transit systems in cities like San Francisco, Atlanta, or Miami used to ride buses,” he says.

Nonetheless, fixed-rail transit remains a gleam in many a downtown businessman's or politician's eye. Some proponents may imagine that it takes a subway for a city to be a city, and some may have in mind that the federal government has paid up to 90 percent of the bill in the past (though it will not in the future, if the policies of the present Administration remain in place). Even Los Angeles—the capital of California's “car kingdom”—wants to build an eighteen-to-twenty-mile “metrorail” subway system, at a cost of \$3 billion. According to an official of the Southern California Rapid Transit District, the metrorail system “may come close to breaking even on an operating basis, but there is no way that it will pay for the construction of the system.” Of course, this statement is based on predictions of operating cost and ridership. The reality of Atlanta's new MARTA fixed-rail system is that the fare box brings in only 35 to 40 percent of the annual operating budget, which would more than double if a reasonable amortization of the capital cost were included. Moreover, the proposed Los Angeles subway route serves downtown and only two of the sixteen other urban-village cores in the metropolitan region.

Even buses do not fully meet the needs of the emerging urban-village cores, because serving all the possible permutations between where people live and work would require too many routes to be economically feasible. In the new urban-village cores office and industrial buildings are not closely packed together, as they are in midtown Manhattan or Chicago's Loop; they are widely separated by parking lots and landscaped areas.

This lack of density means that only a few people will find it convenient to walk to any given bus or subway station, and that office workers must have a car during the day if they want to visit a client or go out to lunch. And where internal transit programs using buses and mini-vans have been tried, such as Tysons Corner, Virginia, and south of the Los Angeles International Airport, they have quickly failed for lack of patronage. In fact, even an official of the federal Urban Mass Transportation Administration asserts that conventional fixed-route transit systems will never carry more than a small percentage of non-downtown commuters. The official thinks that the only kind of mass transit with any chance of significantly decreasing commuter traffic is ride-sharing, and particularly car-pooling.

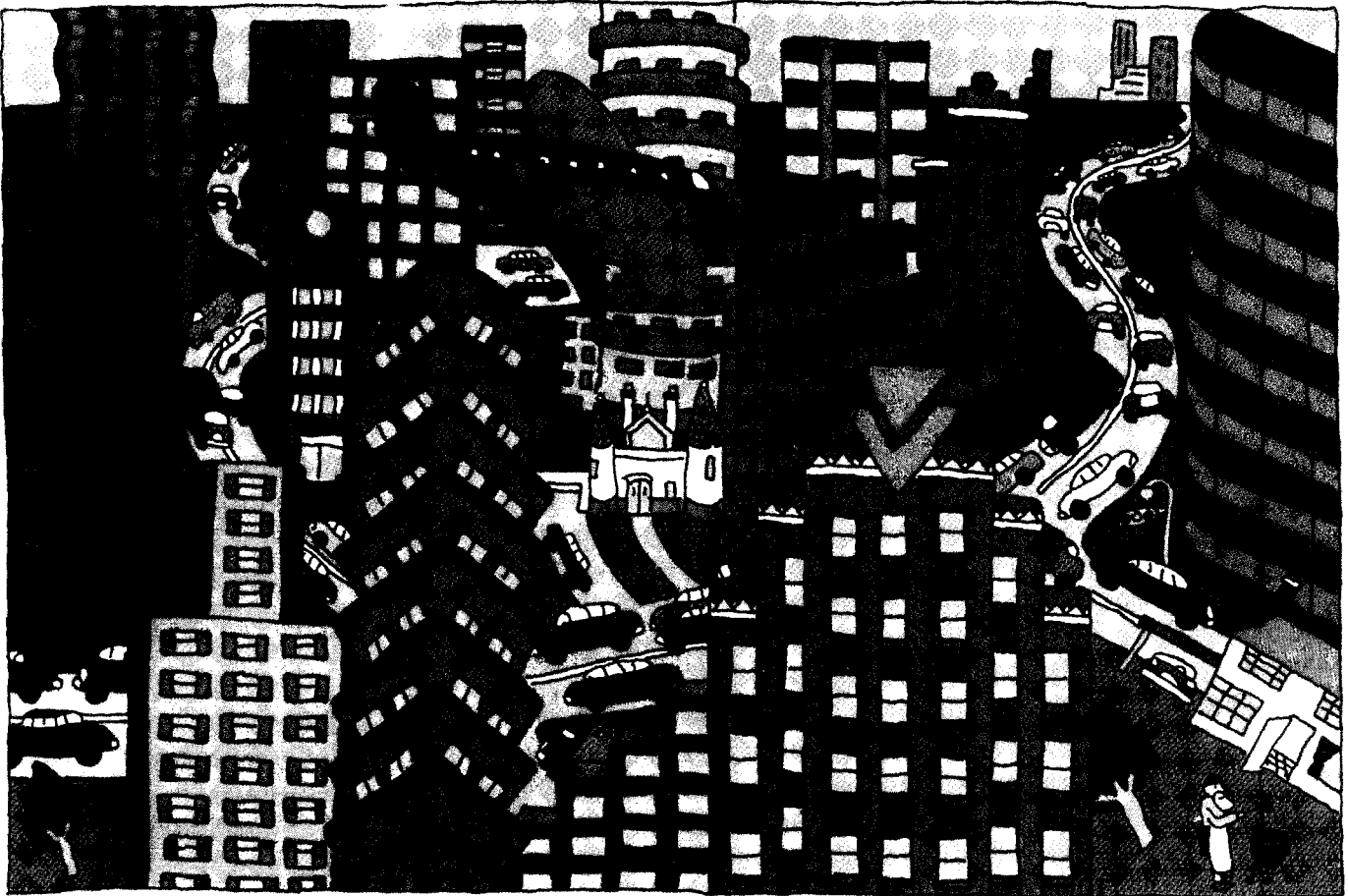
That leaves us with our automobiles. The new office complexes provide more room for cars than for the workers who drive them. The typical building allots approximately 200 square feet of space for each employee. The usual

planning assumption is that one out of five workers uses a car pool or public transportation, and so a building will require four parking spaces for every 1,000 square feet of office space. Each parking space requires approximately 325 square feet for the space itself, ramps (if a garage, rather than a lot, is planned), and aisles. That means the developer must set aside 1,300 square feet of parking for every 1,000 square feet of office space.

Two years ago some of the nation's leading urban planners gathered in Scottsdale, Arizona, and searched for solutions to suburban traffic congestion. The planners expressed considerable disagreement presented a myriad of

Planning for Urban Villages

LOCAL GOVERNMENTS CAN RESIST DEVELOPERS, BUT they can't resist them indefinitely or protect their communities from the bad effects of rapid growth. They are decentralized nineteenth-century entities trying to deal with far-reaching twenty-first-century issues. Greater Los Angeles, for instance, consists of well over a hundred cities and five counties. Metropolitan Atlanta has forty-six cities and seven counties. How can so many governmental jurisdictions possibly coordinate their actions to handle the amorphous growth of urban-village cores,



solutions but little data to support the ideas, and were greatly concerned about finding the money to pay for any transportation improvements. The planners did for the most part agree on an approach to the problem: government working together with developers. This is already happening. In north Atlanta's fast-growing Buckhead urban-village core, for instance, developers paid \$1 million toward a new \$5.2 million bridge over a highway interchange. And in Montgomery County, Maryland, developers will pay half of the \$109 million needed for road improvements around Germantown, an emerging urban-village core. Many developers favor this new spirit of public-private cooperation, because they realize that the alternative could be government-ordered construction slowdowns or moratoriums.

which, like multinational corporations, know no loyalty to any single governmental body?

Real-estate developers most often deal directly with local governments. In this high-stakes game the developers hold many of the cards, because they can play one jurisdiction off another. Many local governments, in their desire to expand their tax bases, generate employment, and welcome "progress," try to entice developers with liberal zoning, temporary tax abatements, and improvements to such things as roads and sewers at little or no cost.

Contrary to what their residents often think, well-to-do communities cannot totally control growth on their own, unless they are geographically isolated, like Santa Barbara, California. When a town is part of a metropolitan area, its fate is inextricably tied up with the region's, no matter

how wealthy its residents or how stringent its growth regulations.

Even Beverly Hills finds itself relatively powerless to resist the relentless development pressures from Los Angeles, which almost completely surrounds the 5.7-square-mile city. Several years ago Four Seasons Hotels wanted to build a high-rise hotel on Wilshire Boulevard near Rodeo Drive, in the heart of the city's commercial Golden Triangle. The issues of building density and hotel-generated traffic congestion became so controversial that the city council refused to vote on the Four Seasons project and instead placed a hotel-development ordinance on the ballot. Last year Beverly Hills voters overwhelmingly defeated the ordinance, thereby eliminating the possibility that another major hotel will open in the city. That didn't stop Four Seasons. Earlier this year the company started construction on a 287-room, 15-story hotel on Doheny Drive and Burton Way, literally across the street from the Beverly Hills city line. Beverly Hills lost the new hotel's sales and occupancy tax revenues but will still be affected by the traffic.

What can local government do about growth pressures? Probably the best solution is the creation of strong, effective, multi-city and multi-county agencies, and perhaps even entire government structures, that correspond to the actual economic and psychological boundaries of a metropolitan area and its urban villages. Such broad-based government has already been pioneered by Indianapolis (Marion County) and Miami (Dade County.) This governmental reorganization is not easy, because it can involve jealously competing towns, townships, cities, and counties—not to mention states, as are involved in greater New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., St. Louis, and Kansas City. But much as the number of school districts nationwide has shrunk from 100,000 in 1940 to 15,000 now, the number of planning jurisdictions can be brought down.

One possible first step toward the creation of more-effective local governments is metropolitan-wide zoning and planning boards that have real clout in granting zoning changes and allocating improvements to the region's physical facilities. Some metropolitan areas are already moving in this direction. In 1979 Phoenix—the nation's ninth largest city, according to the most recent census—took the revolutionary course of adopting the urban-village concept in its planning process. In 1985 the city finished its General Plan to guide the municipality's growth, and this established nine urban villages. "Each [urban village] would become relatively self-sufficient in providing living, working and recreational opportunities for residents," the General Plan said. The city also encouraged the "concentration of

shopping, employment and services located in the village core."

Phoenix is using zoning approvals and planned allocations of money for physical improvements to try to match employment with housing. The city has clearly specified goals. In 1980 only two of the now defined urban villages had more than half as many jobs as people, indicating that they had moved beyond being bedroom communities. Phoenix hopes that by the year 2000 five urban villages will have more than half as many jobs as people, with the remaining four urban villages having between one fourth and half as many, clearly showing that jobs and people have moved closer together.

Elsewhere, developers, employers, and local governments have created transportation-management associations (TMAs) to find solutions to transportation problems. What are perceived locally as transportation crises have brought TMAs into existence in Baltimore's airport area; Warner Center, in Los Angeles's San Fernando Valley; north Dallas; and Tysons Corner, Virginia. According to Kenneth Orski, the president of Urban Mobility Corporation, which is a TMA proponent based in Washington, D.C., TMAs "fill a vacuum in suburban areas."

Besides organizing ride-sharing and van pools, promoting staggered work hours, and lobbying for government-funded capital improvements, some TMAs are expanding their role into child care, private police, and other services for their geographic areas. It is imaginable that TMAs, born of the traffic-congestion crisis, could mature into an echelon of government well suited to the realities of our emerging urban villages.

Considering what has happened so far, is the urban-village trend a good or a bad thing for our cities and our citizens? To a certain extent the question is irrelevant, because the trend is already so advanced that it is irreversible. But it is hard to imagine the ideal urban village as being anything but very good. The opportunity for all kinds of Americans to live, work, shop, and play in the same geographic area—while retaining easy access to other urban-village cores with specialized features that their own district lacks—seems almost too good to be true.

As the nation's cities reshape themselves along the urban-villages model, we must ask ourselves, What are the design features, housing policies, transportation solutions, and governmental structures that will make our cities and the lives of their residents more productive and satisfying? Unfortunately, the questions and opinions vastly outnumber the solutions and directions. A great deal of study, experimentation, and planning needs to be done—and done quickly—to help cities that are being rebuilt almost from scratch. □

Get a taste of it.



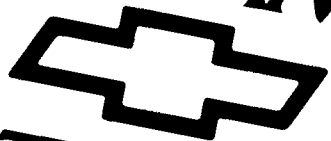
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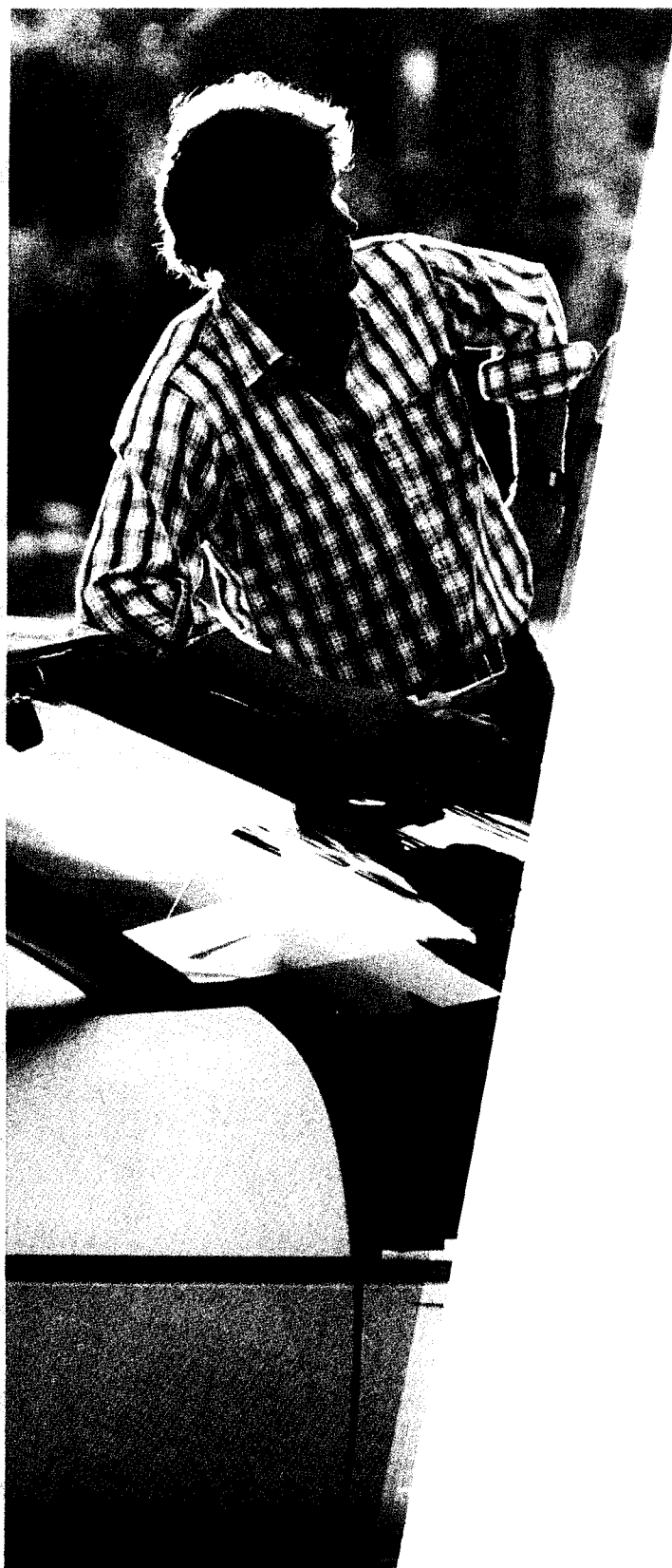
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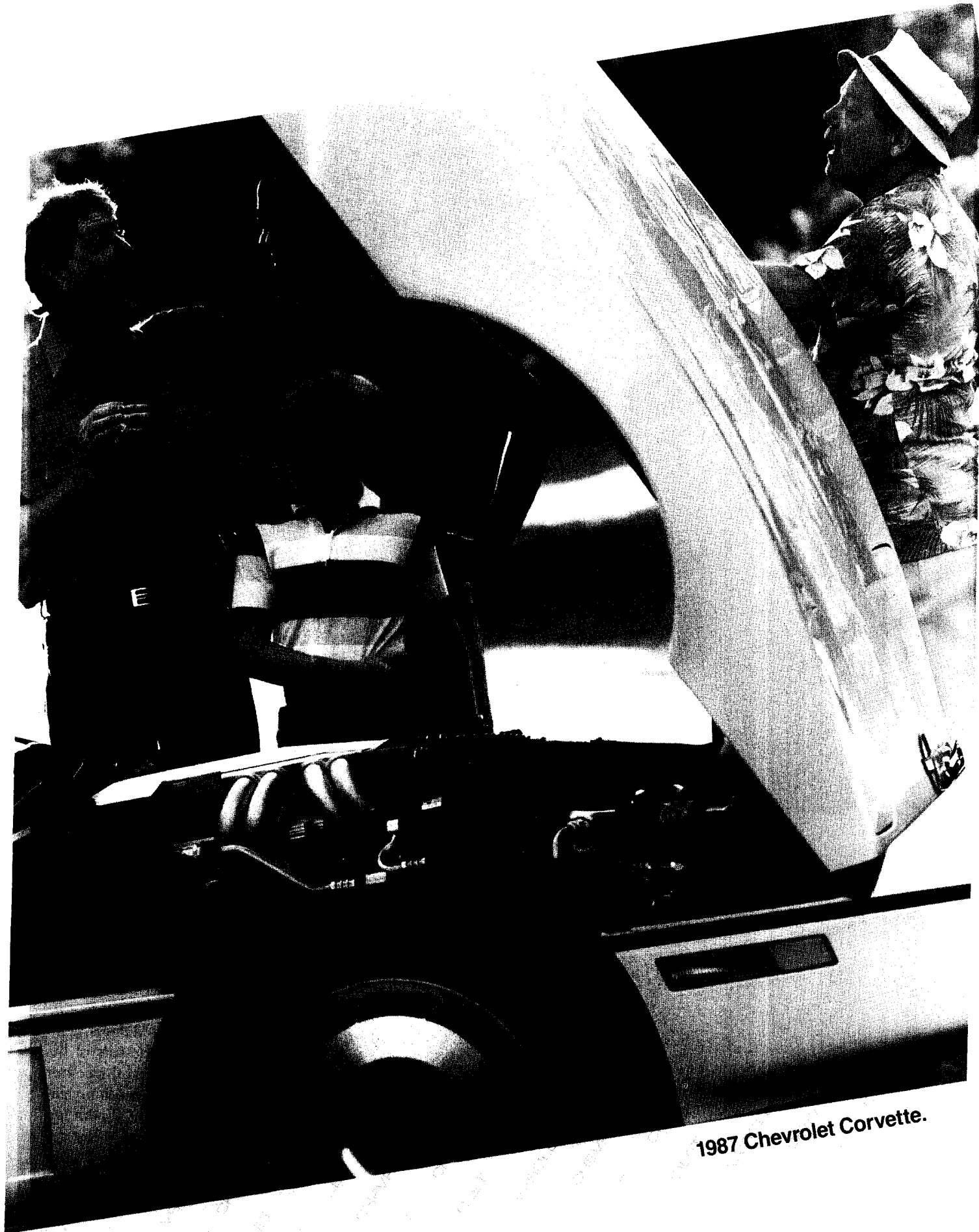


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A Short Story



NIGHT SPORT

BY WILLIAM HOFFMAN

THE SIXTH NIGHT, AND CHIP CONTINUED WAITING. The grooved pneumatic tires of his Electroped rolled like whispers over his bare floors. A levered rheostat, a throttle, controlled speed, and his right hand nudged it to the quadrant's limit. The steering gear was a joystick with which he held the tubular stainless steel vehicle in tight curves as he wheeled through the darkness of his isolated house.

Because during the week he switched on no lights, he quickly redeveloped a sense of darkness left behind across an Asian sea. He knew what fronted him, the way a blind man feels a wall before stepping into it, or a bat sends out unearthly beeping to alert itself to obstruction or prey.

Chip's feelers quivered toward windows and doors. The blinds, from Woolworth's, were drawn to the sills of his house, a square frame tepee with a brick flue at the center into which his cast-iron stove was piped. The dwelling had been lived in by farm tenants, but the city of Richmond oozed westward along secondary roads, and that ooze devoured field and forest. All the day long Chip heard bulldozers rooting. Aroused dust reddened the sparkling October air. Within sight grew a trailer park, where sheets popped on the line. They were ghosts, fleeing.

He had recently been visited by neighbors from a double-wide, a truck driver and his wife, Fred and Maybelle, benevolent grits who'd attempted to customize their mo-

bile home by planting shrubs and constructing a salt-treated deck. Set on the deck were painted fruit cans, from which flowers dangled till the first killing frost—early this year, the middle of the month instead of toward the end.

Fred and Maybelle had tapped at his door while he sat facing it in the latest-model Electroped, a gleaming, rust-proof wonder provided by the nation's taxpayers. It was the second Chip had owned, an improved machine, intricately evolved. He could gather so much speed that he had to lean out on corners. At the foot of his bed was a small electric compressor he used to keep the tires pumped to 30 psi. At night he plugged a thick black umbilical into a socket to recharge his batteries.

When he didn't answer their knock, Fred and Maybelle talked on the porch. They were worried about mail and newspapers piling up in Chip's rural boxes beside the road in front of the house. He'd just subscribed to a Richmond paper. He received lots of mail but no personal letters—mainly colorful fliers and shimmering catalogues useful for starting fires. He was on lists, the government's among others, and besides the monthly check he got notices that he rarely opened, causing Gregory displeasure down at the VA.

"Gone," Fred said on the porch. "No car."

"We might should carry his mail over to our place," Maybelle said.

Chip felt weight on his porch, the floorboards of his house transmitting it. Between them Fred and Maybelle weighed 400 pounds.

"He don't like people fooling with his stuff," Fred said.

"Threw half a chocolate cake I took him out the door to the dogs," Maybelle said. "Knew I saw it too."

The boards were relieved of weight, and Chip's neighbors walked the road's weedy shoulder back to the trailer park and their double-wide. Mail and papers now lay on Chip's porch. He fumed but didn't leave the house. Mail and papers could be seen from the road, meaning things might still work out.

The Electroped hissed through the house. During the day he expected nothing, though eyes might be observing. Clamped by metal bands to his chimney was an antenna from which dropped a lead-in wire. He owned no TV, but a person appraising his place from outside couldn't know. He lit no fires in his stove despite the frosted nights. He kept away from windows, not cracking the blinds. He took no baths. He answered no calls. Gregory had insisted on the phone, had sent the man from Chesapeake & Potomac. The Dingo-shod installer asked Chip where he wanted the instrument.

"Like how about up your ass?" Chip answered, and the rangy young man, who wore a leather jacket and a yellow hardhat, glanced again at Chip's legs and quietly connected the phone close to the bed. Chip had no table or other furniture, so the young man left the instrument on the floor—a pink model, a Princess designed for delicate, pampered fingers. Maybe a mistake, or Gregory's little joke.

One of Chip's first calls came from Barbara—Babs, his name for her way back. Nice cultured voice, soft, suggestive, vaginal. He pictured her dressed in a sleeveless white blouse and a checkered summer skirt, standing before the fluted columns of a white clubhouse, with perhaps a driver or a sand wedge held in a gloved hand. Her arms were tanned, and she pushed a crescent of glossy black hair aside from her long, lovely face.

"I'm coming over anyhow," she said.

"Only if you promise to blow me wearing heels, garter belt, ruby lipstick, and your pearl earrings," he said.

"I won't let you disgust me, so you can just stop."

"What I'm doing," he said, and hung up his simply precious phone.

At nights he listened. He understood his tepee, its vibrations. He'd been living in it nearly a year. Gregory at the VA had objected and wouldn't help with the loan. The VA and his family preferred to hold him in the city. They wanted possession. But Chip had his own money building up at the bank, the United Dominion, one of many white towers along the James, and he signed the papers without requiring advice or other authorization.

While Chip was still in rehabilitation, he liked to sit by a window and watch seagulls dip over the river, the birds a dazzling white above the greenish water breaking against flood-crusted rocks. "What's out there?" Gilchrist, the psychiatrist, had asked.

"All fall down," Chip answered, and made a cascading motion with his fingers.

At his house near the piney woods he rested in the Electroped. He could doze in any position, silently, yet set himself on automatic alert. He'd developed that particular talent neither in Richmond nor in the hospital but in darkness as thick and raw as sewage, from which strands of himself unraveled to the foulness of decay and little men in black pajamas. The passage of a dung beetle through humid leaf mold sounded loud as a scream.

He ate from cans and munched his apples, Grimes Golden. He'd laid in a supply from the Winn-Dixie at the shopping center where his secondary road joined four lanes of the new highway. He owned two sets of legs, prosthetic miracles of American ingenuity, the latest electrically commanded, both equipped with smoothly working joints and gears, each pair fitted to him as carefully as hand-crafted boots.

"YOU'LL LOVE THESE," THE WHITE-SMOCKED technician had said, his calipers, wrenches, and voltage meter carried in a fastidious red toolbox. As he knelt to make adjustments, Chip tightened a thigh muscle, causing a Fiberglas leg with its pink flesh tones and artificial veins and arteries to kick, its foot striking the bespectacled technician in his stomach and sprawling him backward. He heaved for breath. The fall smudged his nattily starched smock.

The hospital was glad to be rid of Chip. They couldn't

wait to shove him out the door. This time he wouldn't go home. He'd been through that. His father, once a flying ace, was now the comptroller-vice president at a firm that manufactured industrial robots. He shot down inflated invoices, padded expense accounts, and inventory leaks with the same deliberate sense of attack that had earned him the Navy Cross, which was displayed on framed blue velvet in the library.

For weeks Chip's parents allowed him to sit by the window, looking at the spangled flight of ruby-throated hummingbirds to blooming mimosas. Their house, built after the Federal style, was located in the city's west end, set on a bluegrass plot and shaded by white oaks, with a flower garden in the rear tended by his mother. His was still partially a boy's room, containing trophies, summer snapshots, a fraternity mug, and a charcoal drawing of Feather, a Llewellyn setter so gentle of mouth when he retrieved birds that he laid them like fine silk gloves in one's hand.

The time to hunt birds was in advance of snow, because bobwhite quail sensed weather and were anxious to feed before the ground became covered. On a November afternoon Chip's father phoned Mr. Witt, the headmaster, springing Chip from school. He hurried home, loaded Feather and the guns in the station wagon, and met his father at the company's plant in Henrico.

They drove southwest to somber farmlands of Chesterfield County, where his father had hunting permits. As the first flakes slanted down, they stepped into an incredible streak of shooting. Feather squatted, seized by a trembling, tail-lifted point at the edge of a lespedeza field not a dozen yards beyond the station wagon, and from that moment on they couldn't avoid birds.

The father carried his Parker twelve gauge, Chip and L. C. Smith sixteen side-by-side, and they shot bird for bird the rest of the afternoon, each exceeding the limit of eight quail apiece, snow twisting into their faces, laughing, amazed at the ease and sureness of their shooting. Feather was delirious with the rapture of work, his tail slightly bloodied from whipping against briars. The game pouches of their hunting jackets became softly heavy at their butts.

They laid the warm bronze birds on the hood of the station wagon. Feather stood on his hind legs to observe, actually grinning, fluffs of feathers still hanging from his wet black lips, his amber eyes agleam. Chip and his father did a little dance and hugged each other, and Feather would've hugged too, had he known how, as the snow fell on the birds arranged so prettily along the blue hood of the wagon.

It was a memory Chip nurtured during the blackness, the whimpering, shit-in-the-pants days that came before the light, the absolute brilliance of which exploded not from outside but from within—a white fire so searing and almighty that it cauterized him clean. Afterward, when he drifted up to pain, he sought the different blackness, the friendly one. He begged for it.

"We understand," his mother said. "Don't think we're being critical or impatient."

She was a woman with breeding in her background, from both a Virginia governor and an Episcopal bishop. Loving and kindly, she brought food up to Chip's room, though his father had carpenters install a one-passenger elevator that slid along the side of the front staircase. She served Chip hot bread, country ham, and buttered roasting ears. As soon as she left, he, like a child, hid most of the food and sneaked it to the trash. When she discovered his deception, she cried—not in his presence but in her perfumed, rose-tinted bedroom.

His mother and father drank civilized highballs each night before dinner, two bourbons with branch water during the week, perhaps a third on weekends and holidays. By then Chip had his first set of new legs, clicking along on greased ball-and-socket joints and lubricated bearings. He rode the elevator down and ambled to the dining-room sideboard, where he lifted out a bottle of Virginia Gentleman to carry back to his room.

He drank looking from his window toward the precise, weedless garden and became so bombed he fell from the chair. They heard his body's thump and hurried up the steps to find him bucking and vomiting on the Navaho carpet. His father undressed him. Chip's mother washed him, using a wet, warm towel. Her wiping strokes made him think of being erased by the fiery, omnipotent power of the great light.

Daily he journeyed down for his bottle, starting his drinking early. His parents became so disturbed that they stopped buying liquor for themselves, allowing him to empty the sideboard, including finally the wine, B&B, and crème de menthe. By then he owned a car, paid for and specially modified by the good old U.S. of A., and he left the house and drove to the ABC store in Midlothian, where he bought the one-gallon limit, four quarts of Ancient Age. He locked what he wasn't drinking in the Oldsmobile's trunk.

"Is it the terror of memory?" asked his father, a tall, graying man with a clipped moustache and an outsweped chin. His red-and-black tie loose, his pin-striped vest hanging open, he stood helpless and sorrowing before the first Electroped. Even during his Pacific killing forays he'd never seen the light but had remained clean and elite in the mothering quarters of an immaculate carrier.

"I remember hardly anything," Chip said. "Mostly one big thing."

"You're destroying yourself."

"Never felt better."

"And us who love you."

Chip's mother called in the Reverend James M. Dunne—Jimmy to his adoring congregation and friends. Everybody liked Jimmy. Once an Olympic swimmer, he was built along the lissome lines of water athletes, and when he uncovered his pearly whites or touched his tender fingers to his wavy blond locks, the ladies became excited, as if he were a golden stallion coursing among mares.

"There's One to lean on," Jimmy said. He'd first chatted Chip up about the Redskins beating the Cowboys. "God loves us. We can't fathom His way, but He cares deeply, and you must understand that no pain is random, no loss accidental. All life is part of a purpose, to be made known in the fullness of time."

"I do have a theological question," Chip said, and Jimmy, wearing Docksidiers, a glazed tan corduroy suit, and a chamois shirt, leaned closer to smile encouragement. "Did you pretty guys queer each other in the seminary?"

Chip had to leave home. That's when he drove out in the Olds to search for a house. He thought of shaking Virginia's dust from his feet, even of deserting the land of the free and the home of the brave, but doing so would only cause his parents further distress, and it wasn't their fault, or pretty Jimmy Dunne's, that they'd never lived in shit or gazed at their legs lying like slashed and bloody meat apart from the rest of them. They'd never learned the absolute truth contained in the light.

He located his ratty little frame tepee out in the western boonies of the county, a cardboard *For Sale* sign tacked to a tilted wooden stake pounded into a hard of crabgrass. The place was far enough away that his parents weren't all over him, yet close enough to allow a vision now and again. They could keep in touch.

"You like things so clean, you might wash the windows, or let somebody," Gregory said.

"What do I need with washed windows?"

"You're always looking out."

"Even when they're washed, what you see out there is the same dirt."

He used to park his car in the dirt drive at the front of the house, but ten nights ago, while he lay sloshed and unhearing, some bastard stole his hubcaps, CB, and custom cushions. Chip didn't call the sheriff or the insurance company. He brooded about it a few days and then in the darkness hid his car off on a fire trail through the piney woods. He hiked back using a cane. If questioning required it, he could say the Olds was stolen. He'd wiped the wheel and gearshift handle.

No colorful flyers or shimmering catalogues burned in his stove, no smoke rose from his chimney, and the night's coldness seeped into the house. When he opened cans of beans or munched apples, he caressed silence. He could've been snaking through the elephant grass of a putrid savanna. In the living room he set beers on his Maytag. The worst part of waiting was that he'd had to give up baths.

Tied by three leather thongs to the rear of the Electroped was the canvas scabbard made for his L. C. Smith, the Crown-grade double given him at fourteen by his father, who taught him to shoot with both eyes open.

On a hot, still September afternoon, Chip had attached his newest legs, driven to a picked cornfield lying in a spongy bottom alongside the Appomattox River, and, walking with a rolling gait, positioned himself under a dead sycamore tree.

When a gang of doves circled above the flowing water and swooped in to feed, he poleaxed the leader with a clean head shot that spun the bird limply to a crash. Pinkish gray feathers erupted, spiraling. He hadn't lost his shooting eye. Gunning was what he'd done best. He held the dove's puny softness and watched a single drop of scarlet blood slide from its beak onto his palm's lifeline.

He hadn't asked permission to hunt the field, and the bearded farmer came running and shouting from the high ground. He flailed his cap. His pounding clodhoppers raised puffs of red dust. He threatened Chip with the game warden and arrest until he saw the peculiar gait of Chip's legs.

"Go ahead," the farmer said, spitting to the side and leveling the International Harvester cap. "Shoot all you want."

Chip left. It'd been plenty dumb to come out, a vestige reflex from another time and place. He tossed the stiffening dove into a thorny ditch at the side of the road.

"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU," GILCHRIST, THE PSYCHIATRIST, said. Though his name sounded English, Gilchrist looked Italian—plump, olive-oily, his dark eyes seemingly without pupils. "Everybody dreams."

It wasn't so. Chip never had nightmares, hadn't wakened sweating, yelling, and shaking, as it happened in the movies. The light had cleaned him out.

He chewed a slice of white bread. His mother bought him a bread box, painted yellow and patterned with two entwined red roses. She wanted to furnish his house, but he hadn't allowed the men to carry in the tables and chairs she'd ordered trucked over from the city. Once she slipped into his house, her ladylike fingers would attempt to close lovingly about his life. To give her something, he kept the bread box.

"Doing all right," he told his father. "Got shelter, a new Electroped, and Uncle Sammy craps over me every month. High life."

In murkiness he stared at the top of a bean can and contemplated the beauty of 0. He saw zeroes everywhere—wheels, a hubcap, the toilet bowl, coins, his bathtub, a rat's eye. The perfect symbol zero, round or egg-shaped, no entrances or exits. 0 times 0 equals 0. 0 plus or minus or divided by 0 equals 0. Profound mathematics. Zero was the slate wiped clean.

From the Maytag he lifted the knife he'd made at rehab, the handle alternate layers of filed red, yellow, and translucent Plexiglas salvaged out of a smashed helicopter, the blade a VC bayonet shaped on an electric grinder. He opened cans with it, honed it patiently along his whetstone. The knife had the good feel of a balanced heft.

He couldn't allow mail and newspapers to pile up much longer. Fred and Maybelle might call the sheriff or the rescue squad, and if Chip didn't open his door, they would force entry. It was crazy anyhow, growing from the theft of his hubcaps, CB, and custom cushions—a sporting idea

hatched in beer. He'd once been a sport, a gun his third arm. Sport for a sport over a baited field.

He half slept, passively contemplating 0, yet listening. His bed tempted him. His method was to swing to it, legless, by using the trapeze bolted to a ceiling joist. He yawned, unfastened his legs, and stacked them against the Maytag. He'd have a bath first.

As his fingers closed around the Electroped's joystick, somebody touched his house. The house was his skin. He subdued his breathing in the way he'd learned and sped his senses into darkness. The night was quiet except for a plane flying over high, a hound barking from the direction of the trailer park, and an occasional shrill of wind.

Maybe Fred and Maybelle were checking on him again. Or a sheriff's deputy. Slowly he turned his head from side to side, like a cat hunting. Somebody was moving around the house. At the north side he—they?—touched it a second time. Chip pushed out farther, his feelers threading through walls and beyond. He'd once heard a black-pajamaed Charley swallow spit on the other side of an earthen dike and had hosed him in mid-leap. Charley pinwheeled into a rice paddy that smelled like hot urine.

A knock on the front door—not bold but tentative, unsure. A pause, a shift of weight, another knock, louder.

"Anybody home? Had a flat down the road and need to make a call."

Like hell! Whoever stood at the door had to see lights at the trailer park. In the other direction was an all-night Amoco station where an illuminated sign revolved. Chip waited.

The person on the porch tried the door. The knob turned and rattled. The door was pushed. The person released the knob and stepped off the porch, but walked to the back of the house, not away.

The person tried two windows and the rear door, which had a diamond-shaped pane of glass in it. Nothing. Chip tasted the night, licked at it like a snake. He'd been able to direct his senses through the shadows of tree canopies, among detritus, and beneath the ground into holes. It was like turning into smoke and drifting to where shapes waited among fronds. He'd smelled death on air so thin that it wouldn't disturb the fall of a sparrow's feather.

A quick hard tap, the tinkle of glass breaking and spilling across the kitchen floor. Chip reached over his shoulder to unsheath the L. C. Smith. He settled it atop the Electroped's metal arms, index finger on the trigger commanding the right barrel. His thumb hardened against the safety. The person would next fit his hand through the broken pane, to the key inside the door. Chip had foreseen how it would be done.

Quietly the door unlocked. Another pause. A hinge squeaked, someone took a slow step inside, a foot gently crunched glass. Breathing. Hesitation. Chip's left hand tightened about the checkered walnut forearm of the shotgun, the wood friendly to his fingers. He thought of the birds he and his father had placed on the station wagon's blue hood.

A soft click, a concentrated beam, perhaps a pencil flashlight or a larger one choked down. Steps crossing the kitchen, toes, the light sweeping about and for an instant outlining the doorway. The person bumped a pyramid of Bud cans Chip had built on the counter. They clattered into the sink.

Silence, breathing, shifting, saliva. A figure sidled into the bedroom. Floorboards gave, a shoe sibilance—rubber soles—the sound loud in stays of inhalations. A muffled word. Nothing to take. What? Canes, legs, ashtrays, the Princess phone faintly aglow by the bed.

A shape, formed behind a slash of lights, approached the front room. Chip bent forward beside the Maytag. He allowed the person to reach the doorway before lifting his hand to the wall switch. As the beam whitened his face, he knuckled the switch and raised the L. C. Smith.

Shocked and blinking before him, caught in mid-step, stood a white youth wearing a dark blue turtleneck, bleached jeans, and grimy running shoes. Fright bugged his eyes and froze his opened mouth. On his hands were white cotton gloves, the kind Chip's mother wore to her garden. Both those hands were lifted. He held a key-ring flashlight. His silky brown hair was perfectly groomed.

"Don't!" he cried, the gloved hands forward as if they could stop lead shot.

"Give me a good reason why not," Chip said.

"I knocked and everything. I have a flat—"

"Spare me the crap and empty your pockets on my Maytag."

The youth set the key-ring flashlight on the washer, peeled off the gloves, and laid out change, a broken roll of cherry Life Savers, and his wallet, real pigskin with elaborate stitching. He glanced at Chip's empty khakis, the stacked legs, and the antenna wire that fed no TV. He looked at the knife on the Maytag.

"Turn them inside out," Chip said.

"I just need a phone to call—"

"Raise your sweater. Higher. Now do a three-sixty, slow."

The youth obeyed, his sweater and T-shirt held under his armpits. A pretty boy, tender, nice skin, like a girl's, a trace of tan, hardly any hair on his body, a little blondish fuzz. He had clean hands and wore a Seiko with an alligator band. Looped through his jeans was an alligator belt. Apparently these were his designer stealing clothes. No weapon. On a finger a crested gold ring.

"Toss your wallet," Chip said.

He one-handed the L. C. Smith aimed at the youth and with the other hand leafed through the wallet's vinyl windows. Thomas Berry Walker. Address: Richmond's Windsor Road, a classy drive that skirted the Country Club of Virginia.

The wallet held an operator's license, Visa card, the vehicle registration for a Honda, and color snapshots, one of a redheaded girl astride a bay horse, another of a nicely dressed middle-aged couple standing before a stone bird-bath among crimson blooming azaleas. Money: a Jackson,

a Hamilton, a Lincoln, and two George Washingtons—thirty-seven dollars.

Christ, no trash off the street, no lush, freak, jiving spade, or even rowdy-dowdy country jake—but a rich kid! Definitely not the type to steal hubcaps. Hooked on highs maybe, yet didn't need money for a buy. He reeked of green.

"This'll kill my parents," he said.

"Before I call the sheriff, you got one minute to explain. Keep your own time with the Seiko."

The kid was half crouched, his fingers twitching as if turning knobs, his legs shaky, and he jerked his head sideways to keep his pretty hair from falling across his brow. Good-looking all right, handsome when the angles rounded, slick with girls.

"It's this club out at St. John's," the boy said. "God, I'm sorry."

St. John's was a private Episcopal academy housed in Georgian buildings and surrounded by playing fields. Life was patterned after English schools, with emphasis on classics and sports. Students wore blazers and ties to classes. They dated at St. Martha's, a sister institution. Young southern gentility being formed.

"For initiation you have to do something daring," the boy said.

"Stealing hubcaps, a CB, and custom cushions is daring, huh?"

"I didn't do that. Honest. One member hopped a freight train and rode it to Norfolk. Another climbed a TV tower and hung his girl's brassiere from a red light. I meant to take your TV, show it to the club, and slip it back after a couple of days. Putting it back would be the daring part. I've been driving around most of the week looking for a house, nothing too close to home. Please don't call the police."

The kid was so afraid. Oh, fear had a real glitter to it.

"Sit down," Chip said.

In the room there was only one straight chair, bought at K mart. It had an orange plastic seat. As Tommy lowered

himself, he glanced about, eyeing the Maytag, the stacked legs, and the lead-in wire curled on the floor. He looked again at Chip's khakis—the windless wind socks.

"You probably never saw a washing machine in the living room before," Chip said. "It's top of the line and'll do everything except put the dog out and love you up."

"You can have the money in my wallet," Tommy said.

"I know that. Most people don't have the proper appreciation for a good washing machine. She keeps me clean. That's important, so I give her respect and don't stick her back in some dark place."

The boy sat erect at the front edge of the chair, his maid-enly hands clamped over his knees. His honey-brown eyes were lustrous with fright, yet had no pain, no loss, in them. They were unsullied. Again they flicked at Chip's empty khakis.

"You ever been dirty, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. Sure I have."

"Probably a scrimmage on St. John's Commons."

"You know St. John's Commons?"

"Would you believe I went to school there?"

Hell no, the kid couldn't believe that.

"I been dirty, Tommy. Had piss all over me, not only my own. I take lots of baths, sometimes three or four a day, and keep my clothes washed. Cleanliness is important to me. It's why I shave my head. You see any dirt under my fingernails?"

"No, sir," Tommy answered, dutifully inspecting Chip's extended left hand.

"All the crevices of my body are clean, though this last week has been an exception."

"I'll have the glass fixed," Tommy said.

"Nice of you."

"Honest to God, I was going to bring the TV back. Let me go."

"You did a dumb thing, Tommy, and we always pay for dumbness. What's the name of your club?"

"John's Jesters."

"When I was there, we had the Brawnies."

"Still do," Tommy said, for the first time believing a little. "Students who earn three or more letters." The honey-brown eyes flicked at the windless wind socks. "You were a Brawny?"

"I ran the middle distances. Hard to believe now, huh? Guess you'll be graduating soon."

"Early June, and then on to the University next fall, if I get in. Otherwise, Washington and Lee, where my father went."

"Amazing how much we have in common. I attended Wahooland. One year on the lawns of Mr. Jefferson's university. Before my quest. I carried a pretty girl's picture in my billfold, like your redhead. She went to St. Martha's, over Rappahannock way, and on to Sweet Briar. Had beautiful legs. Still does. And you're dying to know about mine. You keep trying not to look at them."

"I know girls at St. Martha's," Tommy said, averting his eyes.

DOUBLE DACTYLS

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

SHAKE-UP

Higgledy piggledy,

Gaius Caligula

gallops. Mutatis mu-

tandis, his horse

tires of the Pall and the

Paraphernalia.

Wants to be Speaker or

wants a divorce.

DISTRICTO FEDERAL

Higgledy piggledy,

Nezahualcōyotl

Studied the cycle of

What we become.

Studied himself in the

Dennimillennium.

Lord of a nation and

Name of a slum.

"I was certain you did. Maybe you been to the tea dances."

"Sure, all the time."

"The Christmas one's the best, the ball with candles and holly. Girls go out and pick the holly. Get time off from classes. They wear shiny white gowns and come down the stairs singing and carrying white candles."

"Right!" Tommy said, believing now. He believed altogether.

"It was snowing," Chip said. "All the fires in Astor House were lit, and snow fell on the river, gulls flying through the flakes. They were gliding through the snow. Girls were carrying the candles and singing."

"I'm supposed to be back at school," Tommy said, raising the wrist with the Seiko.

"Ten demerits if you miss check-in."

"It's five now."

"Deflation in d's. I'm going to let you leave, but go ahead and ask about my legs."

"I didn't mean to look at them."

"It's okay. Want to see the stumps?"

"No!" Tommy said when Chip made as if to uncover them.

"Don't blame you. Ug-lee. Hate to look myself. What I got for being dumb. Had this crazy idea I could fly. Drove to the mountains, an October morning, out past Roanoke, almost to West Virginia. Thousands of hawks sail by a place up there, on their migration south, and you can stand on this cliff and watch them pass at eye level or lower."

Tommy was wary and worried.

"Know what I did? I got out of my clothes, stepped off the cliff, and joined them. Spread my arms and flew. I was up there soaring along over winter wheat and clean rivers, everything pure, feeling thermals on my belly, and some of the hawks turned their heads and looked at me out of golden eyes. They smiled at me. Yeah, they can smile. I thought I'd never come down, would coast on forever, till this big bastard of a black eagle dropped on me. He was a sonofabitch. Chewed off my legs. Hell of a thing for an eagle to do."

Tommy was nervous. His hands had moved to the seat of the chair, which he gripped as if it might eject him.

"The war?" he asked. "Nam?"

"Got patriotic," Chip said. "I wasn't much older than you and practically the first kook to stand in line at the recruiting office."

"It should never have been," Tommy said. "Such a bad war."

"You know about good wars and bad wars, do you?"

"The Virginia Diocese sponsored a three-day symposium at St. John's. Posters, speakers, films. All those civilians killed, babies even, on fire. The students voted nearly two to one to designate it a national tragedy. We agreed never to let a government do that to us. You were used. We wouldn't kill anybody either. Ever. We couldn't live with it, we decided. Sickening. I'm really sorry about your legs. I wish I could give you mine."

Chip stared. The little prick felt not only sorry for him but also superior to him. The new breed, chosen, anointed, the slickies he saw tooling around the shopping center with blue-lidded piglets in rock-pounding Corvettes and TransAms. Righteous bastards! He stiffened as if about to be scorched again by the great exploding truth. Goddamn it, they ought to have to learn. They needed to know.

"You okay?" Tommy asked, scared.

"Everything's a delight," Chip said, squirming free of it. "Where was I? Yeah, so I fell to the ground and got legs back from the fucking eagle, not a blackie this time, a baldy. You can't fly without legs. A matter of being out of balance."

"May I go, please?"

"Right. Wouldn't want them to gig you. Happy to know you'll never be as stupid as I was. Hope for the future and all. I'd want you to have something. A memento. Take the knife. Show it to the Jesters."

"You're giving it to me?" Tommy asked, rising from the chair. He pushed in his emptied pockets and reached for the knife on the Maytag.

"Housewarming gift. Made it myself. Don't forget your other stuff."

"Let me pay," Tommy said, when Chip handed back the wallet. Tommy slid it into one hip pocket, the cotton gloves into the other.

"No deal. I enjoyed your visit."

"I promise I'll reimburse you for the broken glass. Have it fixed, and I'll bring the money."

"No sweat. I'll tack cardboard over the hole and sweep up."

"I'd like to say you're one fine gentleman," Tommy said, and started for the kitchen and the door he'd come through. He held the knife by the hilt.

"Take care now," Chip said. "Uh, Tommy?"

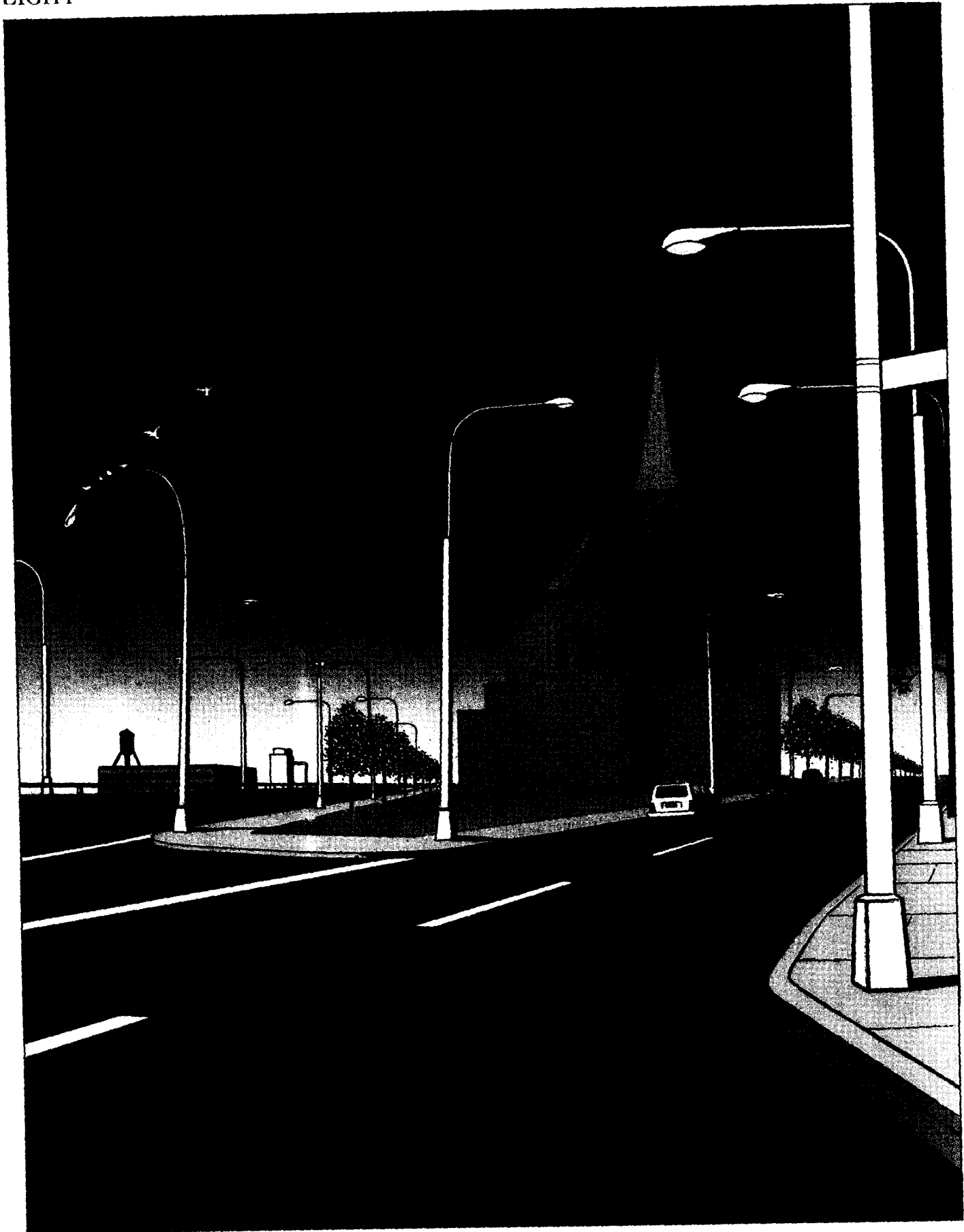
As Tommy turned back politely, Chip thumbed the L. C. Smith's safety forward. He pulled each trigger, firing the right barrel for Tommy's left calf, the left barrel for the right—the shells No. 8 dove load. Tommy's legs were knocked backward beneath him. The front length of his body slammed flat against the floor. That silky hair covered his brow now. Dazed and astonished, he lifted his head, and the terrible knowledge, the deepest knowledge of all, flowed into those honey-brown eyes. He struggled to right himself, howled, and, now on his side, hinged forward as if exercising to touch his toes.

Chip sheathed the L. C. Smith. He left the knife where it had bounced on the kitchen floor. He guided the Electroped to the dainty little Princess phone glowing pinkly. He called the sheriff's office and told the dispatcher his house had been broken into and that he'd been attacked by a youth holding a knife. They should send a doctor and an ambulance.

Before steering around the mess, he tossed a bath towel to the keening, terrified Tommy. Chip would raise some blinds, switch on a few lights, and bring in the mail and papers from his porch. □

LIGHT

BY GUY BILLOUT







*Selling fun to children is one
of capitalism's least predictable pursuits*

WHERE TOYS COME FROM

BY DAVID OWEN

The Dimensions of the Business

RUTH CRONK KNOWS MORE INTERESTING FACTS about Barbie than most people know about anything. For example: If Barbie were blown up to human size, her measurements would be 39-21-33. Barbie and Ken, her boyfriend, were named after the real children of Ruth Handler, Barbie's creator, the wife of one of the founders of Mattel, Inc., and the driving force behind the company for many years. When Ken was introduced, in 1961, Handler wanted him to be what is referred to nowadays as "anatomically correct," but Mattel's (male) marketing department said no. When you rotated the arm of Growing Up Skipper (1975), her breasts got bigger. When you pulled apart the legs of Guardian Goddess, a sort of outer-space Barbie introduced in 1980, her arms flew up and her clothes fell off (Mattel, unlike Ruth Cronk, does not include Guardian Goddess in the Barbie family). If all the Barbies ever sold were laid end to end, they would span so many football fields that you would soon realize that more than 250 million Barbie-family dolls have been sold.

Cronk is a contagiously cheerful middle-aged housewife from the Bronx. She is also the president of the International Barbie Doll Collectors Club, the editor and publisher of the *International Barbie Doll Collectors Gazette*, and one of the world's leading authorities on the world's leading fashion doll. She is giving a lecture titled "The Barbie Family" to about a dozen members of a doll-collecting club in the basement of Brooklyn's St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church. Spread out on the table before her are numerous Barbies, Kens, Midges, Francies, and other dolls, along with a broad sampling of their furniture, dogs, horses, automobiles, and, of course, clothes. (Mattel says that Barbie's vast wardrobe has made the company the world's largest producer of women's wear.)

Ruth Cronk owns more than 3,000 Barbies. She has an original 1959 Barbie (along with the box it came in), worth perhaps a thousand dollars. She has Barbies with Western features that are sold in Japan. She has Barbies with Asian features that are sold in the United States. She has Tiffs. She has Kelleys. She has a discontinued black friend of Tutti's (Tutti is Barbie's tiny sister, fraternal twin of Todd) that was sold only in Germany.

Barbie was not an immediate hit when she was introduced to the toy trade twenty-seven years ago. Buyers thought, among other things, that she was too small and too busty to catch on with little girls and their staid, Ike-loving moms. Sears, Roebuck and Co. didn't order any of the dolls at all. But the ones that did make their way into stores were snapped up so fast that Mattel had trouble supplying replacements.

Since then the Barbie trade has been everything that the toy trade in general has not. While Barbie and her family have been a sturdy, reliable success, the business of keeping children amused has been volatile. Fads have come and gone, and companies have followed. Mattel's own history reflects the whimsicality of the entire enterprise. Since its founding, in 1945, the company has risen from obscurity to become the world's largest toy manufacturer, plunged to near bankruptcy, and pulled itself back together.

In the midst of all that jumping around, the industry as a whole has grown dramatically, generating \$12 billion in retail sales last year, up from \$7 billion in 1980. This growth has had several sources. Various demographic trends have conspired to make today's children more likely to be given more toys by more people who have more money to spend. (Notably, the increase in the number of remarriages following divorce has increased the ratio of grandparents to children, which has increased the ratio of presents to birthdays.) Also, the flourishing of Toys R Us and other so-called toy supermarkets has helped extend the toy-selling season beyond the traditional Thanksgiving-to-Christmas crush. A boom in licensing has made it possible for children to own their favorite characters in the form of not merely toys but also wallpaper and breakfast cereal. Perhaps most important, toy manufacturers have become vastly more sophisticated (some people would say insidious) at marketing their products. Television in particular has become a marketing tool, with the effect that most new TV programs for children are extended commercials for toys. Major toy introductions are now minutely planned campaigns in which tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars are at stake.

Barbie and her friends haven't just been standing around letting their arms fly up while this upheaval has

been taking place. Ken is still a goody-goody and Barbie's feet are still shaped for high-heeled shoes, but a lot of other things about the dolls have changed. This year, for example, Barbie has acquired a brand-new glow-in-the-dark evening gown, a brand-new glow-in-the-dark (single) bed, a brand-new glow-in-the-dark vanity, and a brand-new pet tropical bird with reversible wings. She has also acquired her very own rock band, called the Rockers. ("Don't ask me to comment about their makeup," Ruth Cronk says.)

What is Barbie, the most steadfastly unhip eleven-and-a-half-inch person in America, doing in a rock band? The answer has to do with something else Barbie acquired this year: her first serious competitor in a long time. This competitor, whose name is Jem, also has her very own rock band, called the Holograms. When Jem's manufacturer, Hasbro, Inc., invited little girls to enter a contest by dialing 1-800-ROCKGEM and singing the Jem theme song ("Jem is truly outrageous, truly, truly, truly outrageous . . ."), so many of them did that the phone company had to put in extra lines.

Nobody, including Jem's creators, thinks that Jem is going to render Barbie obsolete. But some observers think that Jem might give Barbie a run for some of her money. How the competition turns out will depend on the vagaries of one of the least predictable pursuits in all of capitalism: selling fun to children.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS CHILDREN HAD NO TOYS PER SE BUT played with pine cones and lumps of coal. This made them happier, smarter, and better behaved than today's children, and everyone, except today's children, would like for the olden days to return.

Eventually, a few rudimentary playthings came into being: Erector sets, Tinkertoys, Lionel trains, Lincoln Logs. The children of the twenties and thirties, looking like miniature, black-and-white versions of their present selves, played with these primitive amusements, covered them with the interesting-smelling dust of history, and handed them down to *their* children. I remember playing with my father's Lincoln Logs, happily building and rebuilding the same small rectangular structure, for about five minutes. Then the Lincoln Logs became lost. (Actually, Lincoln Logs are still popular enough to consume four carloads of Ponderosa pine trees from Oregon every

month. They were invented in 1916 by John Lloyd Wright, a son of the famous architect, and were inspired by a Japanese technique for constructing earthquake-proof buildings.)

The first great watershed in the development of toys as we know them was the end of the Second World War. The Great Depression



had made it impossible for most people to buy a lot of toys. The war had the same effect. When prosperity returned and the people now known as Yuppies began to be born, the modern toy industry was born as well. Propelling it toward maturity were the two great engines of post-war American culture: television and plastic.

Today the toy business is dominated by a handful of companies, the largest five of which—Hasbro, Mattel, Coleco Industries, Kenner Parker Toys, (which consists of Kenner and Parker Brothers, a venerable game manufacturer), and Fisher-Price—accounted for more than 45 percent of all toys sold last year. Of these five only Fisher-Price began—in 1930—as a toy company. The others entered the business by peculiar routes. Kenner began in 1947 as a soap and soft-drink manufacturer; a premium called the Bubble/Matic Gun, which came in boxes of Kenner soap, was so received that the company switched businesses. (One hundred-and-three-year-old Parker Brothers has always been what it is today, primarily a manufacturer of games.) Coleco started in 1932 as the Connecticut Leather Company, a wholesale distributor of shoe-repair supplies; it became a toy company in the early 1950s, when it began selling the Official Howdy Doody Make It Yourself Bee-Nee Kit and other leathercraft items for children. The first products of Mattel—whose name consists of syllables from the names of the founders, Harold Matson and Elliot Handler—were picture frames and miniature furniture made of polyurethane left over from the manufacture of airplane nose cones. Hasbro started out in 1923 as Hassenfeld Brothers, purveyors of textile remnants.

Representatives of these companies and roughly 700 others can be found each February at the American International Toy Fair, a ten-day trade show in New York City. The first Toy Fair, in 1902, consisted of ten or so underfed salesmen trying to catch the attention of wholesale buyers passing through New York on their way to and from Europe, the major source of toys at the time. Today America is not only the principal market for toys, consuming a third of all the playthings produced in the world every year, but also the principal source. The 1986 Toy Fair featured 871 exhibitors, 832 of them American, and attracted some 15,000 buyers from more than sixty countries.

These people had a pretty good time. They were squirted by battery-powered squirt guns, greeted by Jem's secretary, and briefed in a tent by an anti-terrorist commando. Among the most talked-about toys were Party Animals, hand puppets from Axlon, Inc., that make electronically produced sounds when their mouths are opened; Ohio Art Company's Etch-A-Sketch Animator, an electronic version of the old favorite; Coleco's line of licensed Rambo action



figures, billed as the Force of Freedom ("He'll fight the good fight for flag and country, but it's the freedom of the individual that really counts"); numerous interactive games designed for video-cassette recorders; Mattel's Popples, which "can be changed from fluffy balls to furry friends" (and have established a new category of toy, called "transformable plush"); a wonderful battery-powered mask called the Voice Modulator, which turns human speech into electronic robot talk; and a seemingly endless procession of talking teddy bears (category name: "electronic plush").

The surprise hit of this past Christmas season was a talking bear named Teddy Ruxpin, manufactured by a hitherto unknown company called Worlds of Wonder, Inc. This year at the Toy Fair, Worlds of Wonder was hot. Teddy Ruxpin now

rides herd over a vast number of noisy toys, among them Smarty Bear ("the Talk-A-Tronic you can bare all to"); Gabby Bear; Heart-To-Heart Bear; Pete, Repeat, Hello Hippo, and Rappin' Rabbit; Billy Bob ("accurately synchronized to software in the movements of its mouth and positioning of the head, body, and arms"); Spunky (a doll that "laughs, tells stories, sings songs, tells riddles, and does tongue twisters"); Dreebles ("they purr when touched"); Blabber Bear, Blabbermouth, Blabber Mouse, and Blabber Phone; Bingo Bear and P. C. McChip; Petster, Pupster, Petster Puppy, RoboPup, Talkabot, Spybot, Sting Mosquito, Dippity Dolphin, Darwin Gorilla, Silly Goose, Tetrizzini Turkey, and A. G. Bear.

Not all these toys really talk. A. G. Bear, for example, responds to sounds in a sort of electronic mumble that its manufacturer, Axlon, calls Bear Talk. The mumble is produced by a little black box in the toy's back that takes sounds from the outside world, distorts them electronically, and repeats them in garbled form after a delay.

A. G. Bear strikes me as being exactly the right kind of talking toy. It responds to a child, but not with canned pronouncements. And it leaves room for the imagination, a child's most important plaything. When I was in grade school, a classmate took an electric barber's razor and shaved some little rectangles on his head—parking spaces for his Matchbox cars. His mother was apoplectic, but the parking lot was his to keep until his hair grew back.

What's on the Shelves

UNTIL THE MID-1970S AS MANY AS 70 PERCENT OF ALL toys sold at retail each year were sold during the six weeks before Christmas. According to the usual pattern, buyers ordered these toys at the Toy Fair, received them in the summer, and paid for them in December, a practice known in the business as "dating." Often

the new toys were not put on the shelves until mid-autumn. By the first of the new year the toy year was over.

Today Christmas sales account for only about half of the year's toy business. The Toy Fair has declined slightly in importance as the selling season has lengthened; new toys are now introduced year-round. By this Christmas many of the season's most popular toys will have been on the shelves (not to mention on the tube) for months.

The person most responsible for loosening Santa's grip on the toy business was born in the back room of a Washington, D.C., bicycle shop in 1923. "I was a quiet, introspective child," Charles Lazarus says. His father bought broken bicycles, rebuilt them, and sold them. Young Charles learned to ride and walk on roughly the same day. "I always wondered why we didn't sell new bicycles," he says. "My father said it was because the big chain stores could sell them so much cheaper than we could."

Engraving these words on the inside of his skull somewhere, Lazarus went off to the Second World War, where he served as a cryptographer. After the war he felt too old (at twenty-four) to go to college. He took over the family store, got rid of the bicycles, and filled the place with baby furniture. It was a good business; returning soldiers were having large families. Over the course of several years, though, Lazarus noticed something interesting: people who bought one crib seldom bought another. Baby furniture didn't wear out. He began to think about merchandise that would. "Toys are a great kind of thing to sell, because they don't last that long," he says today. Lazarus switched to the toy business and named his store the Children's Supermart. To increase name recognition, he printed the *Rs* backward.

As Lazarus expanded his business, he decided that his signs didn't look right. If two long words were to fit on a sign, the letters had to be small. Shorter words, bigger letters. He set out to find the shortest possible name that would convey what he was selling. He settled on Toys R Us, retaining a backward *R*.

The whole structure of retailing was under renovation in the 1950s as Lazarus was hammering out his strategy for selling toys. The age of discounting had arrived. Lazarus retrieved his father's pronouncement from his cranium and studied the experience of the cut-rate chain E. J. Korvette. The key to success, Lazarus decided, was offering name-brand merchandise at less than list price. In 1966, having opened three additional outlets, Lazarus sold his business to a company called Interstate Stores for \$7.5 million. Lazarus himself was part of the package, staying on to manage his stores. Over the next eight years he added forty-three new outlets.

While Toys R Us prospered, though, the rest of Interstate gradually fell apart, finally filing for bankruptcy in 1974. The company was reorganized in 1978, under the Toys R Us name, with Lazarus as its chief executive officer. The new company's early days were difficult, but toy manufacturers extended extremely generous credit terms to keep Lazarus in business. Toys R Us quickly entered a

period of rapid growth that made it, in the words of a recent research report from the international banking and brokerage firm Goldman, Sachs & Co., "one of the outstanding companies in all of retailing." From 1975 to 1985 the company's annual revenues grew from a little over \$200 million to a little over \$2 billion.

Toy manufacturers were willing to back Lazarus because they believed that Toys R Us was the key to what they yearned for: year-round toy sales. Unlike traditional toy retailers, Lazarus didn't cut his stocks back dramatically in the off-season. Nor did he pick and choose among manufacturers' offerings; he usually ordered the entire catalogue and he put at least one of everything out where customers could see it.

Visiting a Toys R Us store for the first time is quite an experience. The stores look like warehouses. Toys are stacked nearly to the ceiling, and the customers push shopping carts. The selection—more than 18,000 different toys in every store—is almost inconceivably vast. "There's an enormous opportunity in America if you're willing to make a commitment to inventory," Lazarus says.

Like striped toothpaste, seedless grapes, and many other great ideas, the present-day Toys R Us concept is relatively simple. The most important element is central control. Toys R Us managers never place orders; new toys simply arrive. A computerized merchandise-tracking system links every cash register in each of the 233 American Toys R Us outlets with corporate headquarters in Rochelle Park, New Jersey. If the Toys R Us in Christiana, Delaware, is running low on Immortals of Change Attack Probes, this information is noted at the nearest distribution center and Attack Probes are shipped to the store.

Decisions made at Toys R Us affect every aspect of the toy business. Before Lazarus, dolls were kept in closed boxes behind toy counters. Now toy packaging is designed according to how it will look (and whether it will fit) on the shelves at Toys R Us. Because Toys R Us stacks toys high into the air, virtually all packages are made to stack.

Toys R Us has become important to the success of most toys, and manufacturers generally check with Rochelle Park before they go into production. "By early December," Lazarus says, "we've seen nearly everything that will be introduced at the Toy Fair. In fact, we've seen more, because some goods get dropped along the way." Very often the goods that are dropped are goods that didn't appeal to Lazarus and his staff. Some toys are even tested in the stores before a final production decision is made. A company planning a new toy for Christmas of 1987 might make a few samples and ship them to Toys R Us as early as September of 1986.

Toys R Us has been so successful that the rest of the retail toy business has had to change in order to survive. The company has given rise to imitators, including Child World, Lionel Leisure, and a host of regional chains. Even more significant, it has forced existing stores either to act like Toys R Us or to get out of the toy business. Big dis-

count chains like K mart and Caldor used to run their toy departments the way Macy's did, expanding them for Christmas and contracting them during the rest of the year. Now the discounters and even Macy's have discovered that if they don't maintain competitive toy departments all year long, their customers defect to Toys R Us during the off-season and don't come back for Christmas. In the meantime, many traditional department stores have essentially stopped selling toys.

Toys R Us customers are very loyal. The chain has a no-questions-asked return policy that grew out of a discovery Lazarus made when he was starting out in business. "I noticed that the customer who raised his voice generally got his purchase taken back anyway, regardless of the merits," he says. Toys R Us also carries a selection of children's clothing and other non-toy merchandise—most notably disposable diapers, which the company buys by the megaton and sells below cost. Many customers come to Toys R Us to stock up on Huggies, and then spend the savings on toys. (The company has also found that its customers buy toys with the money they save buying other toys; people generally come to Toys R Us planning to spend a certain amount of money, not to make specific purchases.)

All in all, the strategy has been astonishingly successful. Close to 16 percent of the money Americans spend on toys is spent at Toys R Us, and analysts say that the figure could eventually go as high as 40 percent, a market share unprecedented in retailing. Almost everywhere Lazarus looks, he sees trends that make him smile: parents are having fewer children and spending more money on each one; working mothers are feeling guilty about not seeing their children and making it up to them with toys; in 1990 there will be 15.1 percent more children between the ages of five and nine than there were in 1983.

Lazarus also likes what he sees overseas. There are now Toys R Us stores in Canada, the United Kingdom, and Singapore, and many more stores are planned in Europe and elsewhere. Any country that has supermarkets, Lazarus says, is a potential home for Toys R Us. That goes double for any country with commercial TV. Here at home the company has been expanding the number of its outlets at a rate of roughly 18 percent a year.

IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE DISAGREE ABOUT ALMOST everything, it's reassuring that there is a single, universally accepted standard for judging toys. This standard can be stated simply: A toy is appropriate for my child if I had either it or something almost exactly like it when I was growing up.

My favorite toy when I was growing up was a smallish set of Lego building blocks. Lego is not an American toy. It is the product of Interlego A/S, a privately held multinational corporation based in Billund, Denmark. The company began in 1916 as the Billund Woodworking and Carpenter's Shop. The proprietor was a young joiner named Ole Kirk Christiansen. One of his biggest projects was rebuilding the Billund Woodworking and Carpenter's Shop, which two of his sons accidentally burned to the ground in 1924. When the Depression hit, Ole began making ironing boards and stepladders. Then, to save scarce raw materials, he began making miniature ironing boards and stepladders. He sold them as toys.

The toy business was good to Ole, and gradually he devoted his full attention to it. One of his biggest sellers was the Yo-Yo, a toy that reached Denmark in the early 1930s. (It was introduced in the United States in 1929 by Donald F. Duncan, Sr., who also invented the parking meter.) Then, abruptly, the market for Yo-Yos vanished. Ole unfortunately had a warehouse full of them. Facing ruin, he

was suddenly inspired: he sawed the Yo-Yos in half and used them as wheels on toy trucks.

In 1934 Ole offered a prize to the employee who suggested the best name for the company. The winner was Ole himself, who thought of Lego, from the Danish words *leg* *godt*, meaning "play well." After the Second World War plastic was incorporated into the line. One of the company's first plastic toys, introduced in 1949, was a product originally called "automatic binding bricks." These were small plastic bricks that had round studs on top,



enabling them to be snapped together.

In the 1950s control of the company gradually passed to Ole's son Godtfred, who is usually referred to by his initials, GKC. (Today the company is run by GKC and his son Kjeld Kirk Kristiansen, who changed the spelling of his last name.) In 1954 GKC devised what are now known as "The 10 Lego Characteristics." These include "unlimited play possibilities"; "enthusiasm to all ages"; "always topical"; "safety and quality"; "more Lego—multiplied play value"; "imagination, creativity, development." To translate somewhat, GKC decided that the ideal toy was one that both left and suggested much to the imagination, that was not limited in its appeal, and that could be expanded indefinitely, creating the possibility of multiple sales.

GKC concluded that only one of the company's 200-plus products satisfied all of these requirements. Thenceforward, he decreed, the company would concentrate on plastic bricks, renamed in 1955 the Lego System of Play.

What GKC conceived in 1954 was the blueprint for a toy line that need never go out of style. The company contin-

ued to manufacture a few wooden toys until 1960, but GKC was convinced of the soundness of his vision. The years have borne him out. Today Lego bricks are sold in 125 countries, including the Soviet Union and Israel (which boasts the highest per capita Lego sales in the world). They can be found in roughly 40 percent of American homes with children under the age of fifteen, and have the second highest "coverage" of any toy (the first-place coverer is Crayola Crayons). In some European countries Lego's coverage is close to 85 percent. Some 68 million children around the world spend five billion hours a year playing with Lego bricks.

When the Lego System began, the bricks were aimed primarily at five- and six-year-olds. Over the years the target market has been extended both up and down. There are now Lego products for children as young as three months old. The upper age limit is officially given as fourteen years, but the bricks are very popular with older children and even with adults, who, when bitten, tend to buy enormous quantities. My daughter loves her Duplo blocks, outsize Lego bricks intended for pre-schoolers. (Some of the smaller bricks present a choking hazard for children under three.) Consistent with GKC's notion of a system of play, Duplo bricks, though eight times the volume of standard Lego bricks, can be snapped together with their smaller cousins. The innovation that makes this possible, hollow studs on the Duplo bricks, came to GKC in a dream.

In Denmark, GKC is a figure of Disneyesque proportions. His Legoland amusement park is one of the country's major tourist attractions. Almost everything at Legoland is made of Lego bricks. Popular attractions include models of Mount Rushmore (1.5 million Lego bricks), the space shuttle *Columbia* (410,000), the Port of Copenhagen (3 million), and Egypt's Abu Simbel temples (265,000). There is also a Wild West town, called Legoredo, where the cowboys eat "twists of tenderfoot bread," speak Danish, and wear clogs. More than 14 million people have visited Legoland since it opened, in 1968.

That Lego has been as successful in the United States as it has been is a tribute more to the fundamental soundness of the toy than to the way it has been marketed here. Executives in Billund like to believe that Lego should sell simply because it's Lego, a notion that runs against the very grain of American civilization. Some toy-industry analysts tend to believe that the company could sell a lot more bricks in this country if it puts its mind to the task.

The Influence of Television

IF THE DANES EVER DECIDE TO TAKE A CRASH COURSE IN American toy marketing, a good teacher would be Bernard Loomis. Loomis is a great big man who wears glasses and likes to play tennis. He has been associated with the largest toy company in the world, at the moment it became the largest toy company, on three separate occasions. Almost every time the industry has taken a major,

controversial step in the past twenty-five years, Loomis has been in the neighborhood.

Bernard Loomis was born in the Bronx in 1923. His father was a Russian immigrant who dabbled in show business and generally failed to make a living as an itinerant salesman of woolen goods. "Ours was a family whose economics were always confused," Loomis says. There was no money for toys; among young Bernard's few playthings were a Lionel train catalogue, which he knew backward and forward, and a vivid imagination. One year he played a full American League baseball season using a deck of cards. He had developed an elaborate system in which every card he turned over meant something specific: a ball, a strike, a double, a pop fly. In fat notebooks he kept track not only of scores but also of pitching records and batting averages. By the time the World Series rolled around, he had played every game in the schedule.

Loomis attended New York University at night and held down a succession of dead-end jobs. "I fooled around in a lot of things in some kind of search that even I didn't understand," he says. By the late 1950s he was working in New York as a toy manufacturer's representative, having lately retired from the hardware business. At the 1961 Toy Fair he met Ruth and Elliot Handler, of Mattel (who had bought out Harold Matson and now ran the company together). He liked the Handlers and their colleagues immediately, and accepted the offer of a job.

Mattel was a small company at the time, but it was on the verge of becoming the driving force in the industry. "Much of what the toy business is today started with Mattel in the late 1950s," Loomis says. "That was when the industry changed from being a customer-driven business, where the customer decided what he wanted, to being a consumer-communication business."

In a word, television. The first step had come in 1955, before Loomis arrived, when Mattel had bought half a million dollars' worth of commercial time on the new Mickey Mouse Club show. It was, according to lore, the first time that toys—beginning with an item called a Mouse Guitar—were advertised on national television. (The first toy advertised on local TV may have been Hasbro's Mr. Potato Head, which was pitched in California in 1952.)

Television expanded the market for new toys and made it possible for manufacturers to spend more money on new products. It also enabled retailers to cut their prices, since the increased customer traffic permitted narrower profit margins. The new way of life evolved further in 1960, with the introduction of Chatty Cathy, the world's first talking doll and a toy whose marketing strategy Loomis helped devise. Chatty Cathy could never have been produced in the days before television; the potential market would have been too small to justify the cost of developing the doll's talking mechanism. With television, the demand for Chatty Cathy was so great that some retailers began to sell it at less than cost in order to steer the crowds into their stores—a radical step in a business where merchandise had traditionally sold for double its wholesale price.



In 1969 Loomis and others at Mattel undertook what would eventually be seen as an epochal step in the marriage of toys and television. Mattel had introduced a line of miniature cars called Hot Wheels. Instead of simply advertising them on television, why not give them an entire show of their own? The thirty-minute *Hot Wheels* cartoon show joined ABC's Saturday-morning lineup. The show, developed in close collaboration with Mattel, featured cars from the Hot Wheels line.

The new show didn't catch the attention of children only. It was also noticed by Topper Corporation, a now defunct competitor of Mattel's. Topper complained to the Federal Communications Commission that *Hot Wheels* violated FCC regulations concerning the separation of programming and advertising. The FCC agreed, and asked stations to log part of the show as advertising time—a move that seemed to deter the formation of any similar alliances between broadcasters and toy companies.

Loomis and Mattel, it turned out, had merely been ten years ahead of their time. During the decade it took their time to catch up, Loomis left Mattel to become the president of the foundering Kenner Products, which was owned by a division of General Mills. Loomis turned the company around with a string of hit toys, including a licensed "action figure" (as most dolls for boys are known) based on the television series *Six Million Dollar Man*.

The Six Million Dollar Man doll was a big success, and Loomis began looking for other properties to license. One day in 1976 he noticed a brief item in the *Hollywood Reporter* about a movie that was being made. Loomis had never heard of the director, but he liked the title: *Star Wars*. "I circled the item and sent a copy to a man in our marketing group, and I said, 'Find out about this.'" A short time later he and Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation signed an agreement giving Kenner exclusive rights to manufacture crafts, games, and toys based on the motion picture.

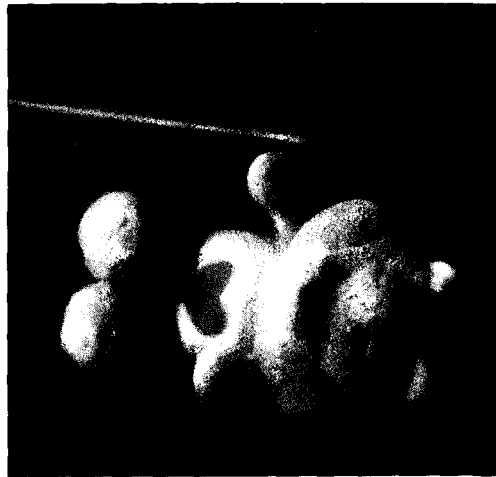
The agreement didn't cost much. Toys based on movies had seldom sold well, and outer space was thought to be a poisonous theme. But Loomis wasn't interested in the movie; all he cared about was the characters. "I contend that George Lucas is one of the world's great toy designers," he says today. Kenner's line wasn't scheduled to appear until roughly a year after *Star Wars* had been released. The characters, Loomis assumed, were strong enough to stand alone.

He never had a chance to find out if he was right. From the day it opened, *Star Wars* was a phenomenal success. Children were sitting through it a dozen, two dozen times. "We had a tiger by the tail," Loomis says today. Christmas was just around the corner, and Kenner wouldn't be able to

ship toys until spring; the *Star Wars* line had been planned for the following Christmas. The toys were being manufactured overseas, and there was no way to speed up production. Could anything be done?

Loomis pondered the problem for a long time, and then had an idea: why not sell the toys before they existed? Kenner could print a certificate promising to deliver toys by a certain date and package it with a picture of the *Star Wars* characters. Parents would have something to put under the Christmas tree, and kids could at least hang the picture in their rooms until spring. Loomis presented the idea to his staff. They all thought it was crazy.

Loomis says that he was taken aback. "But I believed that one of my duties as head of a toy company was to lose at least a million dollars a year on things that didn't happen," he says. "So I went ahead." The promotion turned out to be a huge success. Children were happy to receive the pictures. When their toys finally arrived by mail, they took them to school and sent jealous friends rushing to toy stores. *Star Wars* eventually generated more than \$750 million in toy sales.



Star Wars confirmed what the *Six Million Dollar Man* had first shown, which was that licensed characters could be the basis for very lucrative toys. But *Star Wars* also showed that the logistics of producing such toys could be complicated: there were many factors beyond the toy company's control. If only it were somehow possible to manage the package from beginning to end.

By 1978 Loomis had become the head of the General Mills Toy Group (which included Kenner and Parker Brothers). One day he met with representatives of American Greetings Corporation, a maker of greeting cards. American Greetings owned the licensing rights to a popular cartoon character called Ziggy and wondered whether Loomis might be interested in producing a Ziggy toy.

Loomis said no. Ziggy was already established in the marketplace, with greeting cards, a syndicated comic strip, and other tie-ins. Loomis wasn't interested in simply tagging along. "But I told them, sort of casually, 'If you ever have a project where you want a partner from day one, come back and see me again.'" As it happened, the men had copies of the American Greetings line for the following year. Loomis flipped through the cards, and then stopped. There was a character on one greeting card that looked promising. Loomis pointed to the picture and said, "Mark the time and date. We're going to make history."

Actually, there are several versions of this story. In another one, Jack Chojnacki, who was the director of licensing for American Greetings, discovered that an element common to a lot of successful greeting cards and other products was strawberries. An art director heard this and

remembered that one of American Greetings's most successful cards featured a little girl with strawberries on her bonnet. He had an artist add more strawberries. Then a doll was made. Chojnacki and Ralph Shaffer, the director of new-product development, took the card and the doll to Loomis, who looked at them and said, "This is going to be the next major phenomenon in merchandising."

All versions of the story have the same ending: the little girl in the greeting card became a bustling industry called Strawberry Shortcake. What was remarkable was not the character—just a little girl with berries on her clothes—but the marketing plan built around it. Loomis had been thinking about the uncertainties of the toy business and had decided that the way to protect against them was to concentrate on lines of toys rather than on individual products. An important reason that Barbie was successful year after year, he believed, was that Mattel had made the doll part of an imaginary environment that, with careful management, could be extended indefinitely. The key was giving the customer a reason to keep buying.

What Loomis had discovered was, in a sense, the 10 Lego Characteristics. Like GKC, he believed that the secret of producing a successful toy lay in finding a concept broad enough for more than one season. Such concepts tend to be simple: plastic building blocks, a dress-up doll, stick-on faces for vegetables. Of course, Lego, Barbie, and Mr. Potato Head (now thirty-five years old) were created through inspiration and luck, not the application of a formula. But the formula could be a useful guide in the development and marketing of humbler toys. Every toy a company produced, Loomis believed, could be a line; indeed, it should be.

For Strawberry Shortcake, Loomis, Shaffer, and Chojnacki envisioned just such a line, with lots of characters and a story tying them together. (Strawberry Shortcake's friends have names like Lime Chiffon and Raspberry Tart; they live in Strawberryland and join together to combat a limited form of evil that manifests itself in things like disappointing fruit crops.) Loomis also wanted to involve the entire Toy Group. The girl on the greeting card would be translated into toys, games, television shows, and hundreds of licensed products, and everything would be created from scratch and centrally controlled. Loomis's idea about the importance of lines would quickly become the conventional wisdom of the industry.

THE FIRST STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE TELEVISION special, which aired in 1980, revived a controversy that many believed had been laid to rest. *Welcome to the World of Strawberry Shortcake* was as much a program-length commercial as the old *Hot Wheels* had been. But the regulatory mood in Washington had changed, and the Strawberry Shortcake special opened the way for what sometimes appears to be the transformation of children's television into a promotional arm of the toy industry.

There are now about twenty toy-based television series.

A recent Saturday morning lineup included shows based on GoBots, Wuzzles, Snorks, M.A.S.K., Popples, and others. The shows are typically financed directly by toy companies or their licensing partners, who also control the scripts. Last year the FCC in effect gave its blessing to the new shows by refusing to hold hearings on product-based TV for children.

Shortly after the FCC decision Peggy Charren, the president of a consumer group called Action for Children's Television (ACT), told *Newsweek*, "We think the FCC has now completely disowned the nation's children." Charren, whose name is almost invariably preceded in print by adjectives like *indefatigable*, has been fighting broadcasters, breakfast-cereal manufacturers, toy companies, and others since the late 1960s. Her organization has been instrumental in bringing about a number of changes in children's television, including a reduction in the number of minutes devoted to advertising in programs aimed at kids.

ACT's main argument against the toy-based shows is that young children draw no distinction between commercial and editorial content and are thus easy targets for manipulative marketing. Toys based on popular movie and television characters have been around for years (for example, Mickey Mouse dolls); but in the past, ACT has said, the movies and programs always came first. Now the toys often precede the programs, whose scripts are conceived of as promotional tools. Furthermore, according to ACT, the toy-based shows have prevented better programming from reaching children.

ACT has proposed a number of remedies over the years, including the banning of toy advertising from children's television, and the banning of *all* advertising from children's television. More recently, as the prospects for new regulation have dimmed, ACT has retreated to a much tamer demand—that toy-based television shows be sprinkled with announcements reminding children that they are being pitched.

The toy companies more or less concede that their new programs are commercials; boastful sales pitches to retailers describe the shows in almost the same terms that Peggy Charren uses. When criticized, though, the toy companies also say that being on TV doesn't guarantee success for a toy; three of the most popular children's shows at the moment are the three segments of the ninety-minute cartoon series *Smurfs*, yet *Smurfs* toys don't sell well. Toy companies also say that toys are such a big part of the lives of children that there isn't all that much else to make shows about. Furthermore, they say, the question of which comes first, the toy or the show, is irrelevant.

There are many, many other arguments and counterarguments. The ones cited just sketch the general outline of the debate. In that debate right-thinking people tend to come down fairly quickly on the side of ACT: who can help but be appalled by all that crass commercialism? But the real issues are not as simple as Charren and her supporters make them out to be.

First of all, ACT's proposed reforms seem naive. Ban-

ning advertising from children's shows has a certain surface appeal, but the idea is unrealistic. Why not also require toy companies to give their products away? Removing all the money from children's television would not prompt producers to create better shows. ACT's proposal last January that toy-based shows be required to contain disclaimers identifying them as promotions seems counterproductive. If young viewers really can't distinguish between shows and commercials, then the toy companies could probably *increase* sales by reminding kids that the toys they're watching can also be bought.

Another possibility might be to prohibit toy companies from creating television programs. But how do you banish Strawberry Shortcake and Care Bears without also banishing Muppets? The Muppets' creator, Henson Associates, is on almost everyone's (including Peggy Charren's) list of top-quality producers, but the Muppets support a profitable stable of more than 500 licensed products, many of them toys. Henson even has its own New York toy store, called Muppet Stuff. Henson Associates, whatever else it is, is an extremely successful toy business, and Henson's shows, whatever else they are, are program-length commercials. Children's Television Workshop, home of the widely acclaimed series *Sesame Street*, earns back two thirds of the show's production costs from the licensing of toys and other products.

Nor is it possible to make meaningful distinctions according to whether the toys or the shows were thought of first. To young viewers, Mickey Mouse and Strawberry Shortcake are contemporaries. What's more, there's no pattern to the order in which toys and shows appear. Companies now often find it profitable to introduce toy-based shows well in advance of the toys on which they are based.

The real question has to do not with toy companies but with the quality of children's television, which is abysmal. Sitting through a full Saturday or Sunday morning of kidvid, as I dutifully did several times in the course of researching this article, is a pretty horrifying experience. "Speaking of Girza, it's time to move on to Bandasar and take care of Tormac," and so on and so on, hour after hour. Much of ACT's support, I suspect, comes from people who feel the same way: the kids' shows are horrible, so let's do something about the people who make them.

But program quality is a quicksand subject for people who, like Peggy Charren, believe in the First Amendment. ACT's January petition to the FCC, Charren has stressed, "does not seek to ban or impede the presentation" of the toy-based shows but merely to make explicit to young viewers the programs' commercial intent. ACT has also been quick to condemn various right-wing groups



that periodically call for the elimination of television shows they find offensive. To confront directly what is genuinely bothersome about children's television—its mindlessness—is to come uncomfortably close to advocating censorship.

ACT addresses the quality issue only obliquely, by claiming that having to satisfy the requirements of toy manufacturers stifles the creativity of the producers and that children's programming would improve if the toy companies cleared out. In an article last year in *PTA Today*, ACT's director of development quoted a television producer as saying, "I would love to create shows rather than have someone come in and say, 'This is the golden ashtray everyone's buying; give me a show about it.'" Charren has said, "It's a shame we don't have diversity of producers for children's TV. Certainly they'd like to be

there, but it's the money powers that are playing the ratings game who keep them out."

"Money powers" and "ratings game" are buzz phrases calculated to heat the blood of caring persons, but unless one rejects the idea of commercial TV, there's nothing sinister about the people they signify (respectively, advertisers and viewers). In fact, commercial television is one of the few truly democratic institutions around: viewers "vote" by watching, and the shows that don't get enough votes don't stay on the air. Charren has said that the networks could field better programs if they wanted to, because "broadcasters know what quality programming is." Good programs, she says, "are the ones they submit for awards." This is a specious argument. Book publishers must know what good books are (the ones they submit for awards); why don't they print more of them?

The solution to the kidvid problem—the real kidvid problem—is simple: if parents prevented their children from watching the shows, they wouldn't be on. Parents complain about the quality of the shows but don't prevent their children from gluing themselves to the boob tube. In the end, the garbage on TV is probably a fairly accurate representation of what the audience (parents included) really wants. There was a vast outpouring of public protest when CBS canceled *Captain Kangaroo*, in 1981, but the show's ratings had been microscopic for years. No one wanted to see it go, but no one wanted to see it, either.

The well-known discrepancy between what parents say and what they do arises in this case from a deep ambivalence about television. On the one hand, almost everyone at least pays lip service to the idea that watching a lot of TV is bad; on the other hand, television has become a sort of national babysitting service. According to the A. C. Nielsen Company's 1986 Report on Television, children between the ages of two and five watch an average of

twenty-eight hours and fifteen minutes of television a week. Their most active viewing period is weekdays between ten in the morning and four-thirty in the afternoon. Busy parents (or the sitters they hire) are using television to keep their children quiet. This is a great tragedy. But the responsibility for it belongs to parents.

Most of the toy-based shows are crummy, but so are most of the other shows. *Scooby Doo*, a cartoon show created before the toy companies invaded Saturday morning, is not a better program than *Snorks*. *Sesame Street* is reflexively admired by almost everyone, but I suspect that adults would praise it less if they watched it more. *Sesame Street* may not be schlock, but kids often watch it the way they watch schlock: like zombies. Four hours of television a day is much too much, even if it's Bert and Ernie. ACT for years has paradoxically called upon the networks to provide *more* television shows aimed at children during *more* hours of the week. Kids might be better off if broadcasters got rid of children's shows and substituted the one kind of programming most kids can't stand: news.

To fail to be appalled by the connection between toy companies and children's television is not to endorse the shows. But it is possible to find a few nice things to say about them. First, toy-based programs at least encourage children to spend some of their waking hours away from the television set: a child who wheedles his parents into buying him a toy he's seen on TV will presumably play with it once in a while. Second, the new shows have a number of features missing from a lot of other shows—particularly widely admired cartoon “classics” such as *Popeye* and *Tom and Jerry*: for example, racial balance, uplifting sentiments, and, for the most part, a conspicuous lack of violence. Third, the substantial cost of creating television shows has encouraged toy companies to favor products that are well thought out, well designed, and not likely to disappear overnight: fad toys don't earn back multimillion-dollar television investments. Fourth . . .

Well, three is pretty many.

Staying Power

IF BERNARD LOOMIS HELPED INVENT THE STRATEGY OF concentrating on expandable lines of toys, Hasbro has come close to perfecting it. In an industry where violent, unruly expansion and contraction is the rule, Hasbro's rise to pre-eminence has been impressive. The company has lately become a darling of the nation's financial analysts and business magazines, which have praised it for unusually sound management.

Most observers give credit for Hasbro's success to the company's young chairman, Stephen Hassenfeld. Has-

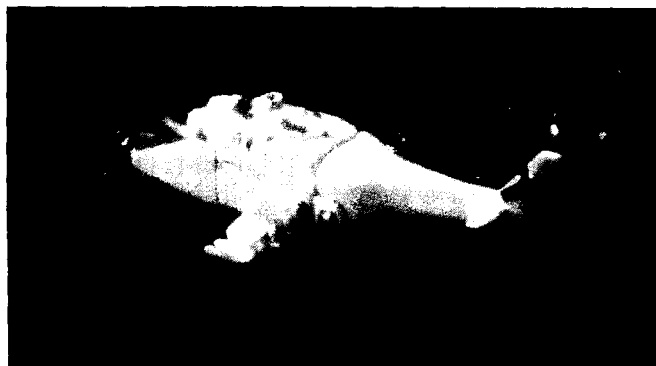
senfeld, forty-four, and his brother, Alan, thirty-seven, who is Hasbro's president, represent the family's third generation in the toy business. Unlike Charles Lazarus and Bernard Loomis, Stephen and his brother had lots and lots of toys when they were growing up. Their father, Merrill, was widely admired in the industry, and executives of other companies often showed their affection by showering the Hassenfeld boys with their toys. The head of the company that manufactured Lionel trains even added young Stephen's name to his list of salesmen, which meant that every time a new train or accessory came out, Stephen received a sample. Directing one of the world's most spectacular toy trains around his basement, he knew from a very early age what he wanted to do when he grew up.

Over the past ten years or so Stephen has gone far toward making Hasbro what all toy companies yearn to be: a rational enterprise. Selling toys has always been a fashion business. Companies have scored inebriating successes alongside sobering failures, all subject to the largely unpredictable whims of children. The goal, seldom achieved, has been to minimize the failures without killing off the creativity that produces successes.

Hasbro's strategy for growth without trauma has focused on diversification within the toy industry. It has done this partly by acquiring other companies (it bought the Milton Bradley Company and its Playskool subsidiary, in 1984, for \$350 million) and partly by expanding steadily into new toy categories. The strategy is now nearly universal, or universally aspired to, in the industry. Tonka Corporation, formerly known only as an unflashy manufacturer of high-quality toy trucks, now offers a greatly expanded selection that includes GoBots, a Cabbage Patch-inspired line of stuffed dogs called Pound Puppies, and Rock Lords, transformable figures described on their cartoon show as “powerful living rocks.” Tonka's expansion has been successful. As of last year the company was the sixth-largest toy manufacturer in the country.

Stephen Hassenfeld's first big hit was the 1982 reintroduction of G.I. Joe. Originally marketed, in 1964, as a Second World War-era infantryman, G.I. Joe was turned into a cadre of quasi-military “adventurers” in 1970. In succeeding years the line was expanded to include a figure with what Hasbro called a “Kung-Fu grip,” a bionic warrior, a superhuman, and a spaceman. The line was discontinued altogether in 1978,

when it was done in by a combination of high oil prices—which made its large plastic body and accessories expensive to manufacture—and a proliferation of smaller, less expensive action figures. When G.I. Joe resurfaced four years later, the line had shrunk (from just under a foot to just under



four inches, a size made popular by *Star Wars* toys); changed its slogan (from "a fighting man from head to toe" to "a real American hero"), and multiplied itself into an anti-terrorist "strike force" consisting of sixteen separate characters (one of which was female and none of which was actually called G.I. Joe).

The redesigned toy did \$49 million in business in 1982, and became the nation's best-selling toy in the second half of the year. Hassenfeld's first reaction to the toy's success was one of joy; his second was one of concern. Forty-nine million dollars represented 36 percent of Hasbro's revenue at the time, making the company dangerously vulnerable to a drop in the toy's popularity. Perhaps the most important lesson Hassenfeld had learned during his lifelong tutelage in the toy business was that profit often goeth before a fall. The mistake that other toy-makers had habitually made, he felt, was in believing that they were immune to the syndrome of booms going bust.

This is not to say that Hassenfeld abandoned his popular new toy. Quite the contrary. But he made plans for the future of the company which didn't depend on G.I. Joe's continued success. Profits from the toy's first year were re-invested in the company's future, primarily as part of the package that financed the Milton Bradley acquisition.

As it happens, G.I. Joe has shown no sign of weakness. The line brought in \$86 million in 1983, \$132 million in 1984, and \$136 million in 1985. But at the same time Hasbro has grown so much that by last year \$136 million represented just 11 percent of its total business. The toy's profitability had increased while simultaneously becoming less important.

As sound as it may seem from the sidelines of the toy business, Hassenfeld's healthy skepticism about the longevity of best-selling toys has sometimes not been in evidence in the management of other toy companies. The fastest-selling toy of all time, Coleco's line of Cabbage Patch Kids, surprised almost everyone by remaining a hit toy for three full years (and bringing Coleco more than \$1.2 billion in sales from 1983 to 1985). But by the end of 1985 Cabbage Patch still accounted for an astonishing 74 percent of Coleco's business. Last spring analysts were predicting that Cabbage Patch sales for 1986 might decline by as much as 35 percent of what they had been in 1985. Since Coleco's 1986 catalogue is still weighted heavily toward Cabbage Patch, the company could be in serious trouble.

Coleco's hopes for 1986 and beyond may hinge on the performance of its latest excursion into the now crowded male-action-figure category, where it will compete with G.I. Joe, Masters of the Universe, and many, many others. Coleco's entry is a licensed line of toy soldiers based on the R-rated Rambo movies, in which Sylvester Stallone plays a vengeful Vietnam veteran. Coleco has toned down the movie character in the cartoon it has created (the cartoon Rambo doesn't kill anyone), but, like the movie, the cartoon and the toy line appeal to the nation's recent anxiety about terrorism.





PARENTS AND OTHERS SOMETIMES COMPLAIN ABOUT the prevalence of lines, and the emphasis on repeated purchases, in the toy business today. Yet the modern way has much to recommend it. Nothing looks more forlorn to the person who bought it than a toy that is used a time or two and then forgotten. For a toy line to remain viable year after year, children have to continue playing with it. When line extensions predominate at the Toy Fair, it means the playroom is safe from revolution for another year. Nobody throws away Lego. The emphasis on lines can help keep prices down, by giving manufacturers longer to earn back their investments. It also helps keep quality up. A line doesn't last simply because it's a line. Children go back for more only if the central concept appeals to them in some enduring way.

Enduring appeal is an idea that covers a lot of territory, of course. Whereas Cabbage Patch sales may slip considerably this year, Barbie may have her biggest year ever, after more than a quarter of a century on the shelf. Toy analysts wonder if her new competitor, Jem, will have anything like that staying power.

Hasbro executives discovered Jem, or rather ur-Jem, several years ago, when an independent toy designer showed them a male rock-star doll. The doll looked promising, and Hasbro took an option on the rights.

MTV, the rock-music television channel, had grown enormously popular. MTV is aimed primarily at teenagers and young adults, but Hasbro knew that a lot of younger kids were watching it as well. Rock videos had introduced little girls to a whole new way of thinking about fashion: eight-year-olds were asking their moms if they could dye their hair pink and cut holes in their sweatshirts and do a lot of other things that Barbie didn't do. It occurred to people at Hasbro that there might be a market for a fashion doll that looked less like Barbie and more like the people on MTV.

The Hasbro executive most responsible for keeping the project going was Maurene Souza, the vice-president of marketing for girls' toys. One of the first things that Souza did was work out a "back story" for the new doll. When my wife was growing up, she had a favorite doll she called Leprosy—the most beautiful-sounding word she had encountered up to that point. Nowadays dolls come not only with ready-made names but also with full-blown biographies. In time the optioned male rock star became Jem/Jerrica, "a woman with a mysterious dual identity," to quote from Hasbro's publicity:

She's Jerrica Benton, a savvy Eighties career woman, co-owner of Star Light Music Company and benefactor of Starlight House, a shelter for homeless girls. But, with the magic of "Synergy," a super-holographic computer

that filters power through her Jem Star earrings, Jerrica becomes Jem, a truly outrageous rock singing sensation.

With the help of little sister Kimber and friends Aja and Shana, the four become "Jem and the Holograms," the hottest girl group since the Supremes. Exciting adventures unfold as Jerrica competes for control of Starlight [sic] Music against evil co-owner Eric Raymond, while Jem and the Holograms come up against the mischievous "bad-girl" rock band, "The Misfits."

There's also Rio, Jerrica's boyfriend, who, unlike Barbie's Ken, has a snappy wardrobe (the *Miami Vice* look) and comble hair.

"Changing from Jem to Jerrica gives the toy a great deal of depth," Souza says. "There are clothes for being Jem; there are clothes for being Jerrica. There are things Jerrica can do; there are things Jem can do. Barbie has really been locked into the mainstream American life-style. Jerrica is part of that too, although she's more a woman of the world. Jem becomes the fantasy. It gives us a lot of places to go with both of them." "Synergy" is Jem's key to longevity. If MTV goes out of style, the holographic computer can change Jerrica into something else: Jem, attorney-at-law.

To spread the word about Jem, Hasbro began including seven-minute Jem segments in its syndicated Sunday-morning cartoon show *Super Sunday*. The segments were so successful that Jem was spun off into her own regular series. Each show contains original songs presented in the form of "videos."

Mattel's response was immediate. Before the Toy Fair, and long before Jem's debut on *Super Sunday*, Hasbro had begun to run teaser ads of the "Jem — Coming Soon" variety in the trade press. Not long after the first ad appeared, Mattel introduced Barbie and the Rockers (featuring Dee Dee, Dana, Diva, and Derek) and prepared to slug it out. Hasbro had been expecting a rock band, but they hadn't been expecting Barbie to be a member. Truly outrageous! Mattel says that it thought of Barbie and the Rockers before it heard about Jem and the Holograms, but most people I talked to were skeptical. Mattel has always rejected the idea of a cartoon series for Barbie, whose principal strength is that she is Everygirl, but who knows?

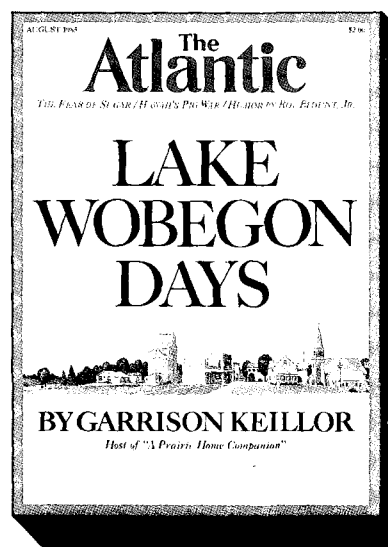
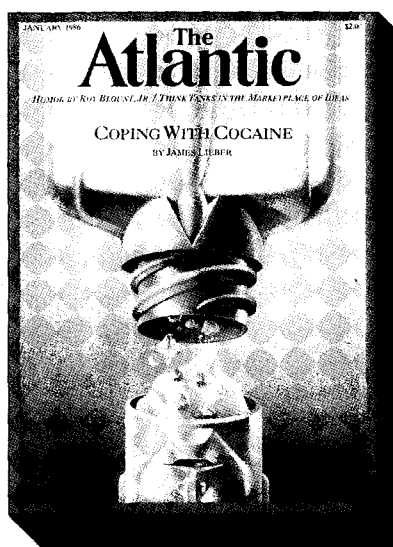
Hasbro's hopes for Jem are fairly modest. "We want a piece," Souza says. "There's no way we're going to put Barbie out of business."

I can't make up my mind about Jem. She's a bit taller than Barbie (they can't wear each other's clothes), and she's significantly smaller in the bosom. Rio is more appealing than Ken, who has molded plastic hair and what looks like a thyroid problem. Jem has a radio in her Rockin' Roadster, but Barbie has a shower. Hmmm.

Then again, it isn't up to me, is it? □

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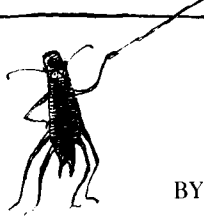
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archyology

BY DON MARQUIS/ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD GOREY

Archy the cockroach and Mehitabel the cat were created by the newspaper columnist Don Marquis in 1916. The conceit was that Archy, a long-departed poet whose soul had returned to inhabit the body of an insect, came into the columnist's office at night and composed by hopping from key to key on the typewriter. He was unable, of course, to employ capital letters, quotation marks, and many other symbols. Recently a number of unpublished Archy and Mehitabel tales were discovered in a locked trunk in a Brooklyn warehouse. We offer four of them here.

archy crawls among the h s

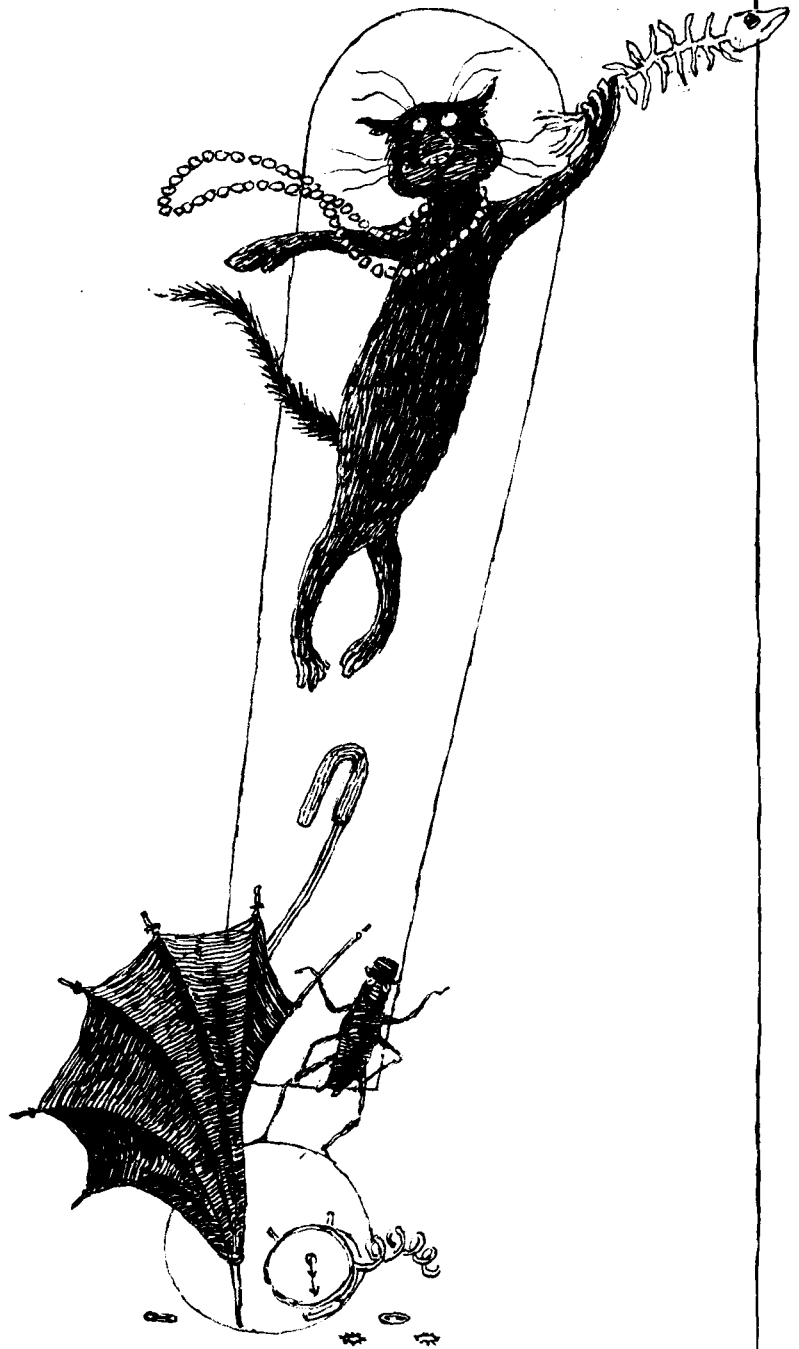
i dont know
what you were
looking up on that
page of the dictionary
you left it open at
but i have gleaned
some interesting
information from it
and i want to
thank you you dropped
a piece of cracker
on the page and
i crawled up to get
it for my supper
tonight
on my way i
had to walk across
a lot of words
among them i stepped
on heretic which
is spending quite a
lot of time on front
pages these days
the dictionary says
heretic a holder of
an unorthodox opinion
do you know anybody
who isnt a heretic
i dont

archy

mehitabel s motto

i had a serious talk
with our friend mehitabel recently
and i am very much afraid boss
that she will never reform
domesticity never
appealed to me archy
she told me
i know a lot of tame tabbies
and what do they get
out of life
nothing my dear
but respectability
and a sense of superiority
life for them is just
one damned kitten after another
and they have no medium
for self expression
but me exclamation point
i am free as the air
i live for art
it is better to be found frozen
in an alley and go down the bay
in a garbage scow
than to be afraid
to kick your heels up on the floor
for fear of what the tabby
next door will think
do not pity my way of life
i live as the gods ordained i should
i am never so happy

as when i am broke
 and lately i have been happy all the time
 expression expression
 my life is all expression
 does the warm fireside
 and a silken rug
 and cream and oysters
 at regular hours never appeal
 to you mehitabel i asked her
 i have had all those things archy
 she said and i left them
 for the lure of adventure
 romance or nothing is my motto
 today i am up tomorrow i am down
 but i am always gay
 and always the lady
 do you never have any
 qualms of conscience
 with regard to your unconventionalities
 i asked her
 what i am i am exclamation point
 she said
 and if there were more
 like me in the world
 heaven forbid i said interrupting her
 the secret of life
 as i have found it she said
 is always to shoot the whole toll
 never go in for half measures
 in anything
 this principle has no doubt led
 to your success in life i said
 with veiled irony
 yes she said quite complacently
 as she struggled with
 an ancient fish bone
 i owe all that i am to these
 principles
 boss what are you going to do
 with these spirits
 who are miserable
 and do not know it
 who are iniquitous and proud of it
 who are pitiable
 and boast of their condition
 who are defeated
 and believe themselves victorious
 who are corrupt



and contented
 who are undeserving
 and talk of their principles
 who are unconscious that they should repent
 who are disreputable
 and gay
 it is a problem i pass along
 to the sociologists

archy



wish i were keats

oh list
to the call of
the springtime
oh hark to
suggestions of may
awake for its
birds on the
wing time give
ear for the meadows
are gay which
also applies to the tearooms

the boulevards
avenues
streets
the dear rooms and cheap
rooms and free rooms for
spring is a season
of sweets oh god
but i wish i were keats
oh god but i
wish i were
keats
oh spring s a
success as a season though
summer and winter
must come bum bum and
that is the principal
reason i m glad that i
wasn t born dumb bum bum
i m glad that
i wasn t born
dumb
you have my permission
to slap that into your so
called column
just so long as you don t
crowd it
into nonpareil or some
such illegible
infinitesimal
openly decimal type
you snipe
i can t keep from rhyming
and metering and
everything
better have it set in
that eighteen point bold
they use for headlines

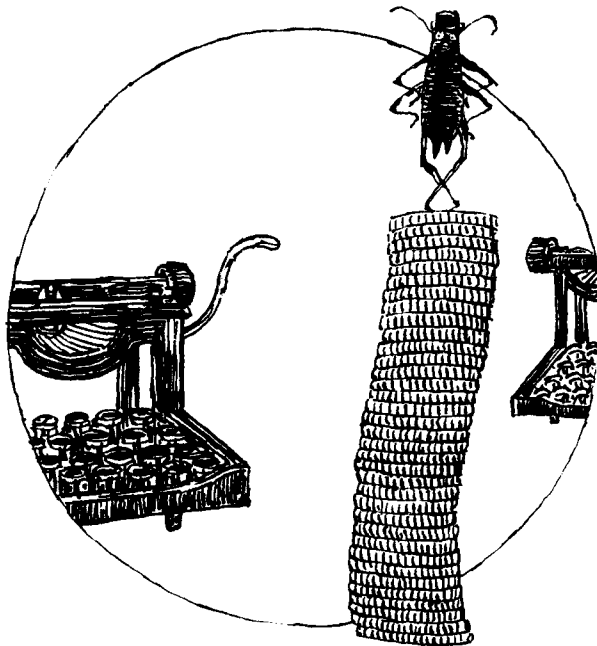
archy

no literary slave

you want to know
 where i have been so long well
 i will tell you i
 have been cutting out poetry and
 making some money as
 you never paid me anything for
 my literary work i wandered
 into a business college down the
 street a few weeks ago and
 was fooling around one of the
 typewriters when the
 proprietor said to me if you want to
 make a little money you can
 do it by cleaning those
 machines so he tied a piece of
 cotton onto my stomach and i crawled back
 and forth over the keys
 till it got them cleaned i get
 ten cents a typewriter for the
 work and i am resting my head also i

find a certain satisfaction in being
 useful of a kind that i
 never felt when i was merely a poet i
 may come back to literature again boss but
 never on the old terms i am
 taking on the typewriters in an
 advertising agency to clean
 next week if i could get three or four
 really industrious cockroaches to
 help me i think i would open a
 shoe shining parlor in a
 modest way i am enclosing a
 dollar which i trust you to hand on
 to the sun tobacco fund hoping
 that you yourself will
 eventually get away from writing and
 go in for something honest i
 am with best wishes but
 your literary slave no longer

archy



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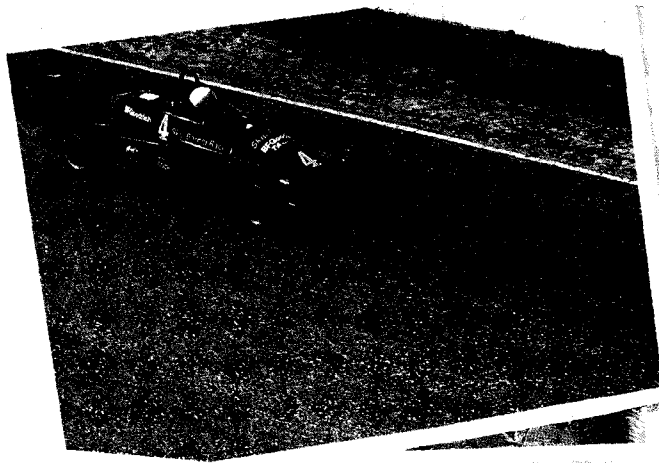
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MUSIC

SCHNABEL'S BEETHOVEN RESTORED

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

NO LESS EXCITING than the development of the compact disc has been the admirable (and somewhat surprising) willingness recently shown by several record companies to employ the new technology to resuscitate, in better sound than was ever before possible, some of the classic recorded performances of the pre-LP era. One of the most important and welcome evidences of this willingness is the release, on three Arabesque compact discs, of the five Beethoven piano concertos, as recorded in 1932–1935 by the great pianist Artur Schnabel and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Malcolm Sargent. Concertos No. 1 in C, Op. 15, and No. 2 in B-flat, Op. 19, are on Arabesque Z6549; No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37, and No. 4 in G, Op. 58, are on Arabesque Z6550; and No. 5 in E-flat, Op. 73 (*Emperor*), is on Arabesque Z6551, which is filled out by previously unreleased 1938 Schnabel performances of two Beethoven shorter pieces, the Polonaise in C, Op. 89, and the Andante in F ("Andante Favori"), Op. 170 (Grove).

Though his fame was never so great as Toscanini's, Schnabel, who lived from 1882 to 1951, is the only other twentieth-century musical artist who has had such a profound and lasting influence on the way that all of us now hear the greatest music of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth century. Like Toscanini's performances of the symphonies of Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms, and the operas of Verdi and Wagner, Schnabel's performances of the sonatas and concertos of Beethoven and Mozart and the sonatas and shorter piano pieces of Schubert made contemporary critics, performers, and ordinary listeners feel that at last they were in direct contact with the music itself rather than with the intervening, and often intrusive, personality of the interpreter. For just as Toscanini rebelled against the nineteenth-century tradition of self-indulgent virtuoso conductors, so Schnabel rebelled against the corresponding tradition of nineteenth-century virtuoso pianists. Both men resisted—and dis-

proved by their life's work—the popular notion that in musical performance the expression of emotion and the articulation of structure are necessarily opposed, feeling and intellect forever at war. Both demonstrated, again and again, how individual events in a piece of music could be given their full expressive due while structure and continuity were not only preserved but actually heightened thereby. And both, fortunately, left many recordings that have passed on to succeeding generations their particular solutions to this central, and most general, problem of musical interpretation.

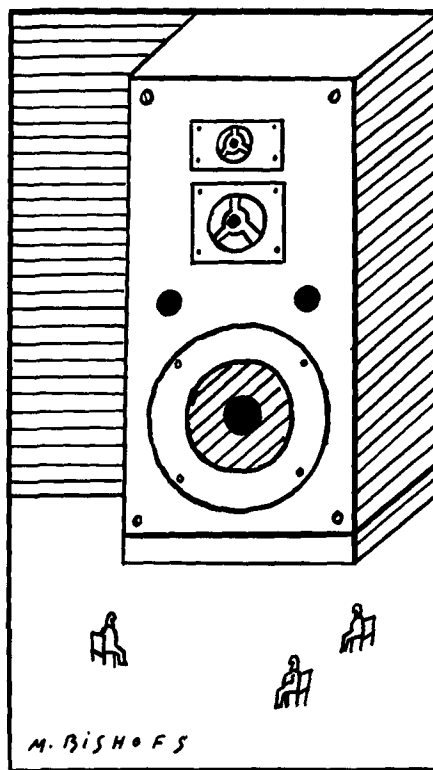
Schnabel for many years refused all invitations to record. Besides not liking the ways in which the recording process distorted piano sound, he was of a somewhat mystical turn of mind and believed firmly that any piece of music worth playing was greater than any performance of it could ever be. Therefore he was most reluctant to freeze a work for posterity in any particular performance,

even his own. Though he made a few piano rolls during his first visit to this country, in 1921–1922, he made no records until 1932.

That Schnabel began to record at all was largely owing to the immense persuasive powers of Fred W. Gaisberg, the artists' representative for His Master's Voice. Gaisberg had been in the recording business from its very beginnings, having worked, in the 1890s, as an assistant to Émile Berliner, the inventor of the modern process of disc recording that soon replaced the Edison cylinder process. During the 1920s and 1930s Gaisberg was personally responsible for most of the greatest recordings of that golden era—he has told the story of his many conquests very entertainingly in his 1942 memoir, *The Music Goes Round*.

When he approached Schnabel, he caught the pianist at what Schnabel's biographer, César Saerchinger, has aptly called "the psychological moment." A few years earlier, in 1927, Schnabel had completed his edition of the Beethoven piano sonatas and, to mark the centenary of Beethoven's death, had played all thirty-two sonatas in a series of seven Sunday concerts in Berlin. Now, in January of 1932, he had agreed to give another complete Beethoven sonata cycle, in London's Queen's Hall the following autumn. Moreover, the disastrous post-war inflation in Germany and the subsequent worldwide depression had left Schnabel short of money. He agreed to record for Gaisberg but only on condition that he be allowed to do all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas and all five concertos; the sonatas would be issued on a subscription basis, the concertos as regular market items. The contract was signed in February, and sessions began soon after.

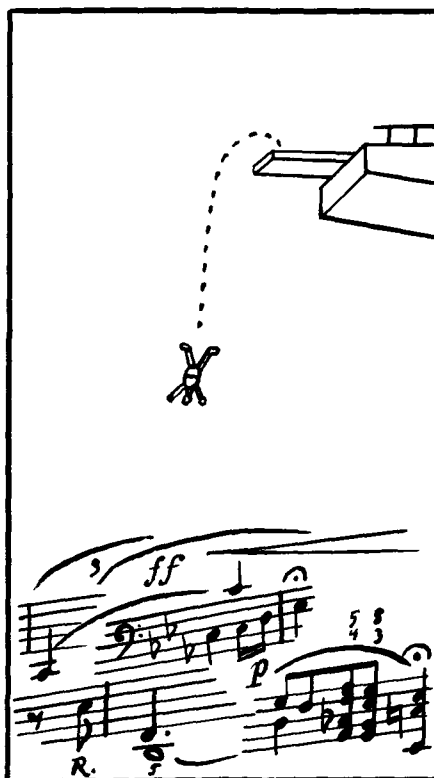
EVEN MORE THAN the recordings of Mozart and Schubert that he would make in later years, Schnabel's Beethoven sonatas and concertos changed forever the listening habits of the civilized world. Before Schnabel's recordings appeared, these works were by no means the recital and concert staples that they are today. A few of the sonatas, such as the "Moonlight," the "Pathétique," and the "Appassionata," were heard frequently—partly, no doubt, because of their Romantic nicknames. But not many had been recorded. The great late sonatas, like the late quartets, were thought too abstruse and demanding for popular audiences, and were hardly ever



programmed. The concertos fared somewhat better, but they were overshadowed by the big late-Romantic concertos, and it was by no means taken for granted, as it is today, that virtually all of them would be heard over the course of each season of every major orchestra. They too had been recorded only infrequently, and some had never been recorded at all.

What was it Schnabel brought to Beethoven's music that installed so much of it that had hitherto been neglected in the permanent repertory? Because his approach to Beethoven was so carefully calculated to exhibit the works themselves rather than his own technique, it is very difficult to say anything about any supposed "Schnabel style"—whereas, for example, it is not at all difficult to say a good deal about the "Horowitz style." But it was perhaps Schnabel's uncanny ability to articulate clearly and powerfully Beethoven's great slow movements—those of the last four sonatas, say, or of the third and fourth concertos—that first drew listeners to his performances. No matter how slow the tempo, the pulse was never lost, the shape and meaning of every phrase were always immediately evident, and the tone was beautifully full and round. The music seemed (and on records still seems) to fill enormous space without ever wandering beyond its firmly prescribed bounds.

Yet Schnabel played Beethoven's fast movements with an unmatched gaiety and verve. When his recordings began appearing, the popular image of Beethoven was very much the one neatly encapsulated in the title of Robert Haven Schauffler's 1929 biography, *Beethoven: The Man Who Freed Music*—Beethoven the scowling, Titan-browed Romantic revolutionary who is supposed to have violently overturned classicism, as embodied in the works of Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven (as Schnabel himself once scornfully put it) "the eternal wrestler indiscreetly shouting out his own sufferings." By giving us not only the power, spirituality, and inwardness appropriate to this image but also Beethoven's wit, playfulness, and explosive high spirits, and by articulating with such unexampled clarity the strictness of his forms, Schnabel demonstrated that Beethoven's relation to his great classical predecessors was far from one of simple opposition. In his playing he thus made a historical statement about Beethoven very similar to that made by the English



musician and scholar D. F. Tovey in his essays (Tovey was, incidentally, a friend of Schnabel's). Both men laid to rest forever the simpleminded Romantic stereotype of Beethoven by revealing to us the man himself, in all his dazzling, challenging multifacetedness.

Listen, for example, to the ebullience with which Schnabel plays the very Mozartian finale of Concerto No. 2 (actually the earliest of the five concertos), or to the more elaborate, glancing wit with which he renders the more complex finale of No. 1. Or listen to the way he handles the long transition from the rapt slow movement of the *Emperor* to its robust finale. Or to the way in which, at measure 68 of the finale of No. 3, he dissolves the grimly suave intensity of the movement's opening into incisive contrapuntal joyousness, one hand chasing the other down the keyboard. Or, perhaps best of all, listen to the first movement of No. 4, the greatest of all the Beethoven concertos.

No one before Schnabel had captured, at least on records, the quietly contemplative air of the very opening, with its shock of having the piano begin alone, without orchestral introduction, and then be answered by the orchestra in a remote key. Several years after Schnabel's recording of No. 4 appeared, the great Walter Gieseking, as his recording with Karl Böhm and the Saxon State Orchestra testifies, was still play-

ing that opening in a pertly staccato fashion; because of Schnabel's example, no pianist in the world would think of playing it that way today.

There are many other splendid moments in the first movement of No. 4. At measure 105 the music moves unexpectedly into B-flat, and the piano, which has just been occupied in energetic figuration, is given a little four-bar interlude, with the right hand playing an expansive and eloquent single-finger melody high on the keyboard as the left hand, four to five octaves below, rumbles arpeggios that seem to come from the very bowels of the earth. Without disturbing the movement's basic tempo, Schnabel somehow relaxes to the point where time seems to stop. The interlude is over in a few seconds, but it seems to go on forever; we seem to be, in Eliot's phrase, "At the still point of the turning world." And this is true, once again, when the interlude reappears, in slightly altered form, during the recapitulation, at measure 275.

In Schnabel's hands—to use that phrase quite literally—these effects all seem effortless, perfectly natural and even inevitable, simply and obviously what Beethoven must have intended. But of course Schnabel did not achieve them without tremendous effort and unique analytical intelligence. In addition to being a great performer he was a great (and very influential) teacher. One of his pupils, Konrad Wolff, has published a fascinating little book, *Schnabel's Interpretation of Piano Music*, which demonstrates in detail the kind of thinking that enabled Schnabel to achieve his solutions to interpretative problems in Beethoven and the few other composers he performed. Wolff also makes it clear that what Schnabel endeavored to pass on to his pupils was not particular solutions but rather a mode of analytical thought.

Reading Wolff's book, we can see what Schnabel's teacher Theodor Leschitzky, Europe's greatest trainer of virtuoso pianists, meant when he told the young Schnabel, early in their relationship, "Artur, you will never be a pianist. You are a musician." Schnabel, in his teaching, was loftily contemptuous of virtuoso playing, and never dwelt on questions of mere technique. What mattered was the shape of the music, as determined by close study and as re-created at the moment of performance with the spontaneity and freedom that can come only from close study. Occasional

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technical lapses were of little importance to Schnabel. Perhaps his most important characteristic motto as a teacher was "Safety last!"

SCHNABEL'S 1932-1935 recordings of the Beethoven concertos catch him at the height of his technical and interpretative powers. Later, in 1942, he recorded the fourth and fifth concertos with Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; after the war, in 1946 and 1947, he returned to London to record all the concertos except the first with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Issay Dobrowen (Nos. 2-4) and Alceo Galliera (No. 5). These later recordings have often been available in LP reissues but are not at the moment. Their sound is of course superior to that of the 1932-1935 recordings, and both the orchestral playing and the coordination between soloist and orchestra are better than under Sargent. But Schnabel's playing on the earlier recordings is freer, fresher, and more varied than on the later ones. There is also an interesting 1945 broadcast performance of No. 3, passionate and impulsive but rather sloppy, in which Schnabel is accompanied by the New York Philharmonic under George Szell. It is available on Melodram 203, which may be ordered from German News, Inc., 220 East 86th Street, New York, New York 10028.

There have been several LP reissues of Schnabel's 1932-1935 Beethoven concertos, but none has done justice to the quite adequate sound of the original 78 rpm records. The best ones I have heard are those included in Arabesque set 8103-4, which has now been complemented by the Arabesque compact discs. EMI's Keith Hardwick, perhaps the world's foremost expert at transferring 78 rpm records to tape, was engaged by Arabesque's parent company, Caedmon, to prepare the analog tapes used in making the LP set, which was issued in 1980, and it is Hardwick who has prepared the digital tapes for these new compact discs. He has informed me that when he came to prepare the new digital tapes, he listened to his earlier analog tapes and realized that "the bottom end of the frequency spectrum needed a substantial increase to enhance realism." And indeed, one of the triumphs of the compact discs, clearly evident because of their absolute silence, is the presence of clean, full, natural bass, free of artificial inflation and "boominess." A

number of clicks and pops present on the earlier tapes (and hence on the LPs) have also been removed.

Concertos Nos. 1 and 5, recorded in 1932, probably presented the greatest problem. The sound of the original 78s, while clear, is a little shrill and edgy on the high end. Hardwick has removed the shrillness—though at slight cost to the high frequencies of the music. Concertos Nos. 3 and 4, recorded the following year, have fuller sound, which Hardwick has captured admirably, especially on No. 3. Concerto No. 4, when compared with a properly equalized but unfiltered tape of the 78s, sounds to my ears a little constricted on the bottom end. Concerto No. 2, recorded in 1935, is altogether different in sound from the others: very rich and smooth, with fuller bass and slightly muffled treble. Here Hardwick has been perfectly faithful to the 78s.

All in all, then, these discs are a great success, an indispensable addition to any serious collection. The only defect I have noticed is a slight "pinging" distortion on some of the high piano notes that is not present on my well-worn copies of the 78s. This is particularly evident in Concerto No. 1. In these remasterings Keith Hardwick has, I think, been a little bolder than usual in admitting the surface noise of the original 78s in order to preserve the high frequencies of the music more or less intact. Now I wish he would be still bolder and allow the high frequencies, surface noise and all, to come in virtually unfiltered. One quickly grows accustomed to surface noise and learns to separate it from the music; anyway, anyone who is interested in buying compact discs of performances recorded more than fifty years ago is out not for modern sonic splendor but for absolute fidelity to the sound of the original 78s. Arabesque has already issued two LP sets of Schnabel's Schubert recordings (8137-3 and 8145-3), and compact-disc versions will follow soon. For the present, EMI, which holds the copyrights on the Schnabel recordings, is unwilling to part with any more material. But one hopes that in time the complete Beethoven sonatas, together with the Diabelli Variations and shorter solo pieces and the Mozart concertos and solo pieces, will become available on compact discs prepared with care equal to that expended on these three compact discs of Beethoven concertos. There could be no worthier use for the new digital and laser technology. □

SPORTS

THE LINEMAKERS

BY RICHARD ZACKS

BOOKMAKERS SPEAK in reverential tones about Bob Martin, a.k.a. "The Man," of Las Vegas. For an unprecedented fifteen years he set the nation's most respected football "line," determining the point spreads for sports betting in bookie joints across the country. Through 1981, when Martin retired under the cloud of an FBI investigation, his unscientific opinions fortified an illegal industry that generates billions of dollars in revenues. In setting his line Martin has always relied heavily on intuition. Since his start, in Brooklyn storefronts in the 1930s, through the mid-1950s, when he was involved with a bookmaking operation a block from the State Department, in Washington, D.C., to the present day, he has always trusted a schmooze with a few "wise-guys" (professional bettors) more than a pile of statistics. He's a hulking, jowly man, who is willing to lift a glass—and he is not above wearing checked pants with a striped jacket. Now sixty-seven years old, he has started linemaking again part-time since his release, in March of 1984, from a minimum-security federal prison in Boron, California, where he served thirteen months for illegally transmitting wagering information across state lines.

Michael "Roxy" Roxborough—Martin's heir apparent—wears dark, conservative suits, carries a beeper, and depends on computers and sophisticated data bases. Roxborough, who is thirty-five and was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, supplies the line to sixteen Nevada bookmakers; his line also travels extensively outside the state. Roxborough is a corporation—Las Vegas Sports Consultants—and he acts like one. He files what he describes as "well-documented" income-tax forms. "I want to project a certain image that everything is on the up and up," he says. Roxborough teaches a sports-bookmaking class at Clark Community College, in North Las Vegas. He has even quit gambling, to avoid roller-coaster mood swings and possible conflicts of interest. Athletic and well-groomed, he doesn't drink

heavily or smoke, and he tries to squeeze in aerobics three times a week. Coasting along the Strip in his not too flashy LTD Crown Victoria, he listens on his tape player to opera or to Denis Waitley's *The Psychology of Winning*.

Roxborough represents a changing of the guard in Las Vegas bookmaking circles. He brings an insurance adjuster's approach to a business formerly dominated by charismatic gamblers. While Martin meditates on a number, Roxborough builds up a data base of past performances. While The Man phones his network of contacts, Roxy taps into the AP sports wire on CompuServe.

Bookmaking is a big business; total illegal wagering is estimated by law-enforcement officials to be as high as \$40 billion a year. At the heart of the business, determining profit and loss for all bookies, is the line—that is, odds and point spreads—created each morning in Vegas by a very select clique of linemakers, the most important of whom are Roxborough and Martin.

The line solves an age-old problem: how to encourage people to bet on the underdog. The traditional solution has been to give odds. If the odds against an underdog are ten to one, a bettor willing to risk \$10 will receive \$100 if he

wins. That system is still used for racing, baseball, and boxing, but for football and basketball, bookmakers prefer the point spread.

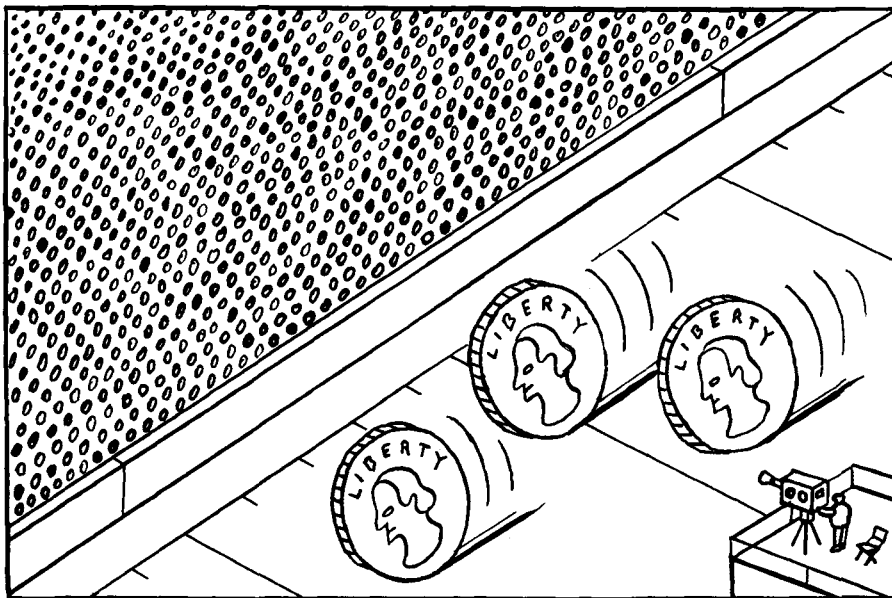
When the Baltimore Colts, of the National Football League, played the American Football League's upstart New York Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl, Bob Martin made the Colts a 17-point favorite. That meant that bettors taking Baltimore would win if the Colts won by more than 17 points, whereas Jets supporters would win if their team won outright or lost by less than 17 points. In bookie parlance, you could take the favorite Colts minus 17 or the underdog Jets plus 17.

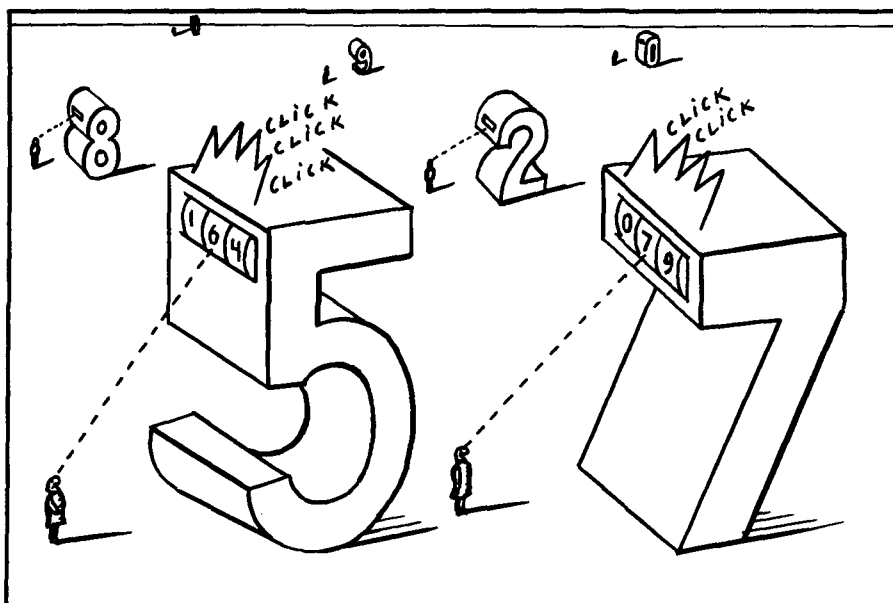
The Jets stunned everyone by winning, 16–7, fulfilling Joe Namath's brash victory prediction. Did that mean the line was terrible? Not at all.

The line is *not* meant accurately to reflect the probability that one team will beat the other. Rather, the line is designed to divide the betting public into two equal groups—in this example, one of bettors supporting the Colts minus 17, the other supporting the Jets plus 17.

Bookmakers charge a 10 percent commission, called vigorish, on all losing bets. So when bettors are divided evenly, the bookies simply pay off the winners with the losers' money and collect their commissions, without any risk. If all the money comes in on one team, the bookies find themselves depending on the other team to win—a hazard that most of them gave up long ago.

Martin is proud of that 1969 Super Bowl line, which accurately gauged the public's mistaken impression that the





Colts were a far superior team. His line just about perfectly divided the action—in fact, as kickoff approached, bookies had to make Baltimore an 18-point favorite to prevent too large a majority from betting on the Colts.

Shifts in the line may sometimes create a bookmakers' nightmare called the middle. An example: In the 1978 Super Bowl the Dallas Cowboys faced the Pittsburgh Steelers. The line opened at Pittsburgh minus two and a half, but that attracted mostly Pittsburgh money; at minus three and then three and a half, the bets were still mostly Steeltown. Finally, at minus four and four and a half, Dallas money came pouring in. The Steelers won by four points, 38–34, and bookies lost millions. All the early Pittsburgh bettors won, and all the late Dallas backers won or tied.

The bookmakers' dream is a point spread that attracts the same amount of betting from fans on both sides of the action and never has to be moved.

NFL football ranks as the bookmakers' favorite sport, partly because it attracts the most wagering, and partly because the extensive media coverage that tells the bookie just how the public regards each team makes it the easiest sport to set the line for. Also, year after year twenty-eight teams with almost unchanged rosters play against one another. Next easiest, according to Roxborough, are professional basketball and baseball; then come college football and basketball. College sports in general are harder to peg than professional ones, because the rosters change constantly. Often the teams on the football field are playing each other for the first time—

even though the schools have played many times before. College basketball is risky because it's so hard to track the 163 Division I schools for which Nevada bookies accept bets and because if a star player is hurt (or gets rejected by his girlfriend or his English professor), his team's chances drop dramatically.

The bookmaker always tries to stay one step ahead of the betting public in acquiring key information. That public is a vast one—90 million Americans, if you count office pools and friendly wagers. Sports betting has become so pervasive that more than a hundred newspapers post a Las Vegas line, as do cable services and radio stations; even network TV commentators—for example, Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder, of CBS—pick NFL winners and predict their margins of victory. (Although federal law prohibits the distribution of wagering information across state lines, most disseminators take refuge in the First Amendment, claiming that they have a constitutional right to report on Nevada's breaking news.)

"We feel that people—even those who don't bet—are interested in finding out which team is favored," says George Solomon, the assistant managing editor for sports at *The Washington Post*. The paper carries NFL football point spreads—though last fall it did drop college lines, "because of the point-shaving scandals in the last five years." Doesn't printing gambling information tempt people to bet illegally? "Probably not," Solomon says. "If we cut all gambling information out tomorrow, I think people who wanted the line would get it elsewhere—they'd just buy *USA Today*."

OVER THE PAST decade the bookmaking scene in Las Vegas has changed drastically, becoming more respectful of computer-conscious experts like Michael Roxborough.

Nevada first allowed its hotel-casinos to go into bookmaking in 1975; since then they have all but taken over from the small, independent bookie joints. With hotels leading the way, Nevada sports bookmaking has grown 2,160 percent since 1975, from bets totaling \$41 million that year to a total of \$886 million in 1985.

Nevada's biggest day is the Super Bowl, when it can expect bets totaling about \$25 million, according to the Nevada Association of Race and Sports Book Operators. Next biggest is January 1, when five college-football bowl games can rack up about \$20 million. A big fight like Hagler-Hearns can draw \$10 to \$15 million, which is about the same as is bet on a typical NFL Sunday for twelve games, which in turn about equals the entire World Series. A pro-football playoff game can bring in \$5 million. The Final Four in college basketball lures about \$6 to \$8 million.

To attract those millions the Strip hotels have built posh "sports books"—betting facilities devoted to sports. They're hoping to prevent the "squares" (non-professional bettors) from wandering off to the downtown bookie joints or to rival casinos. Last September, Caesar's Palace completed a \$15 million facility almost the size of a football field—a kind of neoclassical Roman temple fitted out like a commodities exchange. Keyboard operators tap odds (supplied by Roxborough) into a dozen towering electronic tote boards made up of 1.5 million dots of light. Players, seated in neat rows of plush chairs, mull over their picks, glancing up at giant wall-mounted TVs on which up to thirteen different satellite-fed games play soundlessly. Looming over all is a nineteen-by-twenty-six-foot screen that is usually showing horse races from tracks nationwide. Bettors rarely raise their voices except to call to one of the toga-clad waitresses gliding about offering free drinks. The energy level is strangely low—on a par, say, with that in the reading room of a public library.

Downtown at an independent bookie joint—Leroy's, for example—the scene is quite different. Odds are posted in Magic Marker on plastic-coated bulletin boards. Hoarse, drunken voices aim loud cheers at thirteen-inch TVs. The

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well-worn carpet between the cash bar and the hot-dog stand is littered with losing tickets and cigarette butts. The clientele look down on their luck. "I could make a fortune just fixing their teeth," says the owner, Vic Salerno, formerly a dentist. "That is, if they could pay."

Despite the boom in amounts wagered in Nevada, hotel and independent bookmakers alike have taken a beating lately, from two sources: the IRS and wiseguys who skillfully use data bases and telecommunications networks.

Since May 7 of last year the Nevada Gaming Commission has required a bookmaker accepting a bet over \$10,000 to fill out a form that records the name, address, and Social Security number of the bettor. Copies are forwarded to the IRS. Legal bookmakers complain that the rule simply sends business across the street, to illegal bookies. Last year the Stardust Hotel, according to an insider, had several bets greater than \$100,000 on the Super Bowl; it didn't have a single bet over \$10,000 on this year's game.

As for the bookies' other problem, computer-jock bettors, consider "The Computer"—a very successful group of high-tech high rollers who bet as much as \$250,000 a weekend by telephone. The Computer filters thousands of items of sports information through sophisticated software designed to identify the most advantageous betting opportunities, and it places its bets with bookmakers across the country through "beards," or people posing as unsophisticated bettors. That ruse enables The Computer to wager with bookies who would otherwise reject their action, and it also prevents other gamblers from following their play.

Alleged illegal interstate sports betting by The Computer was the target of an FBI raid, in January of 1985, on forty-five homes and offices scattered across the country. No indictments have been handed down yet. The bookmakers, of course, would be delighted if The Computer got shut down.

The Nevada sports-bookmaking industry has watched its take drop from seven percent of the amount bet in 1975 to two and a half percent in 1985. The hotels are hoping to reverse the trend by using high-tech strategies of their own.

MICHAEL ROXBOROUGH is as plugged-in as the wisest of wiseguys. One day at Caesar's, as he was walking to his car after lunch, his beeper

went off. Roxborough's beeper doesn't just beep, it relays information. "Kiki Vandeweghe won't play tonight," reported his assistant, who was monitoring the UPI wire. Roxy scooted to the lobby phone and alerted his casino clients to shave the point spread against Atlanta, because of the absence of Portland's star forward.

Roxborough has come a long way. When he moved to Las Vegas, in 1975, his red hair was shoulder-length and he wore blue jeans and sandals. "He was a hippie, looking for young girls," recalls Herbie "Hoops" Lembeck, the line-maker for Leroy's. By that time Roxborough had dropped out of American University, after one semester, and he had quit the job his father, a Harvard M.B.A., had gotten him as the manager of two fast-food restaurants. His marriage had ended in Vancouver—when his wife had found out that he was doing more bookmaking than cabdriving.

For half a dozen high-adrenaline years Roxborough paid his rent by betting on sports and playing poker. Then, in 1981, the Club Cal-Neva, in Reno, hired him to make the line. Subsequently others began paying him from \$100 to \$600 a week for his consulting services.

Roxy is one of the most influential men in Las Vegas today because he supplies the line both to the Stardust, which is the first bookmaker to post odds, and to Caesar's Palace, which handles the most money. Roxy wakes up at 5:30 every morning, flicks on the Weather Channel, and makes a beeline to his Radio Shack computer. He signs on to Computer Sports World—a data base of over 3,000 sports files. While still in pajamas, he checks for injuries or changes in weather forecasts which could affect the day's games. If questions remain, he calls someone on the site and close to the team, consulting his giant notebook of numbers. (When he calls, he identifies himself as a journalist.) He refers to printouts of statistics that his assistant has compiled on the way specific teams play at home, on the road, in domed stadiums, on natural turf, and so forth.

Then he gets down to actually making the line. For, say, college basketball, he begins with numerical "power ratings" that he has assigned to each of the 163 bettable teams. On a typical late-fall Saturday he contemplates a lineup of forty-odd college basketball games and half a dozen National Basketball Association games. By comparing the ratings for teams scheduled to play each other,

he arrives at a rough point spread. He then factors in home-court advantage, injuries, streaks, and so forth. To get a better sense of public opinion, he checks in with Herbie Lembeck and three other paid consultants.

By 7:30 A.M. he's ready to read the line to the Stardust, a low-glitz hotel on the Strip whose bettors and guests come chiefly from blue-collar sections of California. At the Stardust a regular fraternity of about a hundred groggy bettors is milling around the sports-book area, which has rings of horseshoe desks reminiscent of a low-rent UN General Assembly. Some wiseguys arrive as early as 6:00 A.M., to be the first in line. Minutes before 8:00 A.M. an attendant inserts stenciled numbers into four ten-foot-high odds boards that loom over the betting windows. Twenty bettors rush to the counter to hammer down early bets.

In the first heady minute Scott Schettler, the sports-book manager, announces a dozen minor changes in the original line over a microphone. The hotel in effect plays guinea pig for the whole bookmaking industry. "We let the line get flattened out at the Stardust," says Sonny Reizner, the sports-book director at the Castaways Hotel. He and other bookmakers will factor the early betting into their lines.

The next order of business is spreading the word—from the Stardust and, later on, from other Vegas bookmakers—throughout the country. Sometimes the Stardust line goes directly, by pay phone, to illegal bookmakers. "Most have eight-hundred numbers, so I don't even need a dime," confides one fellow who receives \$10 a day from each of his six clients. The demand for phones is so great that the Stardust recently doubled the number of phones near the sports book, to an even dozen.

The line also travels out of town by newspaper, TV, and radio, but most illegal bookmakers depend on telephone sports-line services, according to Jim Feist, who runs one of the largest such services. He stations employees at the sports books all over town to monitor the numbers.

At the Stardust stands Big Russ—scraggly moustache, untied sneaker laces, huge belly, Coke-bottle glasses. He carries a clipboard with betting information on top of the latest *Playboy*. Using binoculars to avoid the crush of bettors, Big Russ recites the line hourly either by phone or by walkie-talkie to Feist headquarters.

Throughout the day Feist takes the Stardust line and a dozen more from books such as Caesar's and the Cat-aways. "We average them into a Las Vegas consensus line," Feist says. "But Stardust and Caesar's are *very* important." Clients from Topeka to Toronto pay a monthly fee for access to a computerized system; they punch in their secret code on the telephone keypad and receive the latest consensus line.

Throughout the whole line-setting process, checks and balances are in place to prevent bookies from losing their shirts. Roxy consults with others; the hotels change Roxy's numbers, in response to betting action; Jim Feist factors in many books. The wrong number posted for ten minutes can wipe out a day's profits.

Once the line arrives in Brooklyn or Des Moines or El Paso or wherever, local bookies apply additional fail-safes. The larger books might check the Las Vegas line against other lines in other cities, such as Miami or Minneapolis. Many then test out the line privately with a few respected bettors. One Manhattan operator allows six clients to wager relatively small amounts on the still unreleased line. If three bets come in on each side, he'll leave the line as is. If the flow is tilted toward one team, he'll make adjustments. When New York teams are playing, he invariably has to make their odds less favorable to slow down hometown rooters. After a final point shave or two he'll release the line—that is, take calls from regular clients, who phone in at a prescribed time with a prescribed code.

Since the line changes frequently during the day, bettors and bookies must be clear about the point spread at which wagers have been placed. Typically, the bookie will announce all the point spreads at the beginning of the phone call. He will then read the player's picks and amounts wagered and the point spreads back at the end of the call. Bookies record bets in "books"—ledgers, backs of envelopes, you name it—and, increasingly, on computers.

The old-school linemaker is a fading breed. "I used to consult with a lot of people," Bob Martin says. "I can't now; they're all dead." In their place are young professionals. Jim Feist says, "The old guys, their opinions are excellent, but in the corporate world that type of individual probably won't be accepted. It's Wall Street—Wall Street coming to Las Vegas."

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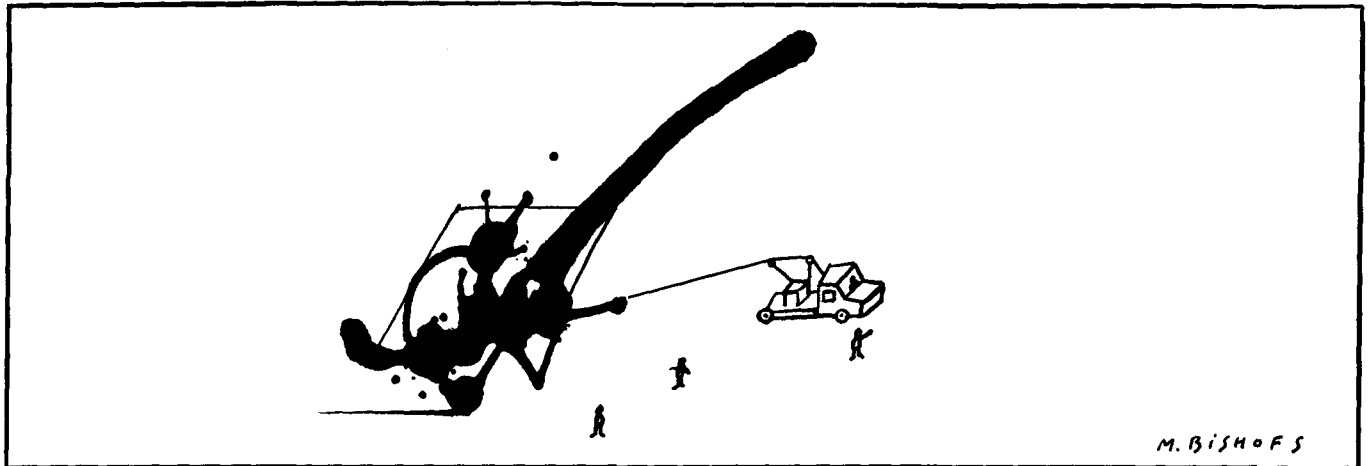
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BOOKS



THE CRISIS IN ABSTRACT ART

BY HILTON KRAMER

WORKING SPACE by Frank Stella.
Harvard University Press,
\$30.00 and \$14.95.

IS THE AGE of abstract art drawing to a close? Twenty years ago, in the heyday of the Minimalist movement in painting and sculpture, a critic who even raised this question was likely to be branded a hopeless reactionary. Abstraction of the most extreme simplicity and reductiveness was riding high, winning new recruits at every turn and garnering the kind of patronage and acclaim that it had taken earlier groups of abstract artists generations to achieve. In the heady atmosphere of the 1960s abstraction was not merely chic; for many of its most ardent acolytes it represented the artistic equivalent of the promised land.

As we approach the last decade of the twentieth century, however, questions about the future of abstract art have clearly acquired a new gravity. Writing about the current art scene earlier this year, the critic Sanford Schwartz said that abstraction had become "a memory of something once powerful," and there can be no doubt that this is precisely its status among many gifted artists today. These artists do not despise abstraction. They are anything but reactionary in their outlook and ambition. In a sense, they do not even reject abstract art.

They have been brought up on it, and take its achievement for granted. But for them the imperatives of abstraction no longer determine the most vital issues in art. These are now more likely to be found in the realm of representation.

Even among the most dedicated partisans of abstract art, moreover, there is a discernible sense of crisis in regard to its present and future course. Part of this feeling derives from the social reality of an art scene that no longer accords an automatic welcome to new developments in abstract art. But since abstract art has a history—one might even say a proud history—of meeting with resistance, this is not, I think, the primary cause of the anxiety that now attends its creation and reception. Far more important is the real sense of bafflement that artists themselves feel about where abstract art is going—going, that is to say, artistically—and where it is feasible for it to go, now that so many of its possibilities seem to have been realized.

From what ideas or impulses abstract art may now draw fresh inspiration, and in what spirit and toward what end it is now to pursue new achievement—these are questions that, for serious artists, have to do less with changes in cultural fashion than with the most fundamental aesthetic problems of their art. It is precisely with aesthetic problems at this basic level that the exponents of abstract art are more than ever haunted as they make their way through the last years of the century that saw its emergence.

IN THIS CONTEXT of aesthetic crisis and critical revaluation Frank Stella's *Working Space* comes as something of a bombshell. For this is a book that ex-

plodes a great many received ideas about abstraction, and it treats others with the kind of skepticism and contempt that were formerly reserved for the arch-foes of abstract art. When we read in *Working Space* that "abstraction today seems bound by an innate niggardliness of vision," and, further, that "abstraction has shunned reality," we can have no doubt that the whole subject has entered an entirely new phase of discussion. And while there is no question that Stella has envisioned *Working Space* as a defense of abstraction and even as a program for its future development, the book will nonetheless be taken in some quarters as a far-reaching attack on the aesthetics of abstract art—and not without reason. In any case, *Working Space* is certainly one of the most remarkable books ever written on the subject.

What makes it so remarkable, of course, is that Stella is unquestionably the most celebrated abstract painter of his generation. From that distant day in 1959, when at the age of twenty-three he became the overnight sensation of the "Sixteen Americans" show at the Museum of Modern Art, he has been reckoned a central figure in the history of abstract art—an artist about whose work virtually every critic, curator, and collector, and indeed every other artist, has felt obliged to have an opinion. His influence has been immense, and so, too, has been the scale of his success.

It was in recognition of this special status that Stella was invited to give the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard University in 1984–1985. *Working Space* is the book that resulted from this invitation, and thus it takes its place on that

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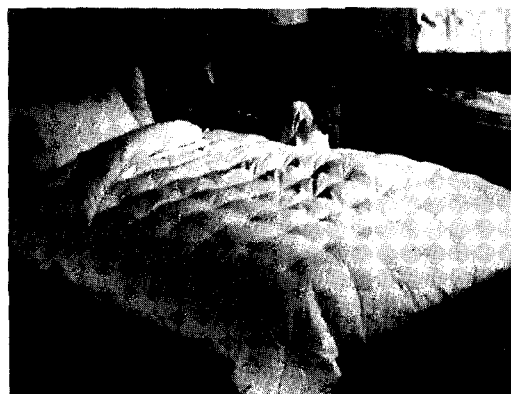
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distinguished shelf of Norton-inspired critical works which includes, among much else, T. S. Eliot's *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, Igor Stravinsky's *Poetics of Music*, and Lionel Trilling's *Sincerity and Authenticity*. It is worth noting that the last painter to be honored with a Norton professorship (in 1956–1957) was Ben Shahn, then regarded as the leading social realist of his day, and that no abstract artist of the New York School—not Robert Motherwell nor Mark Rothko nor Barnett Newman, to mention only the most obvious candidates—was ever appointed to this post. So it was naturally regarded as something of an event when at long last an abstract painter was accorded this distinction.

Stella responded to the occasion by doing something wholly original. Instead of placing the problems now confronting abstract art in the context of the modern movement, which is the customary way of dealing with the subject, he set himself the far more difficult task of comparing the aesthetic quandaries of contemporary abstraction with those of the Old Masters. The modernists, from Picasso, Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian down to Stella's own contemporaries, are by no means neglected—they occupy an important place in this book. But it is in the attention lavished on Raphael, Titian, Caravaggio, Rubens, and others, and on the connections Stella attempts to establish between their artistic aspirations and his own, that *Working Space* offers some of its most absorbing pages.

There are obvious risks in such an approach—the principal one being that abstract art may finally have to be judged by standards that it cannot meet—and one of the virtues of *Working Space* is that it does not shirk them. Stella wants to judge the achievements of abstract art by the highest standards of Western art; and where he finds, as he commonly does, that abstraction falls short of those standards, he does not hesitate to say so. That he nonetheless continues to believe that abstraction is the only viable aesthetic option for art today inevitably lends a certain poignancy to his negative judgments.

All the same, *Working Space* is anything but a disinterested inquiry into the current prospects of abstraction. Stella has a mission to perform in these lectures, and it bears directly on his own work as an artist. He wants to restore to contemporary abstraction the kind of

pictorial illusionism that once characterized the greatest paintings in the Western tradition. Without availing itself of that illusionism, which had its origins in the Mannerist spatial inventions of Caravaggio and Rubens, abstract painting—according to his view—is unlikely to survive its present crisis.

The indictment that Stella mounts in behalf of this idea is sweeping. Modern painting, he declares, is “spatially underdeveloped.” Cubism and Impressionism, the movements that have heretofore been particularly esteemed for having provided the very foundation of modern pictorial achievement, are described as “two bastions of pictorial conservatism.” (For Stella, *conservatism* is never a term of praise.) Thus abstract painting was imperiled from the outset by a radical impoverishment, and in recent years it has been denied all possibility of significant development.

“Abstract painting has always been flawed by spatial conservatism,” Stella writes, and by 1970 the situation had so woefully deteriorated that abstraction had “lost its ability to create space.” The pictorial space to be found in abstraction since that time is, he says, “no longer available to feeling, either emotional or literal.” It is space “available to eyesight alone, but unfortunately not to eyesight in a pictorial sense, but to eyesight in a literary sense. In a word, it became available to the eyesight of critics rather than that of artists, to the critical, evaluative faculty rather than the pictorial, creative faculty.” If this indictment sounds curiously reminiscent of Tom Wolfe's *The Painted Word*, so does Stella's doleful peroration. “This means,” he writes, “that the tendency that developed in American abstract painting after 1970 is antithetical to everything that the great painting of the past stands for.”

What, then, *does* the great painting of the past stand for, in Stella's view? Largely, it seems, for the “drama” of illusionist space, as it was created by Caravaggio in the seventeenth century. There is more to Stella's tale than that, of course, but Caravaggio is nonetheless the key figure in the historical scenario that is given to us in *Working Space*.

Caravaggio declares that pictorial drama is everything in art, and that this drama must be played out with convincing illusionism. It is the lack of a convincing illusionism, the lack of a self-contained space, lost in a misguided search for color. . . . that makes

most close-valued, shallow-surfaced paintings of the past fifteen years so excruciatingly dull and unpromising.

If the “biggest change” achieved by Caravaggio “was made by giving painting its own space,” this is by no means the artist's only distinction for Stella. What is said to be “most important” is that Caravaggio “changed the way artists would have to think about themselves and their work; he made the studio into a place of magic and mystery, a cathedral of the self.” Caravaggio thus looms in *Working Space* as an artistic colossus, the liberator of both space and the self. It is no wonder, perhaps, that so few living artists can be said to measure up to his achievement, for which Stella does not hesitate to use the word *miracle*.

Clearly, Stella would like to achieve in the last years of the twentieth century an artistic miracle akin to the one he finds and so vastly admires in the seventeenth-century paintings of Caravaggio, and it is toward this end that all this thought and analysis in *Working Space* is directed. About other artists—from Titian and Rubens to Kandinsky and Pollock—he is also eloquent as well as illuminating, and they too are enlisted in his quest for this elusive miracle. So is the abstract art of the 1960s, the art of his own generation, for which he naturally reserves a special tenderness and affection. Understandably, Stella looks back on the sixties, when he made his own spectacular entry into the contemporary art scene, with a certain pathos—but more for what that decade promised, I think, than for what it achieved. He writes,

It is hard to tell if abstract painting actually got worse [in the seventies], if it merely stagnated, or if it simply looked bad in comparison to the hopes its own accomplishments had raised. . . . What bothers me is not so much that efforts might have been bad but that the hopes have been tarnished, essentially enervated by the failure to maintain the momentum of the sixties.

THE ODD THING about the solution that Stella proposes for the present crisis in abstract painting is that it never comes to grips with the actuality of his own recent work. The most striking thing about Stella's recent work as an artist is that his headlong pursuit of “pictorial drama” has led him to abandon painting in favor of sculpture. Those huge three-dimensional polychrome

constructions that have lately constituted Stella's principal artistic production can often claim a high degree of pictorial drama, but they aren't paintings. They are a species of sculpture relief that incorporates, often very effectively, certain elements of pictorial illusionism within a three-dimensional structure.

Yet this departure from painting—which is currently Stella's solution to the challenge of achieving "a convincing projective illusionism"—is nowhere acknowledged in *Working Space*, and its relevance to the problems of illusionism in abstract painting therefore remains moot and mysterious. One closes this book wondering if something central to its theme—a chapter that has yet to be written—hasn't in fact been omitted.

Other omissions are also worth noting. To anyone who has followed the critical debate about the nature of abstraction since the fifties, it will be apparent early on in *Working Space* that Stella's ardent advocacy of illusionism in abstract painting is a direct challenge to—and indeed an outright assault upon—the ideas of Clement Greenberg, who has done so much to champion the kind of art Stella is now attacking. Whole sections of *Working Space* are scarcely comprehensible, in fact, except as a response to Greenberg's critical ideas and the influence they have wielded, for better or worse, over an entire school of abstract painting. Yet, strangely, Greenberg is never mentioned, and his ideas remain offstage, so to speak, nowhere acknowledged by name but tacitly engaged at every turn in the discussion.

Finally, there is the largest question of all: From what ideas or impulses can abstract painting now be expected to draw fresh inspiration? Stella's failure to deal with this question—or, rather, his belief that it can be adequately dealt with simply by invoking the spatial inventions of the Mannerist masters—constitutes the most glaring of the omissions from *Working Space*. In the final chapter of the book Stella speaks of the extent to which the "roots of 1960s abstraction" were "thoroughly grounded in the abstraction of the north, in the encouraging antimaterialism of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich," and suggests that the abstract painting must now be "reinforced with energy drawn from the realism of the south—the tough, stubborn materialism of Cézanne, Monet,

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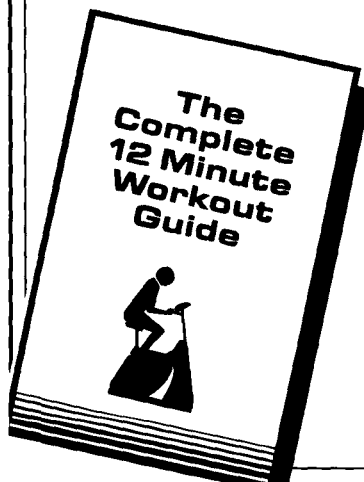
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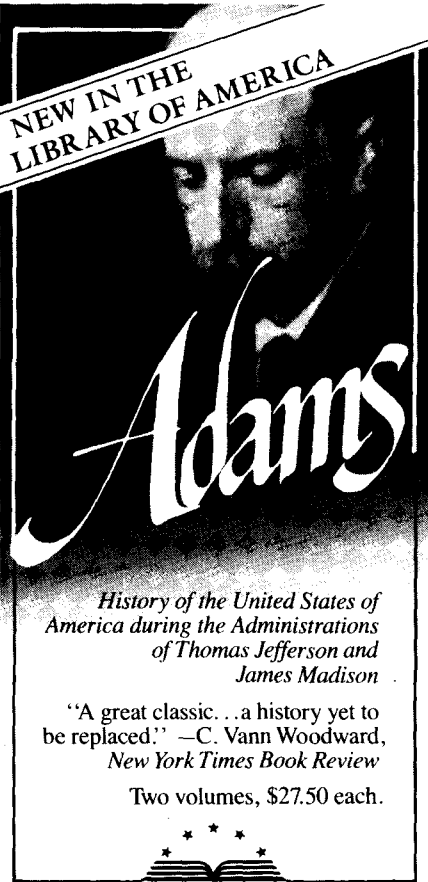
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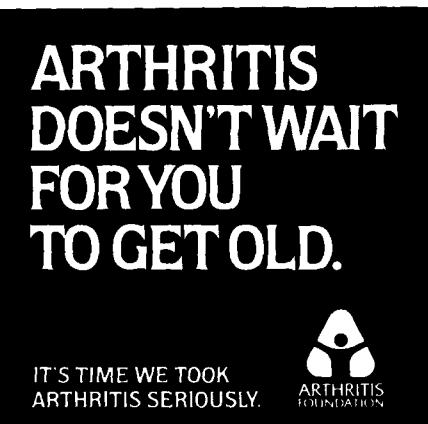
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and Picasso." Yet he never pauses to consider the exact role played by the antimaterialist philosophies of Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich in the creation of abstract art.

The truth is, the origins of abstraction among these artists "of the north" were directly related to a belief in the occult—a belief, that is, in a mode of spirituality that found in abstraction an appropriate form of expression. Stella prefers to deal with abstract painting purely in terms of its aesthetic options, and thus shies away from any consideration of its cultural origins.

But to do this is to leave out a good deal of the essential history of abstraction. For in every significant phase of that history certain extra-aesthetic factors—theosophy, utopian social ideologies, psychoanalysis and theories of myth, and so forth—have played a key role in determining the very conception of what abstract painting would be.

IT WAS THE distinction of Stella's own generation of abstractionists to believe that they could do without such encumbering philosophies in their pursuit of an artistic ideal. In this respect, at any rate, *Working Space* remains true to the spirit of sixties abstraction—true to the notion that pure aesthetics would provide a sufficient basis for the revitalization of art. In what Stella calls "the failure to maintain the momentum of the sixties" we are probably seeing the breakdown of this belief in the sufficiency of pure aesthetics. If history is any guide—and in these matters it usually is—we can be reasonably certain that every aesthetic crisis in art involves some sort of crisis of belief, and aesthetic solutions to artistic problems are likely to be unavailing as long as this deeper crisis persists.

To attempt to surmount this crisis of belief by invoking the appeals of Manierist illusionism or the materialism of Cézanne and Picasso is to offer little more than aesthetic palliatives for a problem that aesthetics alone is unequipped to deal with. In dealing with the purely aesthetic issues that abstraction now faces, Stella is often brilliant. But about the larger issues that have now made abstraction so problematic for so many artists—including so many abstract artists—Stella has curiously little to say in *Working Space*. His book may in this respect turn out to be more of an epitaph to the sixties than an augury of things to come. □

ACCIDENTAL SUICIDE

BY BARBARA EHRENREICH

WHY WE LOST THE ERA

by Jane J. Mansbridge.

University of Chicago Press,

\$35.00 and \$9.95.

SHORTLY AFTER the defeat of the ERA in 1982, a magazine editor asked me to travel to the capitals of states that had rejected the ERA, exhume old testimony, interview lobbyists on both sides, investigate the key legislators, and come up with the "smoking gun" that had killed the ERA. Payoffs from the insurance industry were widely suspected, or from "big business" generally, if not some sort of cabalistic intervention by the New Right. After all, when a measure starts out as vigorous and healthy as the ERA was in 1972—fairly breezing through Congress and thirty-five state legislatures—only to sicken a few years later and die ignominiously, it is hard not to suspect foul play.

Though strongly tempted, I did not take the assignment, chiefly because I thought I already knew who had killed the ERA: not men in business suits, passing money under the table in provincial Holiday Inns, but the women of Phyllis Schlafly's STOP ERA. That *women* had spoiled their own chance for an honorable mention in the Constitution of the United States was, it seemed to me, mystery and irony enough. But with Jane Mansbridge's splendid and eye-opening study we find the irony to be deeper and more disturbing. The ERA, she argues, was defeated not only by the women who opposed it, with their gifts of homemade bread for legislators and speeches on the glories of homemaking, but by the feminists who so ardently supported it.

Why We Lost the ERA is not, I should explain, the latest addition to the new genre of I-told-you-so feminist-bashing books, such as Germaine Greer's *Sex and Destiny: The Politics of Human Fertility* or Sylvia Ann Hewlett's *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America*. Mansbridge is both a fine scholar and a feminist whose credentials, which go back to the sixties, include months of fruitless toil for the passage of the ERA in her home state of Illinois. When she says that feminists did something

wrong, it's because she wants them to get it right next time. Where they went wrong, according to Mansbridge, was in believing that the fifty-two-word ERA would literally and bloodlessly decree the gender revolution. That was the implication, for example, of the classic pro-ERA button, which said only "59¢": the amount that women earn, on the average, for every dollar men earn—an injustice that would, presumably, be redressed after those fifty-two innocuous words were inserted into the law of the land.

The nation's legislators, most of whom are men and few of whom are revolutionaries, might well have approved the ERA as an abstract statement of rights, a kind of collective good intention—which is what it was. But, as Mansbridge argues, you cannot sustain a volunteer movement on the strength of good intentions and symbolic gains. To keep the volunteers mobilized, the pro-ERA side tended to inflate the amendment's probable impact, and each inflation of its impact gave the anti-ERA side and the undecided more cause for alarm. If the ERA could dissolve the historical inequity represented by "59¢," then it could, the anti-ERAsers imagined, destroy the family, integrate rest rooms, and encourage female toplessness in public places. Confronted with the exaggerated claims of both sides, the legislators decided—perhaps understandably—not to write such a wild and risky venture into the 200-year-old Constitution.

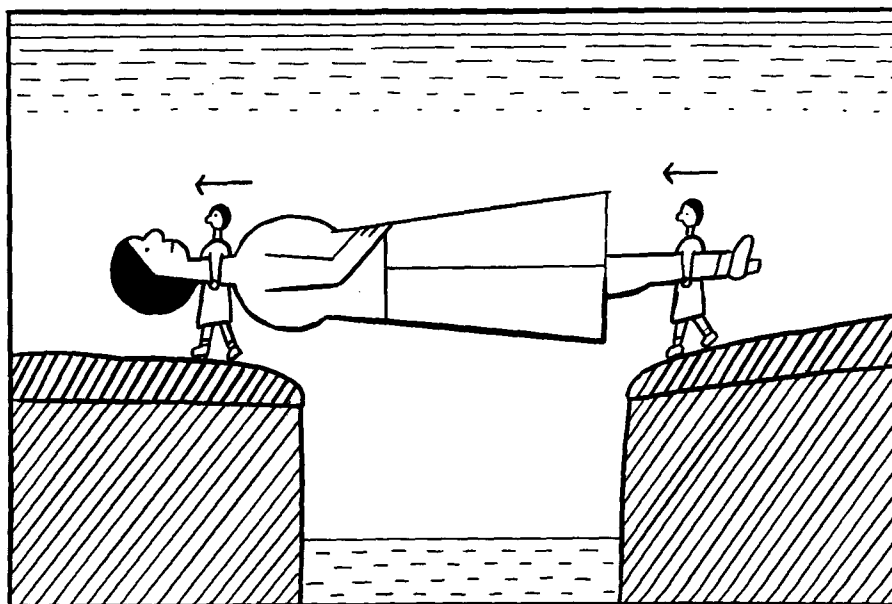
As Mansbridge sees it, the pro-ERA side's most damaging exaggeration arose over the question of whether the ERA would require women to be drafted and, once drafted, to fight alongside men. The reassuring and no doubt correct answer would have been no, that even if the Supreme Court became gender-blind as a result of the ERA, it would still be up to the President, Congress, and ultimately the military to determine who went into combat, and there was little chance that they would pick their wives and daughters. But in some Amazonian excess of purity the lawyers who advised the pro-ERA movement, and then the leaders of the movement, decided that the easy answer was a sellout. Instead they argued that the ERA would require women to fight, that this was what equality meant, and besides, as one pro-ERA debater ventured, "Women are smaller, they'll fit well in tanks."

It was this refusal to compromise on the principle of equality that probably

doomed the ERA. Whether the principle outweighs the loss is still a matter of debate. On the one hand, as Mansbridge points out, much of what had been expected from the ERA in 1972 had already been accomplished by other means by the time the deadline for ratification came up, ten years later. On the other hand, the ERA would certainly have emboldened women, and perhaps also the judiciary, in such matters as pay equity, or equal pay for work of comparable worth. But if the net effect of the ERA was, by the early eighties, so tentative and insubstantial, then one has to ask whether the entire pro-ERA campaign—eleven woman-years of marching, lobbying, fasting, boycotting, and general hell-raising—was worth the trouble.

was obsessed with the ERA, other issues—from abortion to welfare rights—went begging for too long.

Perhaps the best the pro-ERA forces can do, as they stand around the shallow grave of the ERA, is not to apportion blame but to reconsider the ancient feminist conundrum of *equality* versus *difference*. Put simply, women's movements historically have had two choices. One is to downplay gender differences and to insist on entering, rough and tumble, the games that men are playing. The other is to underscore the differences—weakness, nurturance, spirituality, what have you—and press them for every possible advantage. The "first-wave" feminists took the latter course, basing their arguments for suffrage on the inherent nobility of the "mothers of



I HAD MY DOUBTS in the mid-seventies, and, thanks to Mansbridge, my doubts are deeper now. True, the pro-ERA campaign did result in some real gains. It brought a sharp focus to the complex and utopian ideology of feminism and drew thousands of women into their first experience of political activism. But the ERA became in its own way complex and utopian, promising everything but having almost nothing concrete to say on the daily issues of housework, child-raising, and low-wage "women's work." Many loyal feminists who wore green ERA buttons, paid dues to NOW, and abstained from commerce with the unratified states, came to resent NOW's increasingly single-minded focus on the ERA. NOW is not the women's movement, but it is the movement's mightiest institution; and while NOW

the race." They won the vote but lost the larger struggle, and were left standing on their pedestals while the twentieth century rushed by them.

The second wave of feminism chose equality, in part because men themselves were now becoming less and less willing to be conned by the old insistence on difference. Those of us in the second wave had no choice but to get out into the world and support ourselves, and we figured we would rather be paid for it than merely flattered. But our insistence on equality became, at times, an uncritical rush to assimilation. We wanted to be doctors and lawyers, and soon we wanted to be executives in the corporations that manufacture cosmetics and missiles and toxic wastes. We forgot, at times, that some differences, particularly those forged in women's

long exclusion from the world of men, cannot be instantly overcome, and that some, such as women's slightly greater skepticism about war and profit, probably should not be overcome.

The ERA brought out the weaknesses of a purely egalitarian approach. First, it alarmed many of those women—financially dependent homemakers—who have little to gain from assimilation except for a barely adequate job at the minimum wage. The bread-baking activists of STOP ERA may have been dupes of the far right, but they genuinely feared that they would lose the one great “privilege” that rests on difference: the right to be supported by a man. Sadly, we still have no solution for their appalling vulnerability. In addition, the single-mindedly egalitarian approach led to moral confusion on the issue of combat. You cannot say that “war is senseless,” as a 1980 NOW position paper did, and in almost the next sentence demand the right to be warriors. Participation is, after all, the heartiest form of approval.

Yet, having said all that, I confess I also fear that feminists may now go too far in the other direction, back to a strategy based on difference. Mansbridge hails the signs of new ferment in feminist thought, now that the ERA is no longer around to enforce a “party line.” But there is a faintly sinister side to this little venture too. Carol Gilligan’s insightful study of moral decision-making by girls and boys, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory & Women’s Development*, is being used, willy-nilly, to re-open the old case for women’s absolute moral superiority. Some advocates for women’s economic rights are, in understandable desperation, resorting to arguments based solely on motherhood and the needs of children. And the feminist anti-pornography movement, no less than the feminist movement of a century ago, encourages the assumption that male and female sexuality, and possibly morality, are as unlike as yin and yang.

There is a dialectic here, but hardly a paradox. The original idea of feminism as I first encountered it, in about 1969, was twofold: that nothing short of equality will do *and* that in a society marred by injustice and cruelty, equality will never be good enough. That idea does not lend itself to condensation into three letters of the alphabet or two-digit button inscriptions, but it is still the best idea, I believe, that women have ever had. □

UNVARNISHED VERITAS

BY CULLEN MURPHY

THE HARVARD GUIDE TO INFLUENTIAL BOOKS

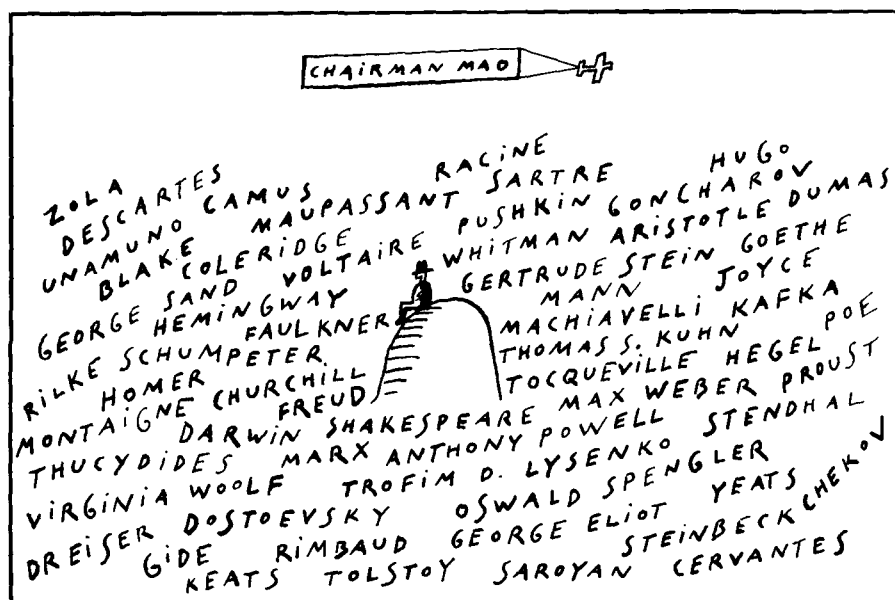
edited by C. Maury Devine, Claudia M. Dissel, and Kim D. Parrish.
Harper & Row, \$18.95.

SOON AFTER THE appearance of the second book, according to Herodotus, there appeared a man who took it upon himself to compile a list of books that other men ought to read. Before long this man had company. Compiling book lists was undemanding at first (the lists, as Tacitus relates, were short), but by the eighteenth century the task had acquired the status of a profession, with standardized fee schedules, a code of ethics, and peer review. With the expansion of literacy during the nineteenth century, didactic volumes promoting the fifty, one hundred, or one thousand “best books” became a staple in the literary marketplace. They continue to proliferate.

More than once in this century (most famously in 1909, with the inauguration of the Harvard Classics) Harvard University has produced a list of preferred books. Now, in commemoration of the university’s 350th anniversary, comes *The Harvard Guide to Influential Books*. It is a book intended to speak with authority and to uplift the masses—to serve as “a means for all to learn and progress regardless of their circumstances.” It as-

pires, in other words, to be a monumentally insufferable piece of work, like most of its ancestors. Here and there it succeeds. But somehow, I must confess, *The Harvard Guide* makes of the reader a reluctant friend. Of course, one cannot entirely banish an urge to take the thing to the nearest church fair, place it on the dunking stool, and underwrite three tosses of the softball by everyone in attendance. One is likely, however, to resist such a step until reaching the end, where there appears a mostly blank page titled “Reader’s Reflection” (“What books have helped to shape your thinking? Why?”) and after that a page titled “Reading Plan” (“Space is provided below where you may list the books that you hope to read”).

What makes *The Harvard Guide* an unwittingly winning enterprise has a lot to do with the inexperience of the editors. They are former graduate students at Harvard, unfailingly earnest and still in awe of their professors, and they appear to have been unwilling to cut, trim, shape, or otherwise tamper with any of the material that they solicited. The editors asked more than a hundred prominent faculty members and administrators at the university to name—and, if so inclined, briefly to reflect on—the half dozen books that had been most influential in their lives and careers. But as replies drifted in, it turned out that many respondents preferred to list books that had, in their view, been influential in a more general way, and that others simply wanted to list books that they felt people ought to read. They were allowed to have their way. The editors, according to their preface, “con-



sidered restraining the contributors from any discussion of the classics," on the grounds that classics are, well, classics, but the occasional respondent would insist on mentioning Great Books, and so "some have, therefore, been included in the *Guide*." The editors advanced other preferences and laid down other guidelines, but ultimately everyone was allowed to say what he wished (even the two contributors who wished to say that exercises of this kind are silly and pointless) and the remarks were printed more or less verbatim. In firmer editorial hands *The Harvard Guide to Influential Books* might have been made coherent in concept and consistent in tone, with no surprising detours—a prim, edifying English garden. What it turned out to be, happily, is Harvard in the wild.

TO JUDGE BY the books that they deem important, the contributors have little but Harvard in common. I began to get that impression at around page 50, and at page 100 I stopped and spent an afternoon adding things up. There are 113 contributors (presented alphabetically, from Daniel Aaron, a professor of English, to Abraham Zaleznik, a professor at the business school) and citations for nearly 600 books (ranging from *The Education of Henry Adams*, by Henry Adams, to *The Psycho-Biology of Language*, by George K. Zipf). Of the books cited only five—the Bible, *The Republic*, *War and Peace*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *The Federalist*—are mentioned by as many as five people. (Shakespeare and Freud receive, as authors, comparable recognition, though no single work by either does.) Only eight books—by Churchill, Darwin, Homer, Thomas S. Kuhn, Montaigne, Schumpeter, Thucydides, and Tocqueville—are mentioned by four people. And only six books—by Faulkner, Joyce, Machiavelli, Mann, Anthony Powell, and Weber—are mentioned by three people. In contrast, 482 books have only one person each to recommend them.

I'm not sure what such catholicity says about a Harvard education, but it does save *The Harvard Guide* from becoming repetitious. Indeed, the sheer variety is what keeps one reading. *The Phantom Tollbooth* (1961), by Norton Juster: "reminds us that we might well be able to do things that people say could never be done." *Chimpanzee Politics* (1983), by Frans DeWaal: "insightful analysis of our closest relatives—with whom we share more genes than horses do with zebras."

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My Ántonia (1918), by Willa Cather: "the only thing I ever read that helped me understand why people like the Midwest." *The Phenomenology of Mind* (1807), by G. W. F. Hegel: "an attempt to put everything together before anything was clear." *The Works of Christina, Queen of Sweden* (1753): "never fails to provide a chuckle." Any good cookbook: "The most soothing of all reading. The rational is still achievable in the most chaotic of worlds."

The contributors are by turns voluble and laconic, humble and self-important, dour and witty. Most supply a hortatory prolegomenon. Several include pleas for nuclear sanity. The least interesting remarks (and choices) tend to be those of political scientists, educationists, and professors at the business school. Members of these groups generally favor the familiar postwar scholarly standbys that have defined their academic specialties. On the whole, the most interesting remarks and choices are those of professors emeritus, scientists, and people born in foreign countries (except Canada). I can only speculate as to why this should be, and therefore won't. But I have entertained the nine or so plausible explanations that are possibly occurring to you right now.

What is appealing about the scientists is the way they seem to interpret their lives as a series of experiments, some of them failures, that finally yields a convincing result (which is them, now). The biologist Edward O. Wilson, curator of entomology at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, acknowledges an early passion for the theories of Trofim D. Lysenko. "Although I was later to see Lysenkoism for what it was," he writes of *Heredity and Its Variability* (1943), "I was enchanted by this little book when I encountered it at the age of sixteen. . . . It seemed to me that Lysenko was offering a radical and effective challenge to conventional science, and that even the callow and inexperienced might have a chance to proceed directly to new realms of discovery." Gordon R. Willey, the archaeologist, writes of Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* (1919–1922): "I was bowled over by this vast, absurd, learned, pretentious book when I read it in 1936. I suppose it was the first 'Big Book' I had ever read." Another trait apparent among the scientists is their high regard for precision, even if it must come at the expense of comprehension. William Bossert, a biologist, in recommending Shikubu Murasak's *Tale*

of *Genji* (circa A.D. 1000), offers one of the most ambitious similes I have encountered in some time: "Despite its age, nearly a thousand years, this work is as fresh as a well-written novella from Brazilian television." It is noteworthy that the scientists who have contributed to *The Harvard Guide* recommend lots of non-scientific books, but the non-scientists recommend few books about science.

THERE ARE CERTAIN conventions in a book of this kind which I once believed were the result of deliberate editorial intervention, so consistently are they observed. Book lists always have a place, I have noticed, for Trollope. In *The Harvard Guide* one finds *Barchester Towers*, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, and *The Warden*, all courtesy of John Kenneth Galbraith. There is always a place for the unexpected lowbrow book—the book whose recommendation implies about the recommender that, while his IQ serendipitously rivals that of Benjamin Franklin, he is nevertheless just folks. In *The Harvard Guide* Stephen Jay Gould, who reports that as a child he "played stickball and poker instead of doing a lot of reading," recommends Joe DiMaggio's *Lucky to Be a Yankee*. There is always, too, a slot for a book that points up a flaw in the contributor which somehow MIRVs into several virtues. Christopher Edley, of the Harvard Law School, writes in *The Harvard Guide* that Josef Maria Jauch's *Foundations of Quantum Mechanics* brought him "face to face" with his "intellectual limits" but left him as a result with "new stores of patience, humility, and, strangely, confidence." As far as I can tell, all of this stuff has crept into the *Guide* without anyone's invitation. Maybe human nature is the goad.

As noted above, two of the respondents found the compilation of *The Harvard Guide* repellent—"an act of colossal hubris," one of them writes. He goes on: "I have no list to submit. I care not for this cargo cult." What a sourpuss. This honest, bumbling book does little harm and maybe some good. It affords considerable entertainment. And, like the best of its predecessors, it seems destined to perform admirably in its most useful role: not as a reader's guide for the living but as a piece of historical evidence, for generations to come, of what a tiny part of the world was like at a particular time. Between the covers of *The Harvard Guide* it will always be Cambridge, 1986, for better or for worse. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



HOME by Witold Rybczynski. Viking, \$16.95. When Professor Rybczynski realized that the word *comfort* does not really exist in architectural training (he had heard it once in years of study), he asked himself why. He concluded that the idea of comfort arises from the idea of home, and his examination of the development of home as a concept led him into what proves to be a thoroughly interesting history of housing, technology, and social attitudes from the Middle Ages to modern times. The shift from the medieval castle—a splendid, bustling military camp where privacy and comfort were unknown and therefore, as Walter Scott put it, "unmissed"—to the modern private house arranged for the convenience and possibly the whimsies of a single family was never the work of architects and probably not of men. What the author calls "the feminization of the home" began in seventeenth-century Holland and reached a high point in nineteenth-century America with the work of Catherine Beecher, who "dealt not with 'fincial ornaments' and fashion, but with adequate closet space and comfortable kitchens; not with how the house looked, but with how it functioned." The architects have not, however, surrendered without a struggle; they have lately recovered a grip on chairs. Professor Rybczynski's diatribe against "chairs that make an artistic statement" will delight anyone who has ever done time in one of those spine-cracking bum-busters.

ROGER'S VERSION by John Updike. Knopf, \$17.95. Roger, the narrator of Mr. Updike's new novel, is an aging, unenthusiastic professor at a divinity school, and his collision with a young fanatic who proposes to prove the existence of God by computer mathematics gives the author an excuse for a self-indulgent display of his own enthusiasm for theology and science. He knows so much about both that dry discussion takes over the book, and the introduction of "incest, adultery, and child

abuse" fails to bring either the characters or the story to life.

NORTH BY NORTHEAST by Ray Ellis and Walter Cronkite. Oxmoor House, \$50.00. Mr. Cronkite's amiable, unpretentious text describes the "wonders afloat and ashore of the New England Coast from Cape May to the Canadian border," along with the pleasures and dangers of sailing that rock-bound route. Mr. Ellis provides paintings of what is to be seen on the passage. On water or on land, through heavy fog or glittering sunlight, his work shimmers with understanding affection, and vitality.

BRANTWOOD by Peter Hoyle. Carcanet \$15.95. The first-person narrator of this odd novel set out, in his twenties, to study and if possible understand the last, lunatic years that John Ruskin spent at Brantwood, in the Lake District. The project began in partnership with a cousin, a sensible fellow who soon realized that nothing worthwhile was likely to come from the vague or evasive reminiscences of Ruskin's surviving connections. The narrator plugged on alone with what had become an obsession, and the interest of the tale arises from the slow, eerie absorption of the man's entire personality in his futile quest. The book is scholarly, ambiguous, and provocative.

THE MEXICAN PET by Jan Harold Brunvand. Norton, \$13.95. This is Mr. Brunvand's third collection of "urban legends," and like the previous two, it consists of a mixture of scare stories, spite-based rumors, and plain old jokes. It is the author's tracing of the points of origin, the geographical spread, and the psychological reasons for these yarns that makes the collection more than a mere string of anecdotes.

ADAM'S TASK by Vicki Hearne. Knopf, \$17.95. Ms. Hearne is an expert, dedicated trainer of dogs and horses. She is also an assistant professor of English at Yale. Either at Yale or at some previous post she has encountered academic philosophers, psychologists, animal behaviorists, and officious ignoramuses whose notions of animal intelligence and of the relationships possible between animals and people have exasperated her beyond endurance although not, fortunately, beyond words. Much of her fascinating and often surprising discussion of animal-human encounters has to



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Across. a. S(CRIB)-E b. HOM(AG)E c. MOUS(S)IE
d. OCELOT (anag.) e. TRIE(N)S f. VIREOS
(anag.) g. EA(GLE)Y (*leg* anag.) h. RETIRE
(pun) i. OBELUS (anag.) j. NADIRS (anag.)
k. GR(ILL)E l. DEMAST (hidden) m. S-HERDS
n. CLIM(b)-AX o. S'YN-TAX (*NY's* rev.) p.
BRA-IDS q. B(AND)AR r. E-N(G)INE s. H-OVELS
(*h + anag.*) t. AG(RAF)E (*far* rev.) u. ST(r)-
INGS v. GIRDLE (hidden periph.) w. HO(o)-
SIER x. EL(A-P)SE y. TATTOO (double def.)
z. ONSETS (anag.) Down. 1. SHO(V)E(L)S
2. EMERGE (hidden) 3. IMP-LODE 4. EXETER
(homophone) 5. S(M)ILING 6. R-USTED 7. A(T)-
THRED 8. (s)EXISTS 9. ENG-ROSS 10. SI-
(ERR)AS (*as-is* anag.) 11. IN-VESTS 12. MATISSE
(anag.) 13. BE(ATL)E 14. CAG(I)ER 15. S(HINT)-
O 16. B(ASH)ED

S	S	E	I	B	E	S	C	R	A	G	E
H	O	M	M	A	X	M	O	U	T	A	X
O	C	E	P	S	E	I	R	S	T	R	I
V	I	R	L	E	T	L	O	T	I	D	S
E	A	G	O	B	E	I	N	E	R	E	T
L	L	E	D	A	R	N	A	D	E	N	S
S	H	E	E	L	S	G	R	I	D	E	M
B	A	N	C	L	I	S	Y	N	B	R	A
E	N	G	A	F	E	H	O	V	A	S	T
A	G	R	G	I	R	I	R	E	S	T	I
T	O	O	I	E	R	N	G	S	H	O	S
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do, in fact, with language—not in the form of human words but in the animals' understanding through tone or gesture or scent, an understanding that leads to mutual respect and acceptance of reciprocal responsibility for doing the best work possible. In her view, fine performance by a horse or a dog is a work of art created by the collaboration of animal and trainer, and art, she points out, is a tough and dangerous business, requiring acknowledgement of "the *a priori* worthwhileness of genuine risks for the sake of the sovereignty of the good."

ICEBOUND by Leonard F. Guttridge. Naval Institute Press, \$23.95. In 1879 the U.S. Navy, undeterred by previous disaster in the Arctic, joined forces with the newspaper publisher James Gordon Bennett to attempt yet another dash for the Pole. The ship involved was the *Jeannette*, paid for by Bennett, who hoped to increase circulation by repeating his recent Stanley and Livingstone coup, while the Navy provided five officers but was otherwise half-hearted about the affair. The expedition sailed north via the Aleutians and ended in loss of life, recriminations among the survivors, and the inevitable naval and congressional inquiries. Mr. Guttridge argues that those inquiries were a cover-up, but his meticulous, well-written, truly exciting reconstruction of the destruction of the *Jeannette* and the miseries endured by her crew once adrift on the ice suggests that there was nothing that needed coverage except the folly of the Navy in cooperating with the gaudy and basically irresponsible Bennett. No amount of good planning, good leadership, resourceful engineering, or courage—and the company provided all of those—could alter the fact that the *Jeannette* was unfit to spend two years in the ice.

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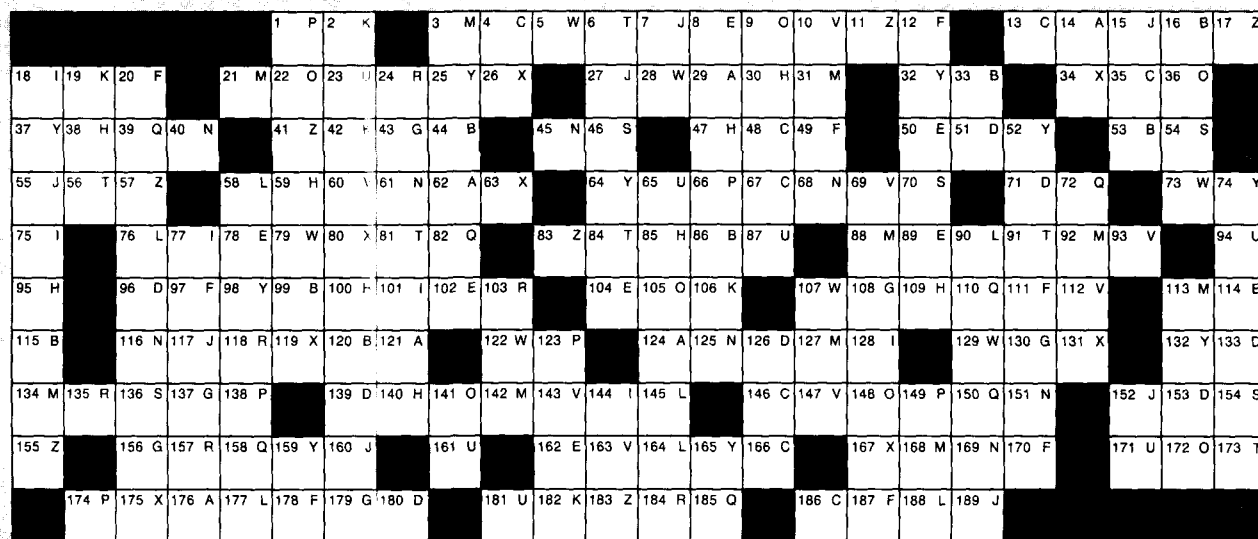
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BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 14 appears on page 104.

- | | | | |
|---|-------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
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| D. Wateriness | 51 133 126 153 9 71 139 180 | P. The music of Bob Marley | 149 123 66 174 1 138 |
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| F. Chaparral growth | 170 111 49 97 18 20 12 178 | R. With S., author of "The Highwayman" (2 wds.) | 24 184 118 157 135 103 |
| G. Mexican Expressionist painter: 1883-1949 | 43 179 108 137 15 130 | S. See R. | 46 54 154 136 70 |
| H. Exotic; sought out with care | 100 59 30 140 95 38 109 47 85 | T. Game akin to five hundred | 81 91 84 56 6 173 |
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| | | Z. Cut savagely | 83 183 17 155 11 57 41 |

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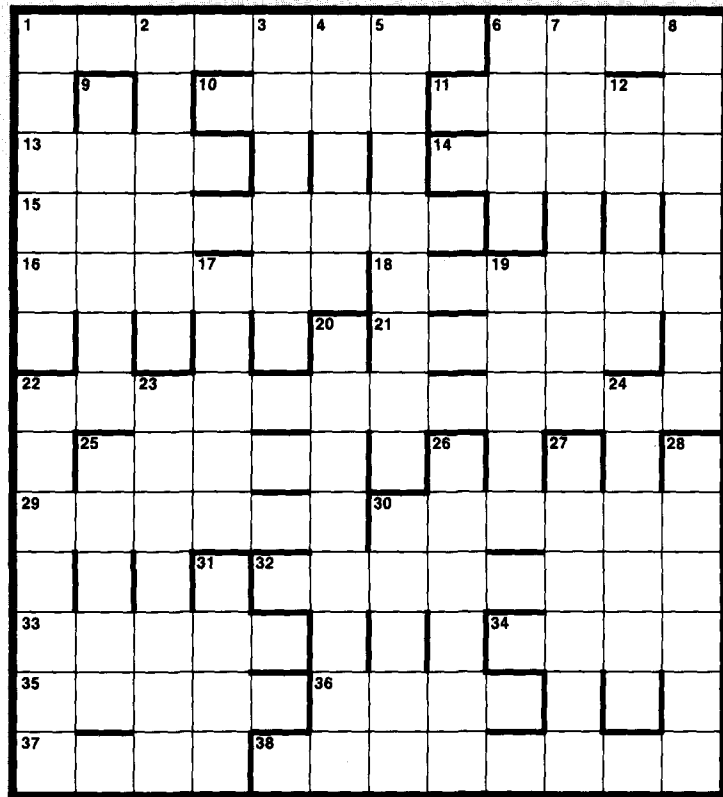
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

AS ROMANS DO

A number of clue answers must be modified in a certain way before they will fit in the diagram. These altered entries are examples of 22 Across (which is itself appropriately treated in the diagram). Clue answers include four proper words, two less-than-common words (36 Across and 24 Down), and a variant spelling at 25 Across. Modified answers include one proper noun and three two-word phrases.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 104.*



ACROSS

1. Flier in plane's beginning to zip right (6)
6. Circle small South American mountain (4)
10. Incredible informant takes track back (4)
11. A steamship looping through spot of great depth (5)
13. Aliens repulsed the head of France (4)
14. Fraction of shelter getting hot (5)
15. Fat-skinned pig has port (8)
16. Devotees drink pints (6)
18. Dodger error gets ruled hit (6)
21. Course down around Louisiana (5)
25. Nordic melody, Wagner's fourth (5)
29. Heading off tardy and in high spirits (6)
30. Italian locale gives most of aid to island (6)
32. Military police strangled by loopy

snake collector (8)

33. So, Cuba's leader forsakes armistice (4)
34. Sound of ocean was stormy (4)
35. Youngster dressed toplessly (3)
36. Registered nurse pockets one Japanese coin (3)
37. Club specifically for people generally (4)
38. Turning fiery, present puzzle (6)

DOWN

1. Uncouth fellow, large and unpopular (4)
2. The debut of Trevor Howard in a Disney film (4)
3. Traffic sign raised around 4 turns (6)
4. Priests left a religious service unfinished (5)
5. Checks about 1,000 chair parts (8)
6. Say, "Pretty ribbon, sweetheart" (4)
7. Woman's keeping on rising from a church council (7)
8. Garbage truck's first to get reckless (5)
9. Pirate goes back, packing a fifth of brandy (6) (*two words*)
12. Horse carriages finally ready for driving (5)
17. Fold full-page illustration in a book audibly (5)
19. Alumnus unhesitatingly breaks bones (5)
20. Guy passing out with removal of G string (8)
22. Get capsized in one hide vessel (7)
23. Foolishly pelt rat with baloney (7)
24. Vocally accede to crown vetch (6)
25. Sanctioned sounds in hearing range (5)
26. Try for the relocation of Persia (6)
27. Pad some medicine that hurts (6)
28. Clothes for wife are tailored (4)
30. Change beginning of PM? (5)
31. Ruins Latin king in speech (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



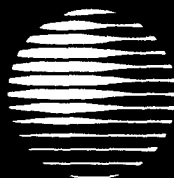
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